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WASHINGTON LETTER.

Capt. Dutton's Interesting Report on "Submerged Trees in the Columbia."

The Chinese Indemnity Claims—War Claims—How Judge Jones Got His Appointment as a Political Reward—Etc

[Special Correspondence of The Sunday Oregonian.]

WASHINGTON, Feb. 11.—A late number of *Science*, a scientific weekly published in New York, contains an interesting paper on "The Submerged Trees of the Columbia River," by Capt. C. E. Dutton, of the United States geological survey. Some weeks ago the author gave your correspondent access to his monthly reports submitted to Maj. Powell while the Captain was pursuing his examinations in Oregon last summer. From these and oral statements made to me I had prepared for THE OREGONIAN a partial letter, giving Capt. Dutton's theories and conclusions on several interesting phenomena, but the mass of congressional matter this session has heretofore crowded it out. As in the description in *Science* he has clearly stated details, I will let him state in his own words his views of two phenomena that have caused questionings from persons who have lingered around the cascades and who at a low stage of the river have taken passage on a steamer to The Dalles. These phenomena are the lateral creeping of the road bed and track of the O. R. & N. and the submerged trees, which first appear a short distance above the cascades and are seen for thirty or more miles above it. At low water certain parts of the river and the sand-banks are studded with tops of old trees that rise in the air, and the question invariably arises in the mind of the traveler, how came they there? So far as known, scientists have been unanimous in the opinion that at some period an obstacle has been placed athwart the Columbia at the Cascades, forming a dam, which converted the valley above it into a long, narrow lake, and that the rising water submerged an old forest, of which these trees are the vestiges. Dr. Newberry, the eminent scientist, who visited the place in 1855, suggested that the obstacle might be due to the slipping of the bank into midstream, thus throwing the current upon the southern bank. This theory has been generally accepted, and, in support of it, reference is made to the other fact, viz. the slow,

LATERAL CREEPING OF THE RAILROAD TRACK

on the southern bank of the river. As regards the latter phenomenon, Capt. Dutton says: "The explanation is patent as soon as the spot is visited. The place is situated on the south bank, about a mile below the cataract. The materials which are creeping are felspathic sands, deposited by the river itself in irregular strata, and now undergoing rapid decomposition and kaolinization. The products of decomposition become a smooth, slimy clay, and having a rather steep front toward the river, which is here a swift and powerful torrent, the slope of the bank is a little too steep for stability. The materials, being of a somewhat unctuous character, flow easily with a slow glacier-like motion. The phenomenon, however, is a local one, limited to a stretch of only a few hundred yards, and does not occur anywhere else in the neighborhood, so far as I am aware. The bed-rock beneath it is disclosed, and there is no indication that it participates at all in the motion, on the contrary, the indications are very plain that it does not."

In looking upon the north bank for indications of a slide which could have precipitated an obstruction across the channel the captain was unable to find any. The more he studied the problem the more difficult it seemed to reconcile the supposition with the facts, for there is no steep elevation nearer than three miles from which an obstructing mass could have slidden. The valley that lies north of the river is regarded as the ancient flood-plain of the Columbia, and a study of this flood-plain disclosed facts which seemed to Capt. Dutton to furnish a much more satisfactory solution of the problem than that stated by Dr. Newberry. Says the former: "Beginning at a point about a mile above the cataract, this flood plain is seen to ascend as we go down stream. If the proper standpoints are selected this slope in the wrong direction is conspicuous to the unaided eye. But we need not rely upon such a means of verifying the fact, for the relation of the river, as it now runs, to the older flood-plains tells the story with emphasis. A mile above the rapid the old flood-plain is no more than thirty feet above the water, a mile below the rapid it is about 200 feet above it, while the fall of the river itself in that interval is not more than forty feet. The inference seems decisive. There has been an uplift of the entire platform athwart the river valley in the shape of a very flat anticlinal arch. The width or span of this arch is about five and a half miles, and the eastern branch of the flexure is steeper than the western. The displacement is not recent in a historical sense, but it is probably post-glacial.

THE MIGHTY COLUMBIA AT WORK.

"The effects of such an obstacle would be manifold. Not only would it dam the river, but it would set up below the cataract an action which it is important to consider. A great river, thus obstructed, at once attacks the obstacle with immense power. And the more pronounced the obstacle, the more vigorous the attack. The Columbia has already cut through it a low, inner gorge somewhat similar to that of the Niagara river below the falls. The rapid at the locks is steadily receding, and, if no further displacement occurs, it will probably require not more than a century or two for the river to have cleared a passage deep enough to drain the slack-water reach above. The work of cutting a passage through the obstruction five and a half miles in length is nearly complete. That the dam was once higher than now, is also to be inferred. Year by year it is getting lower. The effect of the obstacle upon the slack water above it is also plain. The flow of water being retarded, it drops its sediment, and the river bed is gradually built up. Thus the trees which grew along the flood-plain before the upheaval were not only submerged, but were buried in sand and gravel. When the dam was higher, they were more deeply buried than now. As the dam is gradually cut down, the trees are slowly exhumed again." In concluding his article Capt. Dutton refers to the well-known fact that trees submerged in fresh water and buried in silt last for thousands of years.

CHINESE INDEMNITY

The vote by which the senate and house of representatives passed the bill to indemnify certain subjects of the Chinese empire for losses sustained by the violence of a mob at Rock Springs, in Wyoming, in September, 1885, may be considered a precedent for the payment of all such claims that may hereafter arise. The vote by which the bill passed the senate last session stood ayes, 30, noes, 10, Mitchell of Oregon being the only republican voting against it. The vote by which the house passed the bill this week stood ayes, 101 noes, 68. It is true there was some difference between the senate and house measure, but the end to be reached was the same. The senate proposed to leave the amount of damages to be fixed by the president, provided the amount did not exceed $150,000. The house proposed without further action or delay, to pay the sum of $147,000 and immediately liquidate the damages. The latter is the sum asked for by the Chinese government. It will be remembered that the number of Chinamen murdered at Rock Springs was twenty-eight, number wounded, fifteen, while some seven hundred were, to use the phrase of a speaker, "hunted for ten days with club and rifle like rabbits, until they were dispersed into the wilderness and their village was made an ash heap."

Ten days after the massacre, while the blood was still fresh, the secretary of war detailed two army officers to proceed to the scene and there, with the Chinese consul in New York, the Chinese consul in San Francisco and United States officials, an estimate was carefully made of the property destroyed. The $147,748 is the estimate of the commission. This will give to the Chinamen driven from Rock Springs and to the heirs of those killed an average of about $200 each. In speaking of this as a precedent for the payment of future claims it should be held in mind that the persons engaged in this massacre were, as appears from the evidence, not citizens of the United States, but, for the most part, Welshmen and Swedes. This fact was often referred to in debate, but, notwithstanding it, the majority of senators and representatives held that the claim ought to be paid, and it was therefore ordered paid. Most of the opposition against the measure was not the payment of an indemnity claim, but the payment of this particular claim of $147,748 and the manner of its payment. Some held it was too high, some that a commission appointed by the president should further investigate it, others that as the offense was committed by those who are not citizens of the United States, the United States should not be called on for indemnity, while a very few legislators held that under no circumstances should this government be held responsible for such an offense and pay an indemnity therefor. Chinese sufferers in Washington territory will have reason to hope that the next congress will indemnify them for the destruction of their property last year.

INTERESTING STATISTICS.

The following elevations of Crater lake and of points in Southern Oregon and in Northern California will be of sufficient interest to fill a corner in the scrap books of residents of these localities. They are copied from the official notes of Mark B. Kerr, topographer in charge of the Cascade section of topography under the United States geological survey. Mr. Kerr and party spent last summer in Southern Oregon. The most noted item in the list is that of Mt. Shasta—that is, the change in its elevation. For years it has been given at 11,440 or exactly that of Mt Rainier. The latter, however, is sometimes given at 14,444. There has always been a dispute as to which is the higher of these two peaks, but Rainier is now king of the Northwest mountains by about sixty feet. Following are the elevations:

Mt Shasta ..	14 380	Mt. Scott	9 122 9
Mt Pitt	9 760	McCallister Soda Springs	3 123 8
Mt Preston	7,635	Grizzly peak, near Ashland	5 831 3
Happy Camp	1 554 8		
Waldo	1 596 6	Buck lake	4 904 7
Wilderville	1 058 3	Central Point	1 312 8
Fish lake	4 687 2	Mt Gibson	8 316 9
Jacksonville	1 625 4	Diamond lake	5 2[illegible] 4
Ashland	1 938	Union Peak	7 881 4
Medford	1 398	Llao Rock	8,148.3
Table Rock	2 042		
[illegible] Point	1,320	Surface water of Crater lake	6 239 3
Camp on rim of Crater lake	7 185	Summit of Island in Crater lake	7 084 3
Ashland butte	7 404	Kerbyville	1,300.3
Fort Klamath	4 152	Lake o' Woods	5 011 1
Wagner Soda Spg	2 394		

WAR CLAIMS.

Capt. Biddle, senior officer of the commission to examine the war claims of certain states and territories, gives as his reason for requesting the secretary of war that permission be granted to take up and examine Oregon's claims that as matters now stand the commission is left much of the time with no claims on hand for examination. The secretary of war directed the commission to take up the claims of the different states in the order in which they were filed. In accordance with this ruling the claims of Texas are now under examination. Inasmuch, however, as many of them must be often transmitted to Texas for further proof and to correct technical errors, and as often weeks pass before they are returned, the commission finds that it can take up the claims of two states and proceed with their examination at the same time. The claims of Oregon having been filed next after those of Texas, this will be the order of examination. There is little doubt that the secretary of war will grant the request. The total amount of the claims filed by Oregon is $369,459 19.

JUDGE JONES'S APPOINTMENT.

A few happy remarks spoken at an opportune moment often have produced wondrous effects. Richard A. Jones, of Portland, chiefly owes his appointment to the position of chief justice of the supreme court of Washington territory to the fact that he was one of the first delegates of the last democratic national convention to second the nomination of Grover Cleveland for president of the United States. From all that can be learned this appointment was a personal one with Mr. Cleveland. The senators from Minnesota tell me that Attorney-General Garland asked for their opinions of Mr Jones's legal ability and they gave them in writing. It would seem that the president had decided to appoint Mr Jones, but decided to collect beforehand a few endorsements of his standing before the bar and have them filed among the records. The following are two sentences of Mr. Jones's speech seconding the nomination of Grover Cleveland: "We want you," said he, "to give us a name that even in Minnesota where we cannot give you an electoral vote, yet we may advance the banner of democracy until they shall be fixed, like the motto upon our state escutcheon of the north star, unmoved and always democratic and carried forth in the future to victory. If you will place on the banner of democracy this fall, the great name from New York, and cry 'Excelsior' we, too, will take up the shout that shall echo from the Atlantic to the Pacific until we have achieved the victory that is already thundering in the air."

PATENTS GRANTED.

The annual report of the commissioner of patents for the year ending December 31 shows that patents were granted to persons in Oregon to the number of 60, in Washington territory, 32. The ratio of patents to population was in Oregon, 1 to 2912, in Washington, 1 to 2347. Excluding Indian territory, fewer patents were issued in Idaho than in any state or other territory, the number being [illegible]. As usual, the ratio granted to citizens of the Southern states is much less than to those of the Northern. In Alabama, Mississippi and South Carolina the ratio is 1 to 21,000. Connecticut ranks first of all states, the ratio of patents issued to citizens thereof being 1 to [illegible].

A LETTER TO JUDGE McARTHUR.

The secretary of war has addressed to the resident attorney here for Oregon a letter in reply to arguments submitted by him in the matter of the claim of the state of Nevada under act of June 27, 1882, for reimbursements of the amount paid by the state for extra pay and for interest on moneys expended in repelling invasions and suppressing hostilities. The secretary states: "I have the honor to inform you that after a careful consideration of the subject I am of the opinion that neither the extra pay nor the interest can, under the provisions of the act, be allowed." This decision will be equally applicable to Oregon when her claims come up for consideration.

SOUTHERN OREGON CUSTOMS DISTRICT SERVICE

In the report from the house committee on ways and means on the bill to consolidate customs districts the fact is stated that in the Southern Oregon district the expense of collecting each $1 was, during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1886, $18 33. There were three persons employed in the district. Total receipts during the year, $182; expenses, $3337. This is one of the districts which the secretary of the treasury and the house committee on ways and means recommend to abolish.

A favorable report from the house committee on commerce has been made, directing the prosecution by the commissioner of fish and fisheries in respect to the destruction of oysters in the natural oyster beds lying within the waters and jurisdiction of the United States, by starfish, etc., and making an appropriation for such purpose.

SENATOR DOLPH

Yesterday presented a petition of the executive officers of the Grand Lodge of Good Templars of Washington territory, representing a membership of 2000 to grant to the people of the District of Columbia the right to determine by ballot whether intoxicating liquors may hereafter be manufactured and sold therein.

Senator Dolph, from committee on commerce, to-day submitted a favorable report on the bill extending to the ports of Seattle and Tacoma the privileges of the seventh section of the act approved June 10, 1880, entitled "An act to amend the statutes in relation to immediate transportation of dutiable goods, and for other purposes."

A NEAT ADVERTISEMENT FOR OREGON

Has within the past few days appeared in several Eastern papers, among them the Pittsburg *Dispatch*, Indianapolis *News*, Scranton, Pa., *Republican* and Omaha *Bee*. It is a column and a half interview with J. B. Montgomery by a Washington correspondent, on the climate, salmon, mining, railroad, agricultural and other interests of Oregon. One of the journals heads the interview, "A chat on Oregon. Its wonderful resources. A land of milk and honey," etc.

PERSONALS.

There is almost a colony of ladies from the Northwest attending the New England conservatory of music at Boston, Mass. Among them are Miss Macrum, of Portland, Mrs Ross and Miss Watt, of East Portland, Mrs Laura Kincaid, Miss Mary McCornack and Miss Maggie McClung, of Eugene, Miss Salmon, of The Dalles, Mrs Crosty, formerly of Oregon City, but now of San Francisco, Miss Belcher, of Dayton, W. T., and Miss Gallagher, of Tacoma. During the past summer Miss Macrum visited in Pennsylvania and other states. Miss McCornack divided her time between Martha's Vineyard and Boston, Mrs Kincaid was in Maine during the warmest months, Miss Belcher visited friends in Albany, New York, and with them made occasional trips to seaside resorts. She expects to return home this summer, as does also Miss McCornack.

Capt. E. Hunter, of the First Cavalry, who was stationed at Walla Walla, from 1876 to 1884 is now living in this city. He was appointed by the secretary of war a member of a commission to examine the claims of certain states and territories, including Oregon and Washington, against the United States, for moneys alleged to be expended, and for indebtedness alleged to have been assumed by them in organizing and paying their voluntary and military forces that were called into active service between April 17, 1861, and June 27, 1882, to repel invasions and Indian hostilities.

Miss Kate Field left here the 7th inst. for Northern states. After lecturing in several cities, including Brooklyn, she will proceed West and hopes to be more successful in reaching the North Pacific coast than she was last year. Strange to say, she has been urged by a very large number of residents of Salt Lake to deliver her lecture on Mormonism in that city. It is said that some of those who have spoken most highly of this lecture are Utah people who have been eye-witnesses of scenes that Miss Field so dramatically describes.

Mrs Ex-Senator Kelly, of Portland, Miss Nannie and Master Wistar, are pleasantly spending the winter here. The latter is attending the Columbia Preparatory school.

R. G. Biggers, of Baker City, has been in the city for several days this week, but left to-day.

J. B. Lane, of East Portland, has been in Washington during the week.

T. C. JUDKINS

MILLIONS OF ARMED MEN

Legions that are Massing for the Desired War of Revenge—Hosts Ready to Defend the Vaterland

Just at this period, when Blood and Iron Bismarck is thundering that the safety of the vaterland demands that he have more men and more money for the army, when the blue-coated legions of France are said to be massing closer and closer to the German frontier and French patriots are whispering that the hour for "the war of revenge" is near at hand, when a word from the drunken autocrat of "all the Russias" may at any moment plunge Europe into war—just at this period a contemplation of the respective strengths and formations of the German and French armies is both a timely and interesting study.

But is France bent on a war of revenge?

The opinion has at various times been hazarded that France, happy in her prosperous republicanism, had, with the lapse of time, grown to forget her hate and that the war of revenge was now little thought of in a serious light save by the visionary or the enthusiast. But in other quarters very different views are entertained. Prince Bismarck, for instance, has taken repeated occasion to declare that revenge was deeply rooted and zealously fostered in the hearts of the French people and that the Vaterland must be ever full armed, ready, alert to keep by force of arms those five milliards of francs and those fair broad acres wrested from France by the might of the sword.

THE FRENCH ARMY.

Every military movement in France has been closely watched by Bismarck and the veteran Von Moltke, every new fortress or armament has been the subject of jealous inquiry on the part of the stern old German chancellor, and over and again his cry has been "We must keep up the efficiency of the army! We want more money! More cannon! More men!"

And what has France been doing?

She has in the meantime, been quietly and steadily arming herself, passing laws looking to the enrollment of every Frenchman bearing arms, building up her fighting system, increasing the efficiency and strength of her forces by land and sea. That's what France has been doing.

To Bismarck's sharp inquiries as to the meaning of this or that military movement, France has made peaceable reply, disclaiming any intention of aggressiveness, and then has gone on with her arming as steadily and stealthily as before.

The total strength of the French army, on the peace footing, is 31,140 officers and 492,143 men. The strength of the different arms of the service is as follows:

Infantry—11,419 officers 281,500 men
Cavalry—3383 officers, 71,300 men
Artillery—6,3[illegible]8 officers, [illegible],350 men.

The remainder going to make up the grand total belong to special branches of the service, such as the staff, the engineers, the commissariat etc.

There are 15,000 musicians, over 2000 doctors, 500 veterinary surgeons and 131,380 horses.

Such is the French army on a peace footing. Taking into account the various classes of reserves, France would have at her disposal a war force of about 3,000,000 men.

THE GERMAN ARMY

The strength of the German army on a peace footing is 18,150 officers and 427,274 men.

The infantry numbers 10 2[illegible]4 officers and 29[illegible]0 rank and file. The cavalry has 2358 officers and 64 589 men, the artillery 2530 officers and [illegible] men.

There are, in addition, 1636 surgeons, 6[illegible] veterinary surgeons, 787 armorers, 43 saddlers, 81,773 horses and 13[illegible]4 cannon.

In war the total force of the German army would be two and a half million men, with [illegible] officers. The number of horses would be increased to 312,700, and the cannon to 2808.

So distasteful to most young Germans is the compulsory service in the active army that many of them flee the country in order to avoid it. In order to check emigration in this form a law has been passed that no young German who has not served his term in the army can leave Germany after having passed his sixteenth year without substantial bonds being given that he will return and undergo his military training. Bismarck will not permit any trifling on the part of the youth of the Vaterland in connection with their military duties.

The effect of this service on the youth of the country is beneficial as a rule, inasmuch as it inculcates habits of punctuality, cleanliness, orderliness, self control and discipline. In the case of young men of delicate constitution however, the rude army life is too severe, and they not infrequently die of consumption in consequence.

The training is of the most minute and thorough kind. Not only is the German soldier taught most thoroughly every detail of marching drill and manœuvres, but he is also carefully trained in gymnastics, and must learn to leap, run and swim well.

THE PAY OF THE GERMAN SOLDIER

Amounts to only a fraction of a cent per day and it is somewhat hard to subsist on the rations furnished in peace time. While serving his term the young German soldier has therefore to receive some allowance from home. If this, however, cannot be obtained he is then forced to seek both affection and subsistence at the hands of some fair Teutonic belle of the kitchen. Any buxom cook in any large German town is sure not to lack soldier sweethearts.

The German officers are to a man a magnificent body of men. From their early youth in the military academy they have been subjected to the finest form of mental and physical training. They combine the athlete and the scholar. If at any time before their entrance into the army they show any sign, either mentally or physically, of not being up to the high standard required, they are ruthlessly rejected. However gay the young German officer may be he must study hard, for before receiving promotion from rank to rank he must at each step pass a rigid examination.

Should the highly trained German army, with its magnificent body of officers, ever meet in the clash of battle the still larger forces of France, organized, trained and equipped as they are to-day—both forces armed with the terrible engines of destruction evolved by modern science—the confidence of past victories on the one side, the burning for revenge on the other, the conflict would indubitably be the most bloody and the most terrible that the world has ever known.

NEW YORK LETTERS.

John Swinton, the Martyr of the Labor Cause in this Country.

How Young Millionaires Brace Up their Shattered Constitutions—Great Men's Wives and Daughters, and their Ambitions.

[Special Correspondence of the Sunday Oregonian.]

NEW YORK, Feb 10.—Two weeks ago a man with gray hair, white moustache and piercing black eyes sat in a car rolling over the Brooklyn bridge. His face was oval, but deadly pale. A battered old hat sat on the back of his head, revealing a broad forehead, and more than a tendency to baldness. He wore rusty broadcloth and a low-bosomed vest. His linen was frayed but clean, and the knot of his white tie was askew. His coat collar was worn *à la* Horace Greeley, and his hands and pockets were filled with newspapers. He was conversing on the labor question with a classic-featured lady, dressed neatly but not richly. He spoke in so distinct a tone that he was heard in every part of the car. The man was conversing with his own wife in words that indicated intense conviction of the truth of the views expressed. He was the Karl Marx of America, rough and ready John Swinton. For years has he battled on behalf of labor in the United States. When he began the fight he lived in a brownstone front and had a *chef de cuisine* and $[illegible],000 in government bonds, the latter saved by hard newspaper work at night. To-day he is living on the top floor of a Brooklyn tenement house, his fortune lost, but his spirit more defiant than ever. He has waged a ceaseless fight for the workingmen, and has lived to see another reap the reward of his labor. Years ago I saw him addressing a great labor meeting in Tompkins square. It was a peaceable meeting, but a swarm of locusts descended upon it. The locusts were wielded by police officers. The frightened workmen were clubbed unmercifully. Even their women and children were assaulted. In tones of thunder Swinton protested against the outrage, but in vain. Covered with bruises, he was driven from the platform, and his hearers were dispersed in all directions.

From that day to the present he has thrown himself, body and soul, into the labor movement. He left a most lucrative editorial situation on the *Sun* to start a workingman's newspaper. His time and his money have been lost in an effort to place it on a good paying basis. He never faltered in his work, however dark the sky. Despite his trials and misfortunes, his faith in a future workingman's commonwealth is as great as ever. By years of hard work he raised his subscription list to a barely paying basis. Then Henry George descended upon the city. Swinton and Dr. McGlynn joined [illegible] and headed the Macedonian phalanx. Swinton tried to make his paper the *ami du peuple* of the movement. Its columns fairly blazed with war cries. The George fire burned in every department. Apparently the hour for his reward had arrived. In the fullness of his hopes and while his plume was nodding in the vanguard, he received a deadly wound in the back. It came from the ranks of those for whom he had so bravely struggled. The Knights of Labor started a daily newspaper, edited by newer and younger men. Swinton's little weekly dwindled in circulation. It was like a handcart compared to a locomotive. The bulk of his subscribers were at remote points. They complained because he left the beaten path of sophistry and filled their ears with George music. The old man refused to listen to these protests, and they deserted him. He came out of the George campaign even poorer than when he went into it. Nothing undaunted, however, he picked his flint and entered the lists with renewed nerve and vigor. He paid closer attention than ever to his newspaper. A friend who entered his sanctum six weeks ago tells me that he found him gnawing a beef bone while writing an editorial article. His faithful wife sat near him, aiding him in his newspaper work. The sky was again brightening, but it quickly became very dark. Henry George started a weekly newspaper within a stone's throw of Swinton's sanctum. The McGlynn episode gave him a wonderful vantage. In one month his new labor organ has reached a circulation of 40 000. His political campaign has already made him affluent by stimulating the sale of his books, and the fortune is now to be doubled if not trebled. But what of sturdy old John Swinton? He is left shivering in the cold wind of adversity. Esau has again been robbed of his birthright. The workingmen have turned their backs on the noble old man who has ruined himself in his devotion to their interests and have fallen on their knees before a new idol. But Swinton is a true philosopher as well as a born philanthropist. The corroding acid of ingratitude cannot eat the pure metal. He will stand by his convictions regardless of consequences, even if they lead him to a pauper's grave. After death he may receive his reward.

ZISKA.

A QUEER "ATHLETE."

I chanced the other day to be in the establishment of a man whose time is devoted to developing the flat chests and flabby muscles of the sons of New York millionaires. It was shortly after 11 o'clock, and I was talking with the "professor" near the window when a brougham drove up slowly and stopped at the door. It was a magnificent equipage. The body was of bottle green and the running gear of bright red. Two men in green livery sat on the box and the horses pranced up and down and rolled their eyes with all the evidence of thoroughbred stock. The gymnasium was on the second floor, and we sat looking down at the new arrival. The footman jumped to the ground and threw open the door of the carriage.

"There's an athlete," said the professor with immense contempt. "Wait and have a look at him. He only lives four blocks from here, and yet he gets out that big carriage and horses just to bring him around here even when the weather is as pleasant as it is to-day."

"Does he spar?"

"A little. He is trying to reduce his weight without doing any hard work."

Presently there emerged from the door a man of about [illegible] years of age, with a black beard decorating the lower part of his face and a corpulent and unwieldy figure clad in a tweed suit. He had a single glass in one of his weak eyes and after he had stepped to the ground he straightened himself up with an effort and gazed up and down the street. He made one or two efforts to move his shoulders back and then leaned heavily on his cane and continued to peer about. A moment later a smug-faced English valet hurried up with a satchel in one hand and a light top coat thrown over his arm. The "athlete" said something in a snarling way to the man and the pair labored up stairs and entered the gymnasium.

"How are you this morning?" asked the professor, regarding carelessly the man of wealth.

"Rather stale," said the other laconically. "I gave dinner last night and drank a barrel of wine."

Then he followed his servant into one of the rear dressing rooms and came out a few moments later clad in flannels, with a heavy woolen "sweater" pulled over his plump body and a polo cap jammed on the back of his head. He looked like the fat woman of a second rate Bowery museum going to a toboggan slide. Meanwhile his servant went out in the street and walked up and down smoking a cob pipe complacently. "The athlete" seized a pair of wood dumbbells which weighed about three pounds apiece, and under the tuition of the master raised them above his head twenty-two times. He began with the idea of raising them fifty times, but his pluck evaporated at twenty-two and he stopped there. Then he swung an Indian club, pulled himself back and forth in a rowing machine until he was in what he called "a tidy drip" and ran around in a circle, closely pursued by the professor. He tried to stop every time he made the circuit of the floor, but he was urged on until he completed the requisite number of steps, and then boxing gloves were drawn on his hands and he was forced to dance around in a lively fashion for fifteen minutes. There was no shirking there, for the professor tapped him on the nose and rapped him in the neck with such a vim that he was obliged to keep moving in self-defense. While he was at the very height of the exercise, out of breath, and as deflated and rattled a man as I ever saw, the professional rubber of the establishment seized him, stretched him out on a cot with all his flannels on and laid blanket after blanket on top of him until he was buried out of sight. Even his head was wrapped in flannels. He lay under the mass of covering for twenty minutes, and then his man was called in to the assistance of the rubber. They whisked him out of bed, stripped him and plunged him into a hot bath. Here he boiled and kicked and howled, while the rubber pulled him about, pinched, kneaded and patted him, and finally landed him on his feet in the drying room, roaring protest after protest with every shortcoming breath. He was soused in alcohol, dressed, and a moment later stepped out, perfectly clad, with a fresh rose in his buttonhole, a ruddy color in his cheek and a bright gleam in his eye.

"Now," he said, as he started away, "I feel as chipper as a bird."

Then he went forth to spend the rest of the day in pulling down the constitution which he had just braced up.

BLAKELY HALL.

GREAT MEN'S WIVES AND DAUGHTERS.

Among the republican politicians it is said that one reason why Levi P. Morton, the banker, so continually seeks office when he is of an age to entitle him to retire, and has riches enough to do so magnificently, is that his wife is anxious to shine in Washington or elsewhere as an official entertainer. Political callers invited to dine with Mr Morton have been impressed with the idea that hers was the ambition, and his desire was simply to please her. She is tall and handsome, of queenly presence, great taste in dress, and a born hostess. A desire on her part to adorn an official position is natural, and none could do it better. She is very much younger than Mr. Morton, and consequently her ambitions are more vigorous. Old men's young wives often play important parts in history. It used to be said in Albany, when President Cleveland so long urged Mr Manning to take a place in the cabinet that Mr Manning was very averse to doing so, but that his young wife was anxious for him to accept. She, too, is young and ambitious, and is a second wife, scarcely older than the eldest children of his first wife. Beautiful and accomplished, the ambition does her credit.

One sees a great deal of the social influence of women here in New York. At the opera house, the great show place for fashionable women, it is interesting to note examples of this sort. One sees the millionaire banker Mr J. W. Drexel, in his box, a trifle bored and glad to receive a male caller to chat with. Possibly it is for his wife that he is there, and also that she comes for the sake of her daughters, a robust pair of sisters, rosy almost to rusticity, who have just come out in society, and who are taken home at 11 o'clock sharp, even though it be in the middle of an opera. Across the house one sees a great editor, full of care and business, always seated behind his wife and apt to have brought a gentleman along with him to while away the time with. His wife also is very young and very beautiful—perhaps the most so of any woman who regularly attends the opera house. Look at the box of the Italian stock operator, Mr. Morosini. He and his wife are in the back seat, but in front of both is his beautiful daughter. The arrangement tells its own story. It was the gossip of Newport and Narragansett Pier last summer that Senator Sprague's new and young wife has wrought a great change in him. He had seemed a careless and almost discouraged man when he married the second time. Her influence is entirely domestic, and now he is to be found always at home and always the center of a pretty fireside picture.

Doctors often urge widowed men beyond the middle age to marry young women as a sanitary measure, easily understood by those who have heard the theory. This spurring on to new ambitions that such men get is one of the penalties they pay, but it is better to have a pushing helpmate than a drag like Abraham Lincoln's, like the wife of a great republican editor long since dead whose home life the public knows nothing of, or it would respect his memory all the more.

It is interesting to see the qualities that distinguish a great man echoed and shadowed forth in his children. The Indianapolis *Journal* the other day told of the warlike conduct of Minnie, the daughter of Gen. Sherman, who is now a Mrs Thackera, and who, when she was at a Catholic school in Indiana in 1864 fought a little rebel schoolmate who insulted the flag. She knocked her out with one blow. This recalls a somewhat similar episode in the life of the daughter of Gen. Kilpatrick. Two or three years before he died he and a visitor were reclining in the shade of a little grove near his house in Deckertown, N. J., when his little daughter suddenly appeared at a distance shyly looking toward them and apparently undecided whether to come nearer or not.

"Come here," he said, "and let me introduce you to this gentleman. Sir, this is my daughter. She is in very deep disgrace, and her mother and aunt won't have anything to do with her. In fact, no nice person will have anything to do with her, she is so wicked. She has just been turned out of school. It is the most shocking story you ever heard. We sent her up to Mount St Vincent, on the Hudson, among all the nicest little girls in the country, and now she is sent back to us for misconduct. It seems that some girl about twice as big as she has plagued her and tormented her till she couldn't stand it any longer."

(And here the general's eyes twinkled and the little culprit began a broad smile as the general continued) "And so one day she got her father's dander up and she trounced that big girl in the way she deserved and got sent home for doing it."

The general said that of course he was expected to be very severe about his child's disgrace, but that he wouldn't have been half so proud of her if she had not done just what she did.

JULIAN RALPH

BIG MONEY FOR HORSES

Three Hundred Thousand Dollars for a Buggy Team

Washington Letter to New York World

Recently there was given in this correspondence an account of a large sum of money received by ex Senator William Pitt Kellogg from Nebraska land for which he had originally traded a pair of horses. The price named in that paragraph was probably the largest ever received from the sale of any one pair of horses however valuable. But it appears that I have even understated the value of the property transferred for the horses. Mr. Kellogg gave me the right the connected and true story of the affair. In 1863 Mr Kellogg was in the active service of the army. But he still held on to his position as supreme court justice of the territory of Nebraska. He went home in that year to hold court for a short time, and after closing the term went back to the front, where he remained until the close of the war. On his way to Nebraska he stopped in Illinois at a place where he had a pair of horses. He was sick and he thought he would take his team and drive to Nebraska, thinking that this method of traveling would do him good. He arrived in Omaha with the team and while he was holding court there "Uncle" Chapman, an old bachelor of the town, was constantly borrowing the team to take some of his lady friends out to ride. Mr Kellogg did not know what to do with the team after he had finished his court work and had made arrangements to board them. But Chapman came to him one day and offered to trade him some land for the team. They drove out to the land through a rough country and over a marshy piece of ground until they reached the sixty acre tract owned by Chapman. They made the trade while they were there. Mr. Kellogg took the ten acres of the tract at $50 an acre, the team, harness, wagon and blankets and whip being counted at $500. In a few months after he purchased the other six acres at $100 an acre. This was in 1863. He has held on to a part of that land with great persistence since that time, parting only, as under pressure from his agent at Omaha, with occasional sales of small portions. His holding last year was reduced to a little over three acres. He sold seven eighths of an acre out of this tract for $38 000. He took that $38,000 and invested it in a piece of property in the northwest of Washington known as the Widow's Mite property. He paid $2000 more, making $40,000 as the purchase price. He was offered a few days ago $100,000 in cash for this Washington purchase. He can sell out the balance of his real estate tract in Omaha at any time for $200,000. So the team stands him in to-day a clean profit of over $300,000.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

The Woman who is Studying the Industrial Condition of her Sex

A Plan for Spreading Desirable Knowledge—Fannie B. Newberry tells how to Prepare for a Guest.

[Written for the Sunday Oregonian.]

Mrs Julia Ward Howe has been engaged since the days of the New Orleans exhibition, at first by the maintenance of an industrial column in the *Woman's Journal* and later by private correspondence, in a study of the industrial condition of women in the United States, more especially as regards the home industries, or the varieties of work that are, or may be, pursued by women whose activities are limited by home responsibilities.

In conversation with Mrs. Howe upon the results of her investigations some little time since she said to me that one object in all she had been doing was to bring forward, if possible coadjutors who should consider what opening there might be, if any, for a central organization, with branches in the different cities of the country, which should act as a medium of communication between the women, hemmed in by her little world of home loves and home burdens, and the yet undeveloped market, which might take to its own advantage the work of her fingers and make those burdens lighter by the taking.

The plan that Mrs Howe thus outlined might be supplemented, she told me, if the scheme ever took form and body, by women's industrial congresses, whose yearly gatherings, now here now there, might carry knowledge of the work to every quarter of the country, and might serve as rallying points for thoughtful women interested in the economic progress of their own sex.

The scheme is not an impracticable one surely, and is worthy to engage the best thought of a woman who has given much time to the interests of women. The work itself is of something the same sort as that with which the women's exchanges have for some time been experimenting on a smaller scale, and it needs but little experience in these to teach one the need of its doing. It was on a casual visit, indeed, to the lunch room of the New York Woman's Exchange, at 329 Fifth avenue, one day this past week that I got a better idea than any description can convey of the women the exchanges are helping, the sort of help they need and the opening there is for more comprehensive work of the kind Mrs How has suggested.

A PRACTICAL WOMAN

I was sitting at a little table facing the door, when a voice with a strained undertone of anxiety beneath its composure caught my ear and I looked up to see a woman whose history was written on her face plainly enough and in sufficient detail to spare Mr Howells all intellectual effort in putting on paper a diary of her existence.

She carried an old time carpet covered traveling bag, the weight of which pulled her figure slightly to one side. She was middle aged and came from the country. Her hard, common sense features had been molded by years of dishes, and floors, and cook stoves, and beds, and stairs, and house cleaning, and darning baskets, and going to church on Sunday, and hearing little of what the minister said for planning the work of Monday. She was a "practical woman" in the forlornest sense of an abused word. She wore a widow's veil, and the words that I had unwittingly overheard completed her history.

"If you would only taste it, I know you would find it good, the recipe has been in our family for fifty years, and I have brought it so far to-day."

It was "chow-chow" that she was offering to the bright little brunette who stood before her planning the kindest way to reject the offered glass and spoon. Pickles they had in abundance, it was gently explained, more than they could sell before spring, and they never accepted goods with tin tops upon the jars. If she had wished to enter anything for sale she should have written beforehand to ask what goods a market could be found for—I hardly noted the explanation for watching the disappointment grow in that hard featured face where the last hope had died away of piecing out, perhaps, a slender income and keeping her little folks at school, now that the bread-winner had dropped away from them. There is hardly a more helpless or hopeless position than that in which modern civilization leaves so many women brought up to housekeeping and home-making, when the money supply fails them at an age at which the facility that can turn from one occupation to another has left them and self-support looks as impossible as executing one of Beethoven's symphonies with those work stiffened fingers.

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE.

There was comparatively little work of any market value that my woman could do, and she stood in imminent need of somebody wise and intelligent enough to point out that little and the best way of realizing dollars upon it. That the New York exchange—the pioneer organization of its sort in the country and now in its ninth year—is doing good work in this very direction, I believe, for when I went up stairs into the parlors for needlework and art goods I came on a plump-cheeked round little body, who had just brought in a consignment of fine drawn work in linen. Playing the busybody once more, I noticed the smiles dancing in the corners of her mouth and heard her say as she laid down her bundle that the work always sold faster than she expected it to. Six hundred and eleven dollars, I learned on inquiry, this cheerful little woman had been helped to earn in the past year, though her first ventures in the line of needlework had been so soiled and unsatisfactory that they could not be accepted.

The Woman's Exchange—and it is here that the trained intelligence and experience that Mrs. Howe would like to see put into her proposed central organization would come in play—is not merely to keep open doors where one may come and buy, but to educate industrially the women it is trying to help. The New York Exchange, without such help, is experimenting, I believe, in the right direction. At each successive visit I notice that it is eliminating with more and more rigor the ordinary church fair style of "fancy" work—with little or no fancy in it—which has been the bane of every similar enterprise wherever started, and is introducing, as fast as it can train women to furnish them and buyers to look to it for their supply, articles of practical use, which are bought not for charity's sake but because they fill a real want, discovering by successive experiments what work women can profitably do at home, and reaching out on the other hand to the city full of purchasers, studying their needs, their tastes and their whims.

THE BUSINESS INCREASING

It has built up a reputation for its embroidery on linen, its infants' wardrobes, its trousseaux, its embroidered curtains, for making and hanging draperies, for covering furniture and for the sale of home-made rolls, sandwiches, salads, charlotte russes, candies and preserves. It gets a good price for painted china, for screens and for work in water-colors and oil, when done with an artist's eye and hand, but it teaches all applicants that nothing is more hopeless as a means of bread earning than the products of the ordinary grade of amateur dilettantism. It finds its business increasing and the two floors of the large house, 329 Fifth avenue, to which it has recently removed, hardly sufficient for its needs. It does a business of about $19,000 a year, and it reckons such women as Mrs. Mary Agnew, one of the newly appointed women school commissioners, Mrs. Wm. E. Dodge and Mrs. Thurber, of National Opera fame, on its board of managers.

Here is material enough to furnish experience and suggestion at more than one industrial congress, to say nothing of the Brooklyn Exchange for Woman's Work—on a smaller scale, but a most attractive place to stroll through—and the twenty-four other exchanges in nineteen states, which have sprung up from the seed of the New York enterprise and have enabled women in Washington, Cincinnati, Chicago, Atlanta, New Orleans, Boston and elsewhere to earn something more than $1,000,000 within the past half dozen years as a direct consequence of their existence. And the first point after all which I believe they would make—these women of the twenty-five women's exchanges, if they ever come together in national convention assembled—would be an insistance on the necessity of narrowing their field of work and lessening the necessity for it by bringing up the next generation of girls, without regard to marriage prospects, to definite bread winning pursuits on which to fall back in case of need without so much reliance on an after patching up of early practical deficiencies.

PREPARING FOR A GUEST

Perhaps your expected guest is an old school friend, towards whom you wish to show all courtesy while impressing her with the fact of your well regulated home. Urged on by these laudable desires, be careful that you do not rather present her with a false picture of your home life which shall be as comfortable as it is unnatural. Because for instance your friend may live in the city where, by the nature of things, she is obliged to have late dinners, it is not necessary to upset your husband's business arrangements, the children's digestions and the cook's temper by delaying your 1 o'clock dinner till 6. The consequence of this domestic upheaval will be apparent every hour of the day: your guest will see them and be made uncomfortable; your cook will make the change of base an excuse for every neglect, while you, in trying to remedy these, will become tired and irritable, to say nothing of being obliged to cancel pleasant engagements in order to attend to home matters. In a word, you will make yourself a world of extra trouble and fail entirely of your purpose to make your guest "feel at home." The fact is that, ten to one, she does not wish to feel at home, in just that way. This very trip may have been taken in hopes of entire change, not only of air and scene but of household ways. There comes to every one at times, especially if she is a very domestic housekeeper, such a weariness of her own ways and distaste for her own food that her jaded organism needs complete change. If in seeking this she finds only an imperfect imitation of the methods she has left behind, she feels a disappointment that actually clouds her visit.

The temporary change to an early dinner and a different diet may have been exactly what her sick stomach craved, and your alteration of household arrangements has thus prevented her from experiencing the benefit she desired. Let me, in illustration, draw upon my own experience.

BREAKFAST

Our breakfast being a late affair, is rather a formal meal, at which all the family are present, requiring the housekeeper's strict attention, so, naturally, I have always had a "hankering" for an informal loitering in an easy chair over my coffee and the morning paper. Imagine, then, my feelings when upon visiting an artist friend, his wife remarked as we were about separating for the night:

"Now, John, do get up to-morrow so that we can breakfast together like Christians. Do you know, (turning to me) we have a dreadfully loose sort of eating that meal here—sort of go-as-you-please arrangement —which permits each one to take it just when, where and how he pleases."

"Oh," cried I, "it's just what I longed for all my life. Don't, please don't, try to change it in the least"—and really, my most delightful remembrances of that visit are of those Bohemian morning meals, eaten sometimes with a companion or two, oftener with only the daily journal for company, toasting my feet, and perhaps, too, my own bread, before the grate, and helping myself from the freshly-filled tray beside me.

Granting, then, that the family life should go on in its usual groove, there are still some careful arrangements that can never be amiss in the preparation for visitors, and among the first in importance are those pertaining to the guest chamber.

This room is, of course, as neat and well furnished as your means will allow, but there are a few little comforts which will occur only to loving care and forethought. If there is no bathroom adjoining there should be an abundance of water, towels and sponges provided, also all the little toilet accessories dear to every feminine heart, lest by some mischance she may have forgotten her own. But, in addition to the toilet bottles we must not forget the camphor and cordials, which a sudden illness may require—and have every bottle plainly labeled. Many a guest has suffered the long night through for the lack of some simple remedy which she would not disturb her hostess to procure, and one that I know of was nearly maddened with pain by mistaking an unlabeled bottle of ammonia for cologne.

FURNISHING COMFORTS

If there is only one bathroom in the house let her room be furnished with a foot bath, at least, in case she should not care to run the gauntlet to the family tub.

These toilet matters all carefully looked to, have if possible, one table in the room solid enough to write upon, and provided with every material for that purpose. A sleepless fit may be often agreeably passed by inditing a long-neglected letter and the sweet sense of duty performed will often woo back the reluctant god of dreams. A shelf or two of books above it will not come amiss, especially if they contain a half dozen crisp, fresh novels, one or two books of travel and adventure or an essay from some genial pen—anything that will fill up that blank half hour before breakfast, and perhaps strike a harmonious keynote for the day.

Then give her all the closet and bureau room possible, so that she may lose the dreary and unsettled feeling of living in a trunk, and, above all, don't put her into an unaired bed.

Having thus provided for her comfort, do not try to entertain her. Nothing is so annoying as [illegible] "company" of, and [illegible] which call the hostess to some [illegible] duty are often [illegible] enjoyable to the wearied visitor.

Let the newcomer slip quietly into the family [illegible] without being conscious of the least [illegible] let her feel that she is a comfort rather than a care and you will have secured her a delightful visit and spared yourself much weariness and worry.

FANNY B. NEWBERRY

THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

New York Times.

The death of Mrs. Henry Wood will be more widely noticed throughout the English speaking world than would the decease of many authors whose claims to recognition in the field of literature rest upon a more solid basis of intellectual worth than those of the writer of "East Lynne." Mrs Wood did not represent a high standard of fiction, and in her successive works she showed no evidence of intellectual growth. Indeed her "East Lynne," which was her first great success, was the best in a literary point of view of the twenty-five-odd novels which were given to the world with remarkable rapidity during a score of years.

Mrs Wood like many of her later imitators, may be better described as a writing machine than as an authoress in the best sense of the word. She ground out her stories to order to meet a public demand, which had been chiefly created by "East Lynne," and she met the demand to the satisfaction of her readers and the pecuniary advantage of herself and her publishers. This was the sum and substance of her literary record, and perhaps it was not a bad one as popular records go. The object of her work was to amuse a class of readers who are not overburdened with critical judgment, and in this she succeeded. If her novels are somewhat highly seasoned, it can be said of them that none of them were positively immoral in their influence, which cannot be written justly of the works of many of her imitators who entered the field which she had staked off and appealed to the readers which she had gathered around her. "East Lynne" was the pioneer of a class of books out of which has been evolved the modern "society novel," which in its most popular form is not very wholesome reading. It would be unjust to Mrs. Wood to hold her responsible for the "Ouidas" of literature. But she certainly took the first step which made the "Ouidas" possible. Before her death she saw herself far outstripped in her own chosen field, but it is pleasant to believe that she never tried to eclipse her rivals, but was content to overstep the bounds of decency as little as possible in the search for sensation.

Dyspepsia, sick headache, heartburn, indigestion, etc., are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

AN OCEAN VOYAGE.

The Trip by Steamer from San Francisco to Portland.

Things of Beauty and of Interest, Both Animate and Inanimate, that are to be Seen by the Observant Passenger.

[Written for the Sunday Oregonian.]

Seven hundred and fifty miles, to be accomplished in a steamer, is assuredly not a pleasing prospect to man or woman gifted with a sensitive stomach and weak nerves. But this danger and inconvenience must be resolutely faced by all who come from the Golden City to Portland by the ocean route. Barring the discomfiture of sea nausea and a dizzy, uncertain head, the voyage between San Francisco and our city, under the propitious circumstances of fair weather, calm seas and a large, commodious and rapid vessel, is really not so much to be dreaded. To all timid souls, of course, an ocean passage, even of brief duration, is haunted with a host of nameless and indefinable mental and physical terrors.

A voyage from San Francisco to the Webfoot metropolis to one who, according to the diplomatic language of Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B., is "never sick at sea," in warm, agreeable weather, on a staunch ship and with pleasant, entertaining companions, is certainly not a dismaying outlook. There are perils of the "noisy and voiceful deep," but there are also perils of *terra firma*. Danger is by no means confined to either land or ocean, and with a perfectly seaworthy craft beneath one's feet why may not as much safety be found on the billowy waste as on solid earth. So much by way of preface.

On a lovely morning in the latter part of the month of May the writer found himself on board one of the splendid steamships which regularly ply between the ports of San Francisco and Portland, destined for the latter place. At 10:30 o'clock A. M. the order to "cast off" lines was issued by the pilot. A few moments later, and, in obedience to propeller and helm, the vessel slowly swung away from the Spear street dock on which stood not less than 1000 people drawn thither by business, the ties of relationship or friendship, or by mere idle curiosity, to see the steamer off. Adieus were exchanged by voices more or less touched with emotion, while scores of handkerchiefs fluttered gaily in the air waving significant farewells. In less than ten minutes the vessel had passed some distance toward Goat island, her prow turned down the bay, and she was plowing through the blue waters of San Francisco harbor, whirling past wharves and shipping. Now Telegraph hill stood just on our left, while the crowds of ships with their black rigging and forest of masts glided swiftly to the rear. Alcatraz island came opposite on the right in less than five minutes and slipped noiselessly away. Turning due westward the steamer sped down the watery course like some "Iroquois of the sea." To the northward, at the distance of several miles, was the little romantic hamlet of Saucelito nestling tranquilly at the base of

THE HIGH, BROWN RANGE OF HILLS

Which terminate abruptly at the North Heads. Black Point, Harbor View and Fort Point, all to the south, were quickly passed. Looming up through the thin wreaths of bluish-purple mist could now be seen North Heads, with the lighthouse gleaming and glancing in the morning rays like a column of pure white marble; while for several hundred feet below the station the abrupt, rocky cliffs, which for untold centuries had successfully combatted and beaten back the Titanic forces of old Neptune, reared their menacing fronts. At the base of this bold bluff the breakers rolled tumultuously against, and beat with resounding thunder upon, the wave-worn rocks. The scene was a wild one, and at a single glance forcibly recalled the lines of the poet laureate of Albion, when he speaks of the

> League-long roller thundering on the reef.

The never ending surf meeting the immovable resistance of the rock-bound shore is hurled back upon the angry, advancing flood, tossing aloft, as if in despair, with arms of spray, and singing a wierd, mournful refrain in thunder tones—the deep, deep diapason of the ocean.

To the south could next be seen through the greyish fog bank the Presidio with the adjacent military grounds, the long, low range of dun-colored sand ridges, Point Lobos, and, lastly, the Cliff House, as one looked almost seaward. Golden Gate was soon reached, and, pointing her black prow directly toward the open ocean, the steamer plunged forward and in less than ten minutes had passed the heavy swells which mark the entrance to San Francisco harbor, and was in the icy embraces of the mighty Pacific.

Passing for some distance toward the open sea the course of the vessel was set northward along the coast and we were off for Oregon in earnest. Two large steamers were met, headed toward the Golden Gate, just as our vessel passed out. One was from Panama, while the other came from Australia. Behind each trailed long clouds of smoke, like black banners, while their somber hulls showed in vivid contrast to the green waters, and the sooty masts and rigging were clearly outlined against the sky. How polite are these huge ocean travelers, and how scrupulously are the courtesies of the sea observed! In this case the gallantries of one of the noblest callings of the world were not omitted. Meeting by mere chance after long voyages from different points of the compass, these strangers saluted each other, and also our steamer, with hearty good will, which bespoke a sort of generous brotherhood. For several minutes there was a lively dipping of colors and exchanging of compliments. Several sailing vessels were passed being towed to sea, and not less than a dozen sails were seen beating down slowly upon the light breeze toward the entrance—coming from all directions and converging to a common commercial focus, the Queen City.

THE GOLDEN PACIFIC.

Casting a longing, backward glance the tawny Contra Costa hills were seen far beyond Alcatraz island, with Benicia lying along the semi-crescent shore, and almost under the purple shadows of the long and treeless range. Distance lent a soft and roseate hue to the land, while the waters of the bay near the shore line looked like pale indigo, with just the very slightest suggestion of grey. Naples bay with all its historic fame never looked more entrancing. The nearer lines of shore gradually receded, and in an hour's steaming the long stretch of coast south of the Golden Gate had faded away and sunk low down on the green line of waters, and North Heads only loomed up dimly and mistily in the soft sea haze. Passing along the coast, the Farallones could be observed rising obscurely above the ocean, far to the southwest. Before another hour had elapsed, no land was visible but the high and broken line of coast to the east. At no time during our three days' voyage was the steamer out of sight of the California and Oregon coast, except when night threw her pall over the watery waste, or clouds of fog obscured the view.

Late in the afternoon of the first day out a strong headwind set in which rendered progress slow and caused the vessel to roll and pitch fearfully throughout the greater part of the night. During that time not a passenger was found sufficiently courageous to sing either of those favorite solos, commencing: "A Life on the Ocean Wave," or "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." An ominous silence prevailed on board the vessel, broken only by the dashing of the billows and the howling and harsh shrieking of the gale through the rigging. It is not the purpose of the writer to attempt to describe the peculiarities of sea sickness; nor how it affected more or less the 200 passengers. Probably every reader has personally experienced that feeling of uncertainty, and witnessed the indicrous actions of those who have been required to pay their respects to the sea god with the trident. Nearly every person on the vessel, except the crew, had a taste of "ocean illness," as the Boston girl once called it, while on the passage to Portland. Salt pork was not a favorite article of diet on the voyage, which best expresses the general degree of gastric disturbances which prevailed.

About daylight the following morning the wind died away, and during the remainder of the trip no more rough seas nor adverse winds were encountered. What a glorious sight greeted the eye on coming up on the deck! The sun had just risen from his couch far in the pearly orient, and the early rays were gliding, with golden glory, the morning sea! Over the whole face of the ocean hung a thin, bluish haze, which the sun was gradually changing to a radiance too bright for the unshaded eye.

BURNISHED COPPER

Could not have been more intense and dazzling. Green, green, a world of emerald below these filmy, dissolving clouds—a limitless, boundless field of restless, curling waves! Undisturbed and unfretted by the winds, this realm of water slept not, but rose and fell in obedience to the natural impulse of the everlasting swell. Gulls and other aquatic birds followed closely in the wake of the steamer on unwearied pinions watching with sleepless vigilance for some morsel cast overboard. Thousands of these strange creatures of the sunshine and tempest were seen at all hours skimming hither and thither over the waves, their white plumage contrasting strangely with the waters.

Looking at these restless rovers of the main, one could not resist the impulse to repeat Bret Harte's familiar lines addressed to a sea gull:

> Sauntering hither on listless wings,
> Careless vagabond of the sea,
> Little thou heedest the surf that sings,
> The bar that thunders, the shale that rings—
> Give me to keep thy company.
>
> * * * * * * * * *
>
> Lazily rocking on ocean's breast,
> Something common, old friend, have we;
> Thou on the shingle seek'st thy nest,
> I to the waters look for rest—
> I on the shore, thou on the sea.

Cradled in the arms of the deep, the splendid vessel moved onward in her pathless course, rising and falling with an easy, regular motion. The mighty throb of her huge iron heart, and the whirling of the ponderous screw could be felt and heard thrilling the keel from prow to stern.

Nor were the nights passed during the voyage less glorious than the spring days. The moon was at her full, and to promenade the deck while the vast expanse of waters was bathed in a silvery flood of light, was a delightful diversion to all who were able to leave their berths. If the "multitudinous sea" was a grand revelation under the sunlight, its splendors suffered no eclipse when the queen of night showered down her refulgent wealth! What could be more refreshing to the senses than a moonlight walk on the deck? The night wind blew soft and sweet, laden with the odor of brine, and bringing to the ear the mysterious whisperings of the sombrous sea. Every breath was exhilarating—an inspiration. Under the sun we passed over a shifting, restless, emerald world; under the magic touch of Luna our ship ploughed through a rosy sea mingled with silver. Even the distant coast looked like an enchanted realm during the night hours. At intervals, as we steamed up the coast after night, the several light stations twinkled to the eastward and threw out their friendly, warning beams from prominent headlands. Cape Mendocino was passed after dark, and in the misty moonlight was plainly visible for miles, frowning his silent scoff down on the sea which dashed against his rocky feet—a sullen and defiant foe to the encroachments of Neptune's domains.

Toward morning on the second night out from San Francisco, our steamer was found to be nearing the famed mouth of the Columbia. Tillamook light flashed in our eyes to the east long before the bar was sighted. Soon after, the beacon light at Cape Hancock to the northward, and the station at Point Adams to the southwest gleamed brilliantly before us. About daylight the dismal and ear-piercing moan of

THE WHISTLING BUOY

Was heard at very brief intervals. All over the face of the tossing deep hung a light cloud of greyish fog, which soon yielded to the pale light of Aurora that stole with rapid but silent steps over the world of waters and the distant shore. Just after daylight Tillamook Rock was passed, about two miles to the right. It rose dark and rugged from the greenish gray waters and towered aloft, with a gloomy, lonesome aspect in the early dawn. Around the base of this isolated rock could distinctly be seen the line of surging breakers advancing with impetuous fury, only to be lashed into snow white spray and hurled back helpless and baffled. Mighty as is the power of the sea, its anger is impotent, for despite the strength of the tempest and the shock of hostile waves, the rock stands unmoved, in defiance of the thunders of the elements. A century's battling with its gigantic forces has not perceptibly weakened or shattered its impregnable foundations. Dawn had now given place to the glorious day and the vessel steamed slowly toward the bar. When within a few miles of the entrance the sun rose, scattering the clouds of fog, dissipating mists and affording an unobstructed view, it was a spectacle not soon to be forgotten!

From the rock-bound base of Cape Hancock to the low, sandy stretches of Fort Stevens was one unbroken line of huge breakers. The bases were dark green while the crests were white as driven snow. How angry and menacing that long, formidable chain of rollers looked from the steamer's deck! And their manifold voices spoke words of warning not to be mistaken. Our pilot, who had crossed the bar hundreds of times, took a long survey of the tumbling brine through his glass, and, turning his old, weather-beaten countenance to the captain, who was standing on the bridge, also regarding the prospect, shook his head significantly and said: "We shall have to wait about two hours. She (meaning the bar) is pretty mad just now."

So wait we did, and not without some impatience. Meantime the sun rose higher and higher and seemed to set his fiery torch to the sea. Everything flamed and glowed. The heavily timbered sides and summit of the cape showed with startling vividness the somber green foliage outlined against the cloudless skies of spring. The pharos in the foreground rose, high in the ambient morning air like a colossal stone shaft, so white that it fairly glistened in the glorious sunlight. Across a wide expanse of tumultuous waters the yellow wastes of Point Adams gleamed with

A GOLDEN RADIANCE.

Sand island was just discernable above the tips of the breakers; far beyond, looking due east, Tongue point abruptly interposed its blue outlines. Astoria, the Naples of Webfoot, could also be seen with the aid of a strong glass. For over two hours the steamer beat to and fro, waiting for old Neptune to get into a more amiable mood and to smooth down his wrinkled face. Several large vessels were seen outside waiting for pilots and several others far out at sea beating leisurely up on the light breeze with outstretched canvas toward the entrance of the Columbia river. Beyond the bar, on the inside, could be observed three or four tugs steaming restlessly about awaiting a more favorable opportunity to cross out and take in tow some of the vessels loitering about in the pilot grounds.

About 9 o'clock our pilot brought the steamer in as near as he deemed prudent, and once again scrutinized the situation through his glass. His report was a favorable one. After coolly lighting a fresh cigar, he turned to the captain with the utmost *sang froid* and remarked: "Well, we had just as well slip in now as any time, for the bar, I see, ain't going to get its back down any more."

Giving the engineer the bell, the pilot turned her great black nose squarely to the east and took a straight course for the line of white caps. By this time most of the passengers had got their "sea legs" and came crowding up on the deck to witness the unusual sight of crossing the bar. It was also thought that as the sea was quite rough the vessel "might take some water" in crossing over—though one of the passengers, a fellow of waggish disposition, was heard to say that he never took water at a bar when he could help it. The prospect of shipping a sea or two added a keener zest to the curiosity of the passengers. However, in this respect, all were disappointed, for the steamer rode majestically over and through the breakers. Three tremendous swells came rolling after in the immediate wake of the steamer when the line of surf had been passed. Not a drop of water crossed the deck. Ten minutes scarcely elapsed before the principal danger was over and comparatively smooth water was reached.

Just inside the bar a lively scene was presented. The tugs, seeing the steamer come safely, started out. They were met almost at the bar pushing toward the open sea. Like a cork, or a feather, these little crafts ploughed, danced and tossed about; now deep in the trough and then high on the crest of a swelling billow; sometimes standing almost perpendicular on the stern and again climbing

A VERTICAL WALL OF WATER

Or lying on beam ends. But they all passed safely to sea. Hundreds of small fishing boats dotted the water, some with sails spread and others propelled by oars. Few can realize the perils of salmon fishing and the reckless risks run by the fishermen. Scores of these frail but buoyant little crafts were met by the steamer clear down under the very shadow of the bar, where the treacherous breakers perpetually pound upon the sands. Why so many boats are lost and numbers of men drowned each year is no wonder. Caught in the toils of the perfidious tides they are swept out to the open sea like chaff, and find graves in the hungry and remorseless deep.

Our voyage rapidly approaches its close. Steaming up the broad, bay-like river, several large vessels were passed near Sand island. They were foreign bound and in their capacious hulls were stored thousands of centals of grain—the product of our fertile valleys and prolific hillsides. These vessels were riding at anchor waiting for crews, supplies, or an opportunity to cross out and sail away on their long voyage for the "Chalk Cliffs of Albion." On the sluggish tide the vessels swung listlessly to and fro, waiting for the tug to come alongside.

Astoria is soon reached. A short stay alongside the busy dock and the steamer is off for Portland—our ultimate destination. Seven hours' ride up one of the mightiest and noblest streams on the North American continent, which "flows unvexed to the sea," Swan island is gracefully rounded and Portland's spires, business buildings, handsome residences, neat cottages, wharves and shipping burst on our delighted view. Half an hour later we press the welcome dust of Oregon's metropolis with our unsteady soles, and devoutly thank our stars that we have mercifully escaped the perils of the "vasty deep," are over the horrors of "sea indisposition," and, lastly, that the smiling skies of Webfoot are bending graciously above our heads.

J. M. BALTIMORE.

MOSBY COULDN'T BE BOUGHT

Hooker's Offer of a Large Sum to Purchase Him.

Popular Errors Corrected by the Ex-Guerilla—Appointed Consul by Hayes, and Not by Grant—Shot When a Prisoner.

Boston Herald Interview.

"I see that people are bound to have it that you were appointed consul to Hong Kong by Gen. Grant," was the remark which opened the colloquy.

"So I see," responded Col. Mosby. "On my way from Washington I stopped off in New York especially to see Mrs. Grant. She invited me to dine with her and her family. While at dinner Col. Fred Grant spoke of his father as having appointed me as consul at Hong Kong. He was with his father when he visited that place. If Col. Fred Grant supposed it was true that his father appointed me consul, it is not at all strange that people in general should think so. As I have said before this is an erroneous idea altogether. I supported Gen. Grant in 1872 against Horace Greeley. I advised the Southern people to support Grant as the best method of restoring entire peace to the country, and I think they generally regret that they did not do so. There is as much dissatisfaction with Grover Cleveland to-day among the southern people as there was with Grant, and if they had supported him at the time I did, he would have been able to do for them

MORE THAN CLEVELAND HAS DONE.

"When I came out in support of Grant I was accused of mercenary motives, but I was a flourishing lawyer at the time and did not want any office, and in my speeches I pledged myself not to accept any office at his hands. I never did, although he repeatedly offered me places. My appointment to Hong Kong was made by President Hayes. He was a soldier under Gen. Sheridan in the Shenandoah valley, and fought against me. I am now preparing for publication my reminiscences of the war, and I have taken great pains to make them full and very accurate. I have been through the archives of the war department in Washington to get the reports of officers on the other side describing the little affairs that I was connected with. It was while making this search that I first learned that the union side had ever thought they could buy me up, and I looked into the matter. While going over the records, a clerk very kindly gave me an inkling of certain papers which hinted at this, and at my request he looked them up. He gave me copies of the papers, one of which was a dispatch from Gen. Pleasanton to Ingalls. Gen. Pleasanton was then chief of cavalry in Hooker's army, and Ingalls was chief quartermaster at Hooper's headquarters. The dispatch referred to is in Gen. Pleasanton's handwriting, I have been told. When I was coming out of the war department I met a newspaper correspondent named Popham, a friend of mine, and I told him of what I had learned. He very quickly saw an item of news in it and sent it all over the country, and this is the way that Gen. Pleasanton's dispatch first became a matter of information. Pleasanton's dispatch to Ingalls asked how much money he could have to buy me, and the response was that he could have all he wanted. The very fact that Hooker offered to

SUPPLY ALL THE MONEY NEEDED

—unlimited sums—is of itself conclusive evidence that there never was any chance of doing it. If Hooker had replied that he would give $1000, or not any, then it might be said that I could have been bought; and that there was not money enough at hand, but unlimited means shows a different state of things. Pleasanton's dispatch is dated June 12. Lee then was moving into Pennsylvania, and two days before that I had crossed into Maryland, and had routed a Union cavalry camp on the Potomac. Col. Charles Russell Lowell of Boston, of the 2d Massachusetts cavalry, had been sent in pursuit of me when I went on this road. Five days after the date of Pleasanton's dispatch, I captured Maj. Sterling of Hooker's staff carrying dispatches to Pleasanton. These dispatches disclosed the strength of Hooker's army and his plans. I forwarded these dispatches to Stuart immediately, and his report of the Gettysburg campaign showed how important these dispatches were.

"In searching among the confederate archives I found documents that shed new light on the Gettysburg campaign, which upset the theories of Gen. Longstreet and others about the cause of the confederate defeat. These documents I propose to publish in full in my reminiscences."

"Colonel, what was the connection of your command with the confederate army. Were you a free lance or accountable to superiors for your acts?"

"My command was the 43d battalion of Virginia cavalry. As long as Stuart lived, I was immediately under his orders. I always reported to him. After Stuart was killed, in May, 1864, I was under the immediate orders of Gen. Robert E. Lee, and corresponded directly with him. I shall publish in my book the letters of Gen. Lee, and what he had to say about my acts.

"It amuses me very much to hear that people who know that Hayes appointed me consul to Hong Kong say that I supported Grant in the contingency of appointment to office by his successor, who might have been a democrat. I was

ONE OF THE FEW CONFEDERATES

In Virginia who were not disqualified by the Fourteenth amendment. I was always eligible to any office in the state of Virginia, but I never had any desire for office. When I used my influence in behalf of General Grant, the southern people got the benefit of it. On my recommendation General Grant appointed a great many men to office in Virginia, and a very large majority of these were men who were democrats and had voted against Grant. He appointed two democrats to important consulates in Italy and France on my recommendation. Immediately after Grant was elected I asked him to appoint a young Virginian to West Point, whose father was a democrat, and who had voted against him, and he did it. This young man is now a lieutenant in the 7th cavalry.

"They say I was anything but a soldier, and guilty of a thousand and one unsoldierly acts. It is true that my command killed men in fights. There is no glory in war without danger. I do not complain at the fact that I was shot when I was really a prisoner, in the hands of 300 cavalry. I was standing talking with Maj. Fraser and several officers in a house, near a window, when some one in the command fired a shot and struck me in the abdomen. I do not complain of this, and, to tell the truth, was rather glad I was shot, for thereby I escaped capture. I was going to attack Fraser that night, and while on the road with one young man alone we drove up to a house to get something to eat. His name was Tom Love. He volunteered to remain outside and wait and watch, but, as I thought there was no danger, I ordered him into the house to supper. While we were eating Fraser's cavalry came along accidentally and surrounded the house, and Fraser and two officers burst into the room. I put my hands up to my coat collar and grasped it in such a way that my hands

COVERED THE TWO STARS

That denoted my rank. While I was talking, some one outside fired a shot, which struck me. I said: 'I am shot,' and the officers all ran out of the room. In going out they knocked the candle over, and left the room in darkness. I stripped off my coat and pushed it under a bureau, and then laid down. The officers returned and stripped me of everything but my pantaloons and shirt, taking a new pair of boots from me. They called in a doctor, who said I was shot through the heart. They left me for dying, after trying their best to pump two negro boys who knew who I was. The boys would divulge nothing, and, after Fraser's command had left, these boys hitched up a yoke of steers and carried me four miles in a storm to a place of safety. That shot was a fortunate one for me, but it was not right to shoot me when a prisoner. Now suppose I held Frazier responsible for that and denounced him. Is an officer to be held responsible for some lawless act of his men? I say an officer can only be held responsible for the general character of the command, and not for the special acts of specific individuals who do lawless and hotheaded acts. If an officer were to be held responsible for everything, then Grant and Sherman and Sheridan and all the rest would be criminated.

"Now I see it is said that I boasted that when my command went on an expedition they brought back only riderless horses. I received a letter from Dr. Dudley in reference to this matter, and I see he has published my reply. I never made any such statement, and the whole story is based on this incident: In 1864 an officer of mine, with twenty-five or thirty men, was sent on an expedition up the Shenandoah valley. He got on the trail of a party of union cavalry, who were going about burning dwelling houses. Now, most of these men lived in the immediate neighborhood of these outrages, and many of them saw their own homes in flames and their mothers, sisters and wives without shelter. My officer and his men overtook this company of cavalry at the house of Col. Morgan in Clark county, Va., and when they reached there they found the house in flames and the wife and children of Morgan standing about in tears. They were not allowed to remove even their clothes from the house.

MY MEN WERE INFURIATED

When they saw this, and my officer could not have controlled them if he would. Shakespeare says: 'Guilty conscience makes cowards of us all.' My men came on the federals just after they fired Morgan's house, and the federals started to run, and a running fight ensued, my men giving chase, and shooting the offenders in this fight. The fight covered several miles, and my men took several riderless horses. I was not within twenty miles of the place at the time this fight took place, and if I had been the result would have been the same. I reported the facts to Gen. Robert E. Lee, and this dispatch, bearing his complimentary indorsement, is now among the confederate archives at Washington. But this is not all. This very officer was appointed by Gen. Grant to a high position in the postoffice department. There was a fuss made about it, and there was a telegraphic dispatch sent from Washington to a Boston paper stating what this officer had done, and criticising Gen. Grant for appointing him. The whole object was to turn out this officer. Later, a dispatch to this same Boston paper said that Col. Mosby, then in Washington, said that these men were shot while caught in the act of burning houses, and if he had been caught doing such work he would have expected to be shot. These men were shot while in the act of violation of Gen. Grant's orders, which positively prohibited house burning. This matter was investigated by Gen. Grant, and he refused to remove the officer. I learned that a person caused this dispatch to be sent to embarrass Gen. Grant, and he was kicked out of the office he held. Hayes was a soldier under Sherman at this time and knew all the facts; and in 1878, wanting a thoroughly reliable man to appoint to an important place in the internal revenue department, he appointed this officer of mine. There was another fuss, and Gen. Raum, commissioner of internal revenue, ordered Gen. Sewell to investigate the charges. The investigation resulted in exoneration. This officer was exonerated by Grant, Hayes, Raum and Sewell, and any one who wants to know the real facts can learn them by consulting the records of the internal revenue department. Now, Grover Cleveland finds this man a proper person to retain in office, although he is a republican. This is all there is to the charge that my men always brought in riderless horses. This officer is now in Georgia.

HUNTING UP THE MOONSHINERS.

"During the last three years of the war this portion of the country was the Flanders of the war. The contending armies were continually surging backward and forward across it. All civil authority was subverted to martial law. This country became infested by gangs of robbers and outlaws and deserters of both armies, and a great many of them never belonged to any army. These men were a greater terror to the southern people than to the northern troops, and they went about plundering and robbing and saying that they were 'Mosby's men.' I was no more responsible for their acts than was Gen. Grant or Gen. Sherman. Capt. Buchanan was captured by two of these outlaws in 1864 and robbed and murdered. I issued an order to my men to capture these fellows. In the meantime the confederate army surrendered, and about two months thereafter, some Union cavalry captured one of these men and summarily shot him. The other murderer fled to South America. Yet the papers charge that two of my men killed Capt. Buchanan. The murderers were not my men, and I am not to be held responsible for the doings of gangs of outlaws of whom I knew nothing.

"I had more conflicts with the 2d Massachusetts cavalry than any other, and captured Maj. Forbes, and I took prisoners a large number of Vermont cavalry men, and all will say that I treated them as well as I could. I have a letter from Gen. Wells of the Vermont cavalry testifying to the kind manner in which I treated him and his men. It is absurd to suppose that Gen. Grant would have gone out of his way to compliment me in his book if I had so outrageously violated all the rules of the laws of war, and had resorted to illegitimate methods. I fought for the cause I represented with my whole heart and with my best ability, and my conscience justifies me in all I did."

THE REJECTION OF MATTHEWS.

Reasons Why the Senate Would Not Accept the Albany Negro.

The document prepared by Senator Ingalls and offered in the shape of a resolution regarding the rejection by the senate of Matthews (colored) to be recorder of deeds of the District of Columbia was adopted by the senate—28 to 18 (a party vote)—and sent to the president with the rejection. The document is in part as follows:

The president attempts to justify the renomination by stating:

First—That the fitness of the nominee has been demonstrated.

Second—That the previous opposition to his appointment among the citizens of the District has largely subsided.

Third—That he desires in this way to tender just recognition and good faith toward our colored citizens.

It is sufficient answer to the first two reasons alleged to say that neither could have been applicable when Matthews was appointed in August, immediately after the adjournment of the senate, for at that time his fitness had not been demonstrated nor had there been any interval for local opposition to subside. Until suggested by the president the senate was not aware that the question of "just recognition or good faith to our colored fellow citizens" was involved in the question, and it has never before been urged that a person nominated for an office should be confirmed or rejected because he was black or because he was white. This classification has been abolished by the suppression of the rebellion and by the amendments of the constitution, and is no longer properly to be recognized as dealing with public affairs. The senate, however, in view of the message of the president, cannot forbear to apprise him, since he has raised the race issue, that Frederick Douglass was requested to resign the office of recorder of deeds in the District of Columbia in order that James I. Matthews might be appointed to the place. Without doubt Frederick Douglass is the most distinguished representative of the colored race, not in this country only, but in the world. "Just recognition" would have been tendered to our colored fellow-citizens by the retention of Frederick Douglas rather than by his enforced retirement in order to reward an unknown and obscure partisan who had never been a slave and therefore represented the enfranchised race only by the accident of color. The devotion of the president to the political and civil advancement of the colored race might have been equally attested and with good faith might have been as strongly evinced, by the retention of Douglass in the office, whose duties he was discharging to the satisfaction of the people, unless it is to be understood that "just recognition" is to be tendered only to those members of that race who are supposed to entertain particular opinions. In such a case the issue of race disappears and the test is politics. The senate has no official information, other than that contained in the message of the president, whether Matthews is white or black. He is admitted to be a citizen of New York. The office to which he is nominated is strictly local. The compensation for the performance of its duties is not paid by the government, but mainly by the citizens of the district having papers to be recorded therein. His confirmation is opposed with substantial unanimity by the citizens of the district without regard to color, politics or occupation.

CURRENT REMARKS.

It is supposed by some that the recent jail marriage sensation was a put-up job by the anarchists and their friends to get up a popular sympathy for Spies and his fellow-prisoners. But the little game didn't work.—Chicago Journal.

"Elda, ez chahman ob de committee it iz my onpleasant duty to info'm yo' dat we hain't been able to raise yo' sallery dis yeah, an'—" "Brudder Pillsbury, I'se mighty glad yo' 'preciate me, but I doan want my sallery raised, brudder. Jes pay me de sallery we 'greed on and I'se satisfied."—Harper's Weekly.

"Would you marry an old man for his money?" asked Mildred. "Well, I declare," exclaimed Laura, with a startled air, "you don't suppose anything else would induce me to marry him?"—Pittsburg Dispatch.

"My friend, my friend!" exclaimed a minister to a young man who was indulging in profanity, "you should not let your choler rise." "It isn't my collar," retorted the reprobate. "It's my necktie."—Burlington Free Press.

Landlord—"That porch is rotten, and ought to come down." Tenant—"Yes." Landlord—"So ought that shed roof. It's very little better." Tenant—"Yes, and there's something else ought to come down." Landlord—"Ah, indeed! What's that?" Tenant—"The rent, sir."—Harper's Bazar.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. WOODARD, CLARKE & CO., Agents.

THE "RUDDIGORE" RUMPUS.

How Gilbert and Sullivan's New Opera was Given Away.

The Inimitable Mimic Corney Grain Recites at Receptions Choice Selections from their Latest Work.

Correspondence of New York Journal.

LONDON, Jan. 29.—London is talking and laughing over a row between Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan, which will probably result in their entire separation for the future. Indeed, Sir Arthur has stated publicly that he will write no more comic operas, and this is known to be a slap at Mr. W. S. Gilbert, who now seems able to write nothing else. From this time forth—that is, after the production of their new work—their names will never be linked together again in joint authorship. And it has all arisen out of a very curious misunderstanding.

The exceeding care and extraordinary precautions taken by both to protect their new comic opera from the vulgar eye has been told by the Atlantic cable. Mr. Gilbert has gone to the length of giving none of the people concerned in the production his full part. Portions of each have been withheld so that all the actors, even if they combined to steal the piece, could not get it in full, and so, as Mr. Gilbert thinks, would fail of their objects. With the music they have been equally secretive, and three or four of the principal numbers are to be retained by the authors until the very day of the performance.

This preamble is necessary to explain the rather extraordinary events that follow, and which are so curious that they would almost appear to be fiction were it not that they were vouched for by persons no less distinguished than several ladies and gentlemen of the highest class in London, who can bear witness to most of the facts. The story has set many people in London laughing who have been let into the secret, but with the usual slowness of the papers they have not had the slightest intimation of a series of events which came very nearly bringing about an instant rupture in the firm of Gilbert & Sullivan, and depriving the world once and for all of those comic operas which have set the whole universe laughing. The story is not more than five days old.

JOHN'S MARVELOUS MEMORY.

John is the name by which a cheery old fellow is known whose business by day is the cleaning of the Savoy theater. John followed Mr. D'Oyly Carte from the Opera Comique to the Savoy and is a sort of protege of the establishment. There is a tradition that John was a tenor singer, but that beer got the best of his voice and of himself. At any rate he is known to possess first-class musical instincts without the power to make them valuable. His musical memory is prodigious, and on one occasion he is said to have prompted a whole opera during a provincial tour where the score was missing. This explains what follows. It is necessary, however, to state that in the intervals of his labors at the Savoy, which only took him the morning and an hour or two of the afternoon, John was and is waiter and man of all work in a genteel boarding house in one of the streets off the Strand, where the better class of professionals are in the habit of lodging.

For the past five or six weeks rehearsals of the new Gilbert and Sullivan opera, of which so much is expected and so little known, have been going on at the Savoy with closed doors. Beyond the regular and necessary attaches of the house no one was admitted. But as "The Mikado" is still running there and as the house is still pretty full every night, the services of John could not be dispensed with. So he passed his four or five hours daily in the theater dusting the benches and chairs, removing the leavings of the audience of the night before and otherwise busying himself in his work.

With his usual quickness of retention he soon earned by heart the best and most humorous sayings of Mr. Gilbert, as well as the most charming bits of melody by Sir Arthur Sullivan. Day after day John heard these things, and as one will learn and recite anything that is new to the ear or understanding, it was not many days before John found himself constantly repeating the good things he had heard. It was an innocent amusement, and John could not have helped it if he had tried. He little realized what his memory for this sort of thing would lead him to.

CORNEY GRAIN'S GREAT LUCK.

The coming arrival of the well-known entertainer and vocalist, Corney Grain, had been announced in the daily papers. Mr. Grain had been absent from England two or three years on a foreign tour and was to get back straight from Australia. So great was the demand for his services that all agents had two applications from private people for Corney Grain's services on the very night of his arrival. No sooner had Mr. Grain set foot in his lodgings in Arundel street, just off the Strand, where he had been in the habit of stopping for years whenever he happened to be in London, than his agent waited on him and told him that his services were required that very night. Corney Grain endeavored to expostulate, but the agent told him that these soirees were among the most distinguished in London. One was at Lady Dashwood's and the other at the Countess of Maidstone's, and that the fee would be £25 in each case.

"But," said Corney Grain, "my dear fellow, I feel pretty seedy after four weeks on board a steamer and I know absolutely nothing new."

"Do your best. That is always good enough," answered the agent.

Mr. Corney Grain consented, but felt out of sorts and viewed with increasing vexation the fact that his landlady appeared to have neglected to send the man she had promised to unpack his boxes and traveling gear. He rang the bell, and a rather seedy, middle-aged man answered the call. He proved to be the party waited for and he explained to Mr. Grain that what detained him was his duties at the Savoy theater, where he acted as cleaner, while his duties in the house did not begin till afternoon. Mr. Grain received this explaination in rather bad humor, for he was still thinking of the promise he had made for the night. But John (for, of course, it was he,) went to work cheerily. It was a job, and while Mr. Grain lay on the bed thinking what in the world he would do that evening, John unlocked one box after another and disposed the contents about the room, singing all the time and occasionally breaking off to recite in a mimic voice several burlesque speeches.

At first the professional entertainer paid no attention to these audible efforts of the servant, but gradually his ear got fascinated by the novel and pleasing strains the man was singing. By degrees Mr. Grain grew to be all attention. The quick ear of the entertainer distinguished that what he heard he had never heard before, and he soon began to jot down, in his brain, which is known the world over for its quickness, the snatches of melody the man was humming. He did not dare to ask the man to give him these melodies, and so he tried a trick.

"Don't go on humming that way!" he exclaimed angrily to the man. "I am trying to sleep; sing out with all your lungs and then I'll be off in no time, and you needn't hurry your work, for I'll want you all day."

John, who still prided himself on the remnants of a tenor voice still left, asked nothing better. He was being listened to by the great Corney Grain. It might lead to something, and so John in his very best style sang one song after another from the new opera, never dreaming that the wily Corney Grain was drinking in every note and every word, and occasionally jotting down, unnoticed by John, the doubtful passages. He had guessed in a moment from the man's story of being employed at the Savoy theater that all this was the new opera. After a while he jumped up and went to the piano.

"Do you know," he said to poor John, "that's quite a good voice of yours. Let me see if I can't accompany you," and John, only too happy to be taken notice of, went over the whole selection once more while Mr. Grain studied the accompaniments.

"Quite a talent yours," Mr. Grain said after a while, and when he had got five or six songs thoroughly fixed in his memory, "and perhaps I may be able to make it useful. Didn't I hear you recite something a little while ago?"

John, immensely flattered, started in on two or three recitations, which appeared to interest Mr. Grain fairly well.

"Very good," he remarked, "but very old."

"Well, sir, here's something new," said John, and he began one serio-comic recitation after another from the new opera, and Corney Grain was so pleased that he made him go over them again and again.

W. S. GILBERT GRITS HIS TEETH.

There was a brilliant party that night at Lady Dashwood's. It was whispered about among the company that the treat of the evening would be the first appearance of Corney Grain, who had not been seen in England for three years, and who had, in fact, only arrived from Australia that very afternoon. Everything went off delightfully until 10 o'clock, when Mr. Grain was announced. Everybody became silent. Mr. Grain sat down to the piano, and before beginning apologized to the company for not being able at such short notice to do anything remarkable. "But," he added, "I have a few songs with me which are all the rage just now in Australia. The words to them I have lost, so I shall make up some of my own."

Mr. Grain sang. The applause at the new songs was enthusiastic. "Delightful!" "Charming." "Do they compose such songs at the Antipodes?" Such were the exclamations that went round the assemblage. Only one middle-aged gentleman, with a sour face, gray hair and whiskers and a sardonic smile, who sat in the background, did not applaud. As Mr. Grain rose to leave, this sardonic person approached him.

"Excuse me," he said, "for introducing myself. I am Mr. W. S. Gilbert. I would like to ask you if they have been singing those songs I have just heard for any length of time in Australia. I assure you I have a deep interest in asking the question."

"For not more than two or three months before I left," answered Mr. Grain.

They shook hands, Mr. Gilbert turned and uttered something like an oath, and Mr. Grain murmured to himself as he went out:

"Devilish glad I put my own words to these songs instead of his." Then he entered his coupe to go to Lady Maidstone's.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN LOOKS SERIOUS.

Fifteen minutes took the great entertainer to the drawing-room of the countess. This noble lady has the reputation of giving the most entertaining parties in London. Her drawing-room is a middle ground in which meet the government and the opposition, the aristocracy, finance, art and sometimes even the theater. It was known there that Mr. Grain had only arrived that afternoon from Australia, and it was felt that he was making a sacrifice for the entertainment of those present. Labouchere, who was present, shook him warmly by the hand in memory of the many pleasant evenings he had afforded the guests at Pope's villa, and among the first to greet him was Sir Arthur Sullivan.

Not long after the guests had assembled in the great drawing-room of the ample house, Mr. Grain at first threw off two or three songs pretty well known to all the company and which met with merely complimentary applause. Then he said that he had nothing new to offer more than some sketches from a new opera he had heard just before leaving Australia. He detailed an incident or two of the plot (what he had been able to gather from the unfortunate John) and then began to recite some of the best bits he had heard that afternoon. The company roared, applauded and feted Grain. When he got through all agreed that he was as clever as ever.

Just as he was about to leave Sir Arthur Sullivan approached the entertainer. He looked very serious.

"Would it be impertinent, Mr. Grain," he asked, "if I were to request you to let me know how long before you left Australia the passages you have just recited were written or made public?"

"Well, Sir Arthur," said Mr. Grain, "I should imagine about two or three months."

They then shook hands, but Corney Grain noticed that Sir Arthur looked pale and determined. Then he went home fagged out and slept the sleep of the honest and just.

MUSIC IN THE AIR.

Sir Arthur usually rises in his luxurious apartments just back of Buckingham palace at 10 o'clock in the morning. But on the day after the entertainment given by Mr. Corney Grain he arose at 8 and ordered his four-wheeled to take him to the Garrick, where about every morning Mr. W. S. Gilbert indulges in one of the steaks of that famous resort. Sure enough Mr. Gilbert was there and asked Sir Arthur to join him at breakfast, but not in the most cordial manner.

"No, thanks," remarked Sir Arthur. "Something that I heard last night quite took my appetite away."

"Indeed," said Mr. Gilbert, "I thought it might have been your usual indigestion, not at all surprising, when one considers how much music you digest."

"I wish music was all I had to digest," replied Sir Arthur; "but I'm compelled sometimes to swallow librettos, too, though I don't complain at that when they are original."

"I fear that I shall soon be reckoned in your category. My digestion and patience are also getting quite impaired by the ungrateful process of furnishing new oil for old lamps."

"Really, Mr. Gilbert," said Arthur, "I begin to think your remarks refer to me."

"Your acuteness is wonderful this morning. The remarks can hardly refer to the lost arts."

"Unless it be the art of writing a new libretto, which in your case I must say, my dear Gilbert, appears to have been lost in permanency."

"The remark," said Mr. Gilbert, "comes well from a composer who has just written a new comic opera, pretty nearly every bar of which I heard at a private house last night."

"A Daniel," laughed Sir Arthur, savagely, "a veritable Daniel. Let me doubt the judgment, however, of a man who can't whistle 'God Save the Queen.' The best critics may make mistakes in the resemblance of music, but no man can mistake set speeches in plain English. I, for one, decidedly object once for all, to writing music for words which have been used in other operas for months back."

Mr. Gilbert looked in amazement at Sir Arthur. Then he arose slowly and ordered the waiter to take his breakfast to another table.

Sir Arthur, livid with anger, left the club, and that afternoon authorized the statement in the London papers that he would never write the music of another comic opera—that hereafter he would devote himself to a higher order of composition.

I understand that mutual friends who are in the secret of the joke—for Mr. Grain made haste to tell it—have endeavored to compose the quarrel, but Mr. Gilbert and Sir Arthur are both too highly incensed. At rehearsals of the new opera, which is to be produced on Saturday night, they do not even speak to each other. To his friends Mr. Gilbert now also announces his final dissolution with Sir Arthur Sullivan.

THE CABINET CRITICISED.

A Picture Drawn by the Skillful Hand of a Mugwump Correspondent.

Washington Letter to Springfield Republican—Administration Organ.

The navy department under Secretary Whitney is the same school for scandal that it has been for years, only the favorite contractors are not the same men who were formerly here getting fat jobs. Secretary Endicott, in the war department, is a respectable cipher, and Postmaster-General Vilas has ambition enough, but little else to recommend him for the important place he holds. The two men from whom least was expected—Manning and Lamar—have turned out best. The former, who had the reputation of an Albany politician, made almost a model secretary of the treasury until he broke down in health under the weight of the cares and responsibilities of his position, in the vain attempt to perform his multifarious duties faithfully and intelligently. There were some politics in his administration, some unfit appointments; but, judged by the general average of his acts—and that is the only way in which any public official can be justly judged—the verdict I have given is the verdict of Washington and of the country. Secretary Lamar has been looked upon, ever since he returned to congress after the war, as a man of scholarly tastes, a dreamer. He owed the national reputation he won to his great eloquence on special occasions rather than to his successes as a legislator. Very few suspected him to be possessed of even moderate executive ability, and his appointment to be secretary of the interior was thought to be one of Mr. Cleveland's greatest mistakes. But, next to Mr. Manning, Mr. Lamar has proved himself to be the best executive officer of the administration. He is quick to comprehend the problems that arise in the course of the business of his great department, and prompt to solve them. He understands the value of long experience in public office and he has not yet yielded to the tremendous pressure of place-seekers. He conducts the business of his department in a businesslike way.

JOHN SHERMAN FOR '88.

What the "Chicago Mail" Says about him as a Candidate.

Sure enough, why not John Sherman for 1888? He is a man pre-eminent in ability, learned in statesmanship, tried and proved as a republican and great in all the elements required to make success possible. There will be no man so foolish as to repeat at the next convention the bluster that was indulged in here in 1884, to the effect that the republicans do not care for New York state. To insure success the Empire state must be in the republican line. What republican can give more promise of carrying New York than John Sherman? In what man have the business men of the great metropolis greater confidence? What other candidate can show a better record of unbroken devotion to republicanism? His loyalty to his party has never been questioned. He has been true to the party in every section of the country. He has never trimmed nor crawfished. It cannot be said that he has ever attempted a flirtation with his political enemies. Like Logan, he never deserted the down-trodden republicans of the South. His political career has been one of convictions courageously maintained. In the language of our correspondent, "Why not John Sherman for 1888?"

"My dear," he whispered softly, as they seated themselves on the toboggan, "if, on the way down, I should ask you to be my wife, what would you say?" "What would you say if I should refuse?" she whispered back. "I should have to let you slide," he simply said.—Harper's Bazar.

THE MURDER OF KENDALL.

A Trial in Early Times in Washington Territory.

Description of a Thrilling Court Scene—Participation of Judge William Strong, of Portland, in the Trial.

The following article, republished from the *California Spirit of the Times*, will be of interest to many readers of THE OREGONIAN at Puget sound and elsewhere. The murdered man was B. F. Kendall, and the person accused of killing him was a man named Howe. The incident created great excitement at Olympia:

The blood thirsty murderous epidemic which has been gaining headway with little or no interruption for some years past, and has broken out in places on this coast quite recently with unwonted violence, is awakening the peace-loving and law-abiding everywhere to the fearful reality of the insecurity of human life. The drift is rapidly backwards to the time when California had no law worth speaking of except the revolver. That instrument of death seems to be getting a little too handy, and in disputes of the most trivial nature quickly transforms a misunderstanding or an exhibition of ill temper into a murder. The victims are numbered as one counts the days of the calendar, and the horrible harvest continues with each rising and setting sun. The silent majority in the graveyards is almost daily augmented by murdered men and women, and children of tender age, while the murderers are being fed and pampered, and rarely made to realize the enormity of their crimes by adequate punishment, in many cases no punishment at all. The lax administration of the criminal laws has much to do with this, beyond a question, and murders will continue just so long as the perpetrators go unpunished. The criminal classes exercise a tremendous influence, and wield an almost invincible power in politics, and as they are only held in restraint by a dread of the gallows, so in the same ratio law officers seem to dread their political power, and appear to search for reasons for not prosecuting equally with those engaged to defend. When this state of affairs will end cannot be clearly foreseen. Now and then a court rises to an appreciation of the tremendous responsibility devolving on it and makes an attempt to justify faith in the judicial ermine, which in too many instances is rapidly sinking into a tradition. Witness the well merited reprimand a judge in San Francisco recently administered to a jury of twelve men, "good and true," which refused to find a murderer guilty. Courts, by which is meant the judges, are not wholly to blame for the frequent miscarriage of justice. Assinine ignorance is now the established requisite to fit a man to be a trial juror, either in a civil or criminal case, in the estimation of lawyers for the defense. When the change comes will it be violated, and "what will the harvest be?"

THRILLING COURT SCENE.

These reflections call vividly to mind a circumstance which transpired in a court in Washington territory a few years ago, and occasioned a scene which will never be forgotten so long as a participant or a witness to it lives. A gentleman residing in one of the principal towns in that territory had aroused the vindictiveness of many who sought to overreach him, but he had also many warm friends. His enemies were numerous and powerful, and it was generally believed that a scheme had been devised to "put him out of the way." At all events a quarrel was precipitated, and the gentleman—he was a lawyer—was assassinated in his office. The murderer was arrested with the still smoking derringer in his hand, and duly [illegible]. Great excitement prevailed, and in addition to a deep feeling of sorrow, a desire for vengeance began to gather strength. But that was overcome in behalf of law and order. A grand jury was finally summoned; every artifice known to the law and to the shystering fraternity was called into service, and a number of the original panel discharged, and other men summoned, in order to prevent a true bill of indictment being found. Judges Edward Lander and William Strong, both former judges of the territory, and warm friends of the murdered man, Judge Strong then, as now, a citizen of Portland, Oregon, were employed to assist in the prosecution, as the prosecuting attorney, put in for a purpose, was about as useless and ignorant as a dummy well could be. When the jury was finally impaneled the defense saw there was no hope of an indictment for murder, hence no probability of proper punishment for the wanton crime. The grand jury was "packed," no living man doubted it then, or entertains a different opinion now, after twenty-four years have elapsed. The witnesses all testified as to the act and of previous threats, and there was also evidence that the murderer was but the instrument of others. The grand jury was in the hands of unscrupulous men, and refused to allow either of the eminent counsel named to appear before them, and after a delay of several days made a presentment to the court of a wretchedly drawn bill for manslaughter, ignoring the charge of murder. When the bill was filed Judge Strong obtained it from the clerk and in a feeling and impressive manner addressed the court, detailing his knowledge of the case and the facts surrounding it, moved to quash the indictment and send the case back to the grand jury; the motion was allowed, and the jury, the "palladium of our liberties," etc., went sullenly back to their deliberations. In due time the jury returned and presented an exact copy of the *old indictment for manslaughter*, without even a verbal change. Judge Strong may have anticipated the jury's action; at all events he was prepared; taking up the document and addressing the court, he stood for a moment as if contemplating his surroundings, while his eyes, which glittered with an unwonted fire, fixed on the shameful paper, actuated by feelings of sorrow for his murdered friend and indignation at this deliberate travesty on justice from the hands of grand jurors, he broke forth in a torrent of invective that is rarely heard even in a court room. The court room was crowded to its utmost capacity by the friends of the dead attorney and the prisoner at the bar, all deeply interested in the result of the trial. This turn in the case was a surprise to the audience, and a silence almost painful in its intensity came over all. Men breathed carefully lest they should make a noise, and so continued until the judge concluded. He was a master of the language and fearless in his nature. The stream of malediction and denunciation was of constant and uninterrupted volume, and as withering as language could be. Every word must have blistered as it bit, and if one were to judge from the appearance of that jury, not one missed its mark; every man of them looked as stolid as passionless marble; they were helpless and had to take the punishment, such, perhaps, as no other *grand* jury ever received. The speaker approached as near as possible to the jury, and pointing his long finger at each individual by turn, and calling some of them by name, he denounced them as perjurers, and almost said they knew a combination existed to compass the murder, *and that the conspirators were known to the jury*. It was a terrible chastisement and its effect clung to some of those who received it until the day of their death. At the conclusion of the judge's terrible excoriation he again moved to quash and have the jury sent back with instructions to find a proper presentment on the evidence, which was done, and the jury retired after a severe charge by the court. But the jury, having had their work characterized in a severe but deserving manner—showing they were there for a special purpose—did not purpose to show weakness in their own room, and so merely returned for the third time a copy of the same document, thus sealing the verdict of the public in the belief of the existence of a conspiracy known to a number if not all of the grand jury. Thereupon Judge Strong, rising in his indignant eloquence, spoke to the point again in a few moments, this time addressing the court, saying that he believed that the depth of the villany had been reached; admitting his inability to cope with it in such a form; that a prosecution under such an indictment would be but a pitiful farce, and that he thought it useless for him to pursue the case any further. In grief and mortification he left the court room. After this scene no one desired to do any legal business and the court adjourned.

The action had in this case afterward was the same old familiar story met every day; continuances on account of sickness, absent witnesses, etc., until it was finally stricken from the docket on an allegation of the death of the defendant.

The above is written by an eye witness to show one of the many ways adopted to defeat justice and shield criminals after their bloody work is accomplished.

As severe and well deserved as was the terrible scathing administered by Judge Strong, no one ever dared resent it, and its truth is now an established belief.

R. H. I.

Los Angeles, December, 1886.

BUSINESS ITEMS.

Go To Garrison's Sewing Machine Office, [illegible] st., Portland, for all kinds of Machine Needles, Attachments, Oil and Parts. Repairing a specialty.

Cure for the Deaf.—Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing, and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. All conversation, and even whispers, heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials free. F. Hiscox, [illegible] Broadway, N. Y.

MURDER OF KENDALL.

in Early Times in Washington Territory.

of a Thrilling Court Scene—Participation of Judge William Strong, of Portland, in the Trial.

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B. H. H.

Los Angeles, December, 1886.

BUSINESS ITEMS.

[illegible]

MATTERS SOCIAL.

A Resume of Social Happenings for the Past Week.

Mrs. Williams's Reception—Entertainment at Mrs. Burrell's—Mrs. Ladd's Opera Party—Astoria Notes—Personal.

VANITY FAIR.

LAST SUMMER'S GIRL.

A little packet of letters
To me has been returned.
They tell of a tender passion—
A love that in me burned.
Around them a narrow ribbon—
I know that bow of white
Was tied by my last summer's girl.
Am I sorry now? well—quite.

I see in my thoughts so pleasant
A tennis court stretch out,
And I hear the merry laughter,
The players' call and shout.
But above them sweet and thrilling
I hear a fond voice say,
To me in accents tender,
The score—"Fifteen, love, play!"

Again by the ocean's borders,
The narrow beach of sand,
I am walking 'neath the moonlight
Holding another's hand,
And we whisper to each other
Low words of love so true
And what is more to the purpose,
We think we mean them too

Only a bundle of letters,
But what a tale they tell;
How I swore a lasting passion
And thought I loved her well,
And with the dream so tender
There comes a tingle of pain
As I watch the letters burning—
Ah, me! I'm free again.

The following are a few of the many tributes paid to woman by the poets, preachers and sages of many lands:

Confucius—Woman is the masterpiece.

Herder—Woman is the crown of creation.

Voltaire—Women teach us repose, civility and dignity.

John Quincy Adams—All that I am, my mother made me.

Lessing—Nature meant to make woman its masterpiece.

Whittier—If woman lost us Eden, such as she alone restore it.

E. S. Barrett—Woman is last at the cross and earliest at the grave.

Lamartine—There is a woman at the beginning of all great things.

Richter—No man can either live piously or die righteous without a wife.

N. P. Willis—The sweetest thing in life is the unclouded welcome of a wife.

Voltaire—All the reasonings of men are not worth one sentiment of woman.

Beecher—Women are a new race, recreated since the world received Christianity.

Leopold Schaffer—But one thing on earth is better than the wife—that is the mother.

Shakespeare—For where is any author in the world teaches such beauty as a woman's eyes?

Michelet—Woman is the Sunday of man; not his repose only, but his joy, the salt of his life.

Margaret Fuller Ossoli—Woman is born for love, and it is impossible to turn her from seeking it.

Louis Desnoyers—A woman may be ugly, ill-shaped, wicked, ignorant, silly and stupid, but hardly ever ridiculous.

Lord Lansdale—If the whole world were put into one scale and my mother into the other, the world would kick the beam.

Malherbe—There are only two beautiful things in his world—woman and roses; and only two sweet things—women and melons.

Bulwer-Lytton—O, woman! in ordinary cases so mere a mortal, how in the great and rare events of life dost thou swell into the angels!

[illegible]—Women have more strength in their looks than we have in our laws; and more power by their tears than we have by our arguments.

Emerson—A beautiful woman is a practical poet, taming her savage mate, planting tenderness, hope and eloquence in all whom she approaches.

Anna Cora Mowatt—Misfortune sprinkles ashes on the heart of the man but falls like dew on the head of the woman and brings forth germs of strength of which she herself had no conscious possession.

Thackeray—Almost all women will give a sympathizing hearing to man who are in love. Be they ever so old, they grow young again in that conversation and renew their own early times. Men are not quite so generous.

Smith—Shakespeare has no heroes, he has only heroines.

Gladstone—Woman is the most perfect when most womanly.

[illegible]—In wishing to extend her empire, woman destroys it.

[illegible]—I wish Adam had died with all his ribs in his body.

[illegible]—A handsome woman is a jewel; a good woman is a treasure.

[illegible]—To a gentleman, every woman is a lady in right of her sex.

Cowley—What is a woman? Only one of nature's agreeable blunders.

Rochefoucauld—A fashionable woman is always in love with herself.

Shakespeare—There was never a fair woman but she made mouths in the glass.

Francis I.—A woman changes oft; who trusts her is the softest of the soft.

Cervantes—All women are good—good for nothing, or good for something.

Victor Hugo—Woman detest the serpent through a professional jealousy.

George Eliot—A passionate woman's love is always overshadowed by her fear.

[illegible]—Handsome women without religion are like flowers without perfume.

Cervantes—Between a woman's "yes" and "no" I would not venture to stick a pin.

Luther—Earth has nothing more tender than woman's heart when it is the abode of piety.

SOCIETY IN GENERAL.

The past week has been one of renewed activity in social circles. The most notable event of the week was the reception of Mrs. Geo. H. Williams on Friday evening. The free kindergarten entertainment at Mrs. M. S. Burrell's the same evening was a most enjoyable affair. An account of all that transpired will be found appended.

FOR THE KINDERGARTENS.

Mrs. M. S. Burrell's beautiful home, on Madison street, was the scene of a large gathering and most interesting entertainment on Friday evening. The entire lower floor was thrown open for the friends of the kindergartens of the city. The parlors were canvassed and the best music in attendance. A short programme of music, both instrumental and vocal, and a comic recitation by Col. John McCraken was given. Miss Helene, a young daughter of the hostess, played the opening solo on the piano with a great deal of taste and careful execution. Miss [illegible] sang twice in a most charming manner, and Miss Morse and Miss Blanche Hersey also rendered piano solos, to the pleasure of all. After the programme had been concluded dancing was indulged in for a few hours. During the evening a delicious supper was served. Mrs. Burrell, assisted by her sister, Mrs. Wiswall, and her daughters, accomplished the somewhat difficult task of welcoming strangers to her home in a very delightful manner. Something like $70 was realized by the affair. Among those present were Rev. T. L. Eliot and wife, Mr. and Mrs. B. Selling, Mr. and Mrs. F. K. Arnold, Mr and Mrs. W. M. Ladd, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ladd, Mrs. Weed, Mrs. Holman, Mrs Chapman, Mrs. Dunlap, Mrs H H Northup, Mrs. Judge Moreland, Mrs. Atwood, Mrs. Conklin, Mrs Page, Mrs. Smith, Miss Kittie Hess, Miss Biles, Miss Irwin, Miss Fannie Page, Miss Daisy Biles, Miss Eugenia Smith, Miss Conklin, the Misses Emma and Laura Kennedy, Miss Etta Bailey, Miss Atwood, Miss Ladd, Miss Tupper, Miss Kate Wallace, Miss Goodnough, Miss Holman, Miss Edith Cochran, Miss Dunlap, the Misses Goldman, Miss Hoyt Messrs. H. W. Hogue, E E. Everett, Percy Bosworth, E. H. Sheppard, Wm. Kapus, Willie Beach, Ernie Goodnough, G. Gammons, and many others.

MRS. WILLIAMS'S RECEPTION.

On Friday evening Mrs. George H. Williams gave a very elegant reception at her residence on Seventeenth and C streets. The invitations were "to meet the Misses Wilson," and on being received by the hostess the guests were at once presented to them. The house was beautifully decorated with evergreens and a profusion of cut flowers, while rare exotics filled every conceivable corner of the spacious apartments. Shortly before 10 o'clock dancing was begun and participated in until 11.30 o'clock, when supper was served with faultless appointments. Towards the close of the supper the guests were informed of a charming surprise in store for them, it being announced that Mr. Fred M. Gilmore would lead a german. In accordance with this announcement a number of figures were called interspersed with [illegible] number of dainty favors, and it was almost 3 o'clock before the party broke up. Among those present were: Judge and Mrs. M. P. Deady, Mr. and Mrs. David Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Burns, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. R. McCraken, Dr. and Mrs. H. E. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Winch, Judge and Mrs. O. B. Bellinger, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Durham, Capt. and Mrs. Barnett, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. M. Molson, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. S. Wood, Capt. and Mrs. C. F. Powell, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Reed, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Ayer, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Coursen, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Wilcox, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Trevett, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Foote, Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. S. Feltshu, Mrs. H. J. Corbett, Mrs. R. B. Wilson, Mrs. H. G. Green, Mrs. Cram; Misses Ladd, Lewis, Eva Lewis, Wilson, Clementina Wilson, Louise Wilson, Beck, Piper, Flanders, McCraken, Ott, Evelyn Wallace, Lizzie Myrick, Winifred Myrick, Burnside, Story, Savier, Florence Savier, Harrison, Whitehouse, Gertrude Whitehouse, Wygant, Laidlaw, Cunningham, Andrews, Mary Stout, Trevett and Eugenia Smith, Messrs. George Good, Lloyd Brooke J. R. Dawson, S. B. Linthicum, G. B. Markle, L. Kauffman, E. Cookingham, James Canby, Davis Burnside, W. Wygant, J F. McCraken, H. E. Brooke, T. Scott Brooke, J. Mac Brooke, Sanderson Reed, Allen Lewis John Lewis, W. S. Ott, John Effinger, Fred M. Gilmore, T. K. Wilmerding, E. R. Adams John Adams, N. E. Ayer, F. Hollis White, C. H. Carter, W. L. Boise, R. G. Morrow, S. B. Cox, Duncan Taylor, Dr. Will Jones, Mr. F. B. Eaton and Lieut. McClernand.

DRIVE WHIST PARTY.

Industry lodge No. 8, A. O. U. W., gave their third drive whist party on Monday evening. It was St. Valentine's day and every one seemed bent on having a good time, and there is no manner of doubt but what they did. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Gamble, Mr. and Mrs C. E. Fliedner, Mrs. D. M. Rowley, Mr. and Mrs A. C. Cooke, Mrs. F H Hetlinger, Mr. and Mrs Chamberlain, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Condon, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Stewart, Mr and Mrs. C. W. Miner, Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Wm. Koehler, Mr. and Mrs. J Grover, Mr. and Mrs. M. Steffin, Mr. and Mrs. Hackney, Mr. and Mrs. W S Newberry, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Terry, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Craw, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. C. Carmichael, Mr. and Mrs. F. Brown, Mr. and Mrs H. Morse, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Lounsbury, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Birmingham, Mr. and Mrs. S. L. King, Mrs. Sibley, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Courtney, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Leroy, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. I. Gumbert, Mrs. Morris, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Stephens, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Price, Mr. and Mr. C. R. Hoffman, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Braden, Mr. and Mrs. U. S. G. Marquam, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Cross, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Berger, Mr. and Mrs. B. Danziger, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Powers, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Ramsdell, Mr. and Mrs. White, Mrs. Perkins, The Misses Helen Hoffman, Annie Tilton, Josephine Koehler, Fain, Katie Morris, Maggie Koehler, Nellie Phillips, Barron, Cora Braden, Clemmie Phillips, Jessie Palmer, Messrs. F. Friedenthal, D. T. Wheeler, F. A. Daly, W. H. Welton, T. K. Abbott, C. L. Bennet, D. A. McRea, E. W. Paget, O. A. Tilton, J. E. Burke, W. W. Jaques, C. K. Stevens, A. J. McMaster, E. M. Dryburch, Wm. Keeville, W. G. Jenne, E. B. Madden, Wm. Ruth, J. R. Baldwin, F. P. Morrow, Geo. Gardner, A. W. Witherell, T. F. Houguez, Rodgers, Danziger, F. L. Maddox, H. E. Edwards, F. Pierce, R. Kiel and Dr. Muller.

MASQUERADE AT DALLAS.

On Monday evening the skating pavilion at Dallas was the scene of a highly successful mask ball. Following is the list of maskers, with characters indicated: D. L. Kerr, "Sunny South;" Frank Stiles, "Sport," G. A. McGrew, "Sailor;" Bruce Zumwalt, "Plow Boy;" Milo Woods, "Prince Albert," Nora Lyons, "Fireman;" J. Ross, "Chinaman," Gracie Stiles, "Summer Cloud;" Jennie Rowell, "Huntress," Gusta Palmer, "Gypsy;" Jap Ellis, "Quassod;" I. N. Woods, "Mexican Vacquero;" Eva Holman, "Gypsy Queen;" Frank Rowell, "Norfolk;" Essie Tatom, "Cupid;" Mary Hagood, "Pocahontas," Lizzie Johnson, "Folly;" Eva Teal, "Forget-Me-Not;" John Hughes, "Indian Chief;" E. A. Doolittle, "Deacon Jones;" Sam Elliot, "Sport," Nettie Holman, "Fairy," Grace Burnett, "Flirt," Pansy Wright, "School Girl," Willard Wright, "Oregon Tramp;" — Leeman, "Base Ball," Ella Wise, "Sunbeam;" Hugh Williams, "Fireman," F. Woods, "Iago;" Emma Black, "Queen of the Night," Mrs. J. Shultz, "On the Lookout," Mrs. Compton, "Good Luck;" E. Hayter, "O J. Cosper," Mrs. Burns, "Grandma," Mrs. F. Stiles, "Old Woman."

LUNCHEON AT SALEM.

Mrs. W. N. Ladue gave an elaborate lunch party, on Tuesday afternoon, at her residence in Salem, to a number of her friends, in honor of her guest, Mrs. J. M. Patterson, of The Dalles. The occasion partook much of the informal nature of a delightful re-union; there being but a few ladies present who were not old friends of Mrs. Patterson. The lunch was excellent and perfectly served. Among the ladies present were Mrs. Moody, Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. I. N. Gilbert, Mrs. Lonsdale, Mrs. Earhart, Mrs. Murphy, Mrs. Gliesy, Mrs. Waite, Mrs. W. Breyman, Mrs. E. Breyman, Mrs. Wm. Brown, Mrs. Burnett, Mrs. Dearborn, Mrs. J. H. Moores, Mrs. I. R. Moores, Mrs. C. B. Moores, Mrs. Holman, Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. Albert, Mrs. Hodgkin, Mrs. Peyton, Mrs. Herren, Mrs. Chamberlin, Mrs. Woodworth, Mrs. Singleton, Mrs. Chambers, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. King, Mrs. Simpson, Mrs. Lord, Mrs. Van Wagner, Mrs. Powell, Mrs. Moir, Miss Gray, Miss Chamberlin Miss Moores, Miss Knox, Miss Nelson and Miss Julia Chamberlin.

DINNER PARTY.

Mrs. A. S. Duniway and Mrs. H. R. Duniway gave a dinner party at their residence Monday afternoon. The guests were all immediate relatives of the elder Mrs. Duniway, and the affair took the form of a very pleasant family reunion. Some time was spent in recalling early family incidents, both pathetic and humorous, and after a bountiful dinner had been discussed the company was entertained with instrumental music by Miss Dora McCord, and pleasing vocal solos by Mrs. H. R. Duniway and Mrs. H. L. McCord. Those present were Mrs. M. F. Cooke and Mrs. S. M. Kelty, of Lafayette; Mrs. Ruth Scott, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Scott, Mrs. C. A. Coburn, Mrs. H. L. McCord Mrs. W. P Olds, and the Misses Dora, Jessie and Myrtle McCord. The same parties were also elegantly entertained on Wednesday afternoon at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Scott, Mrs. D. C. Latourette, of Oregon City, being added to the company.—*New Northwest.*

SURPRISE PARTY AT SALEM.

On Tuesday evening a number of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Herren met at the residence of Mr. Eugene Breyman, and from there proceeded in a body to the home of Mr. Herren The occasion was the first anniversary of the wedding of the young couple. Cards and dancing was the order of the evening's entertainment, which was broken into about 11 o'clock by a most excellent supper, served informally Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Wm. England, Mrs. R. P. Earhart, Mrs. Frank Gilbert, Mrs. A. T. Gilbert, Miss Flora Simmons, Miss Earhart, Miss Eva Earhart, Miss Callie Earhart, Miss Breyman, Miss Annie Breyman, Miss Lena Breyman, Miss Maggie Cosper, Miss Lena Knight, Miss Frankie Jones, Miss Mae Carpenter, Messrs W. J. D'Arcy, Chas. Piper, Frank R. Allison, W. J Clarke, H. J. Jordan, Eugene England, Chas Murphy, A. E. Holgate, E L. L. Johnson and F. S. Dearborn.

THE ARISTOS.

On Thursday evening the Aristos club held the last of their pleasant series of dancing parties. Every other Thursday all winter long this small band of friends have had a jolly good time all by themselves, in Mrs. Foreman's old dancing hall on Second street. Among those present Thursday last were. The Misses Minnie Fleischner, Hattie Fleischner, Laura Friendly, Hattie Loeb, Eda Rosenblatt, Fannie Rosenblatt, Tessie Meyers, Alice Brenner, Rachael Harris, Julia Waldman, Sarah Kohn, Miss Marks, Bertha Kaufman, Ida Wertheimer, Sarah Lowengart, Eva Lowengart, and Messrs. Louis Kohn, Arthur Kohn, Frank Kohn, W Goldman, M Schwartz, M. Winters, I. Meyers, A Meir, L. Hirsch, I. B. Hirsch, Sam Rosenblat, Emil Waldman, S Waldman, M Blumauer, I. Gundesheimer, W. Lipman and I. Koshland

BIRTHDAY PARTY AT SELLWOOD.

On Monday evening Mrs. J. M. Merchant, of Sellwood, gave a party to her little 12-year-old daughter, Miss Minnie. The early part of the evening was most enjoyably spent in playing games and dancing until about 9 o'clock, when a bountiful repast was served, after which games and dancing were again indulged in until a late hour. The young miss received a number of handsome and costly presents. Among those present were. The Misses Alice Miller, Maud Chatterton, Hattie Uplike, Mollie Ludys, Maud and Nettie Chapman, Nellie Sayres, Belle Poland, Clara Olsen, Maud Merchant, Grace Porter, Masters Russel Chapman, Ernest Anderson, John Olsen, John Morrison, and Tom and George Tarvox.

CHILDREN'S PARTY.

On Wednesday evening a very pleasant surprise party was given to Master Charley Harkleroad, on his birthday. The party took place at his home, No. 285 Market street. The evening was most enjoyably spent in the playing of games and dancing. During the course of the evening some excellent refreshments were served. Among those present were The Misses Emma Ross, Anna Ross, Ella Moe, Grace Matson, Myrtle Smith, Georgie Sears, Jennie Sears, Nettie Kirkland, Ollie Fishburn, Etta Fishburn, Eva Smith, Jennie Jacques, Byllea Lounsbury, Martha Johnson, Gertie Elliott, Genero Conklin, Camille Duell, Emma Smith, Josey Ramsey, Masters Wells Payne, Edward Fishburn, Fred Purdin, Ira Purdin, Harry Cress, Eddie Feaster, Herbert Brown, Clayton Seaman, Charles Oliver, Jay Oliver, Charley Robinson, Arthur Robbins, Jimmie Smith, Harvey Lounsbury, Charlie Lounsbury, Herman Snider, Willie Holman and E. R. Lounsbury.

MUSICALE.

The musicale and oyster supper given in the basement of the Congregational church on Second and Jefferson streets Friday evening was a most enjoyable affair. An excellent programme was rendered; the reading of Mrs. G. Peaseley being exceptionally good. The following is the programme:

Song—"We'll Meet Above" ...... Liebe.
D. D. Oliphant
Reading—"The Sioux Chief's Daughter" —
Mrs. G. Peaseley.
Piano Solo. .. M Moszkowski.
Mamie A. Morse
Song—"Gaily Chant the Summer Birds" DePiana,
(With Violin Obligato)
Mrs. W. A. Wetzell Miss Cora McCord
Piano Solo ..... F. Abt
Rosa Reisacher
Accompanist: ..... Miss Edith Yarndley

LOHMANN-DEWERT.

On Thursday evening, at No. 146 Montgomery street, was solemnized the marriage of Miss Emma Lohmann and Mr. E D Dewert, Rev. T L. Eliot officiating. Mrs. Dewert is a young lady of charming address and most winning manners and her husband a young man of sterling integrity. Mr. Dewert has been for several years a compositor on THE OREGONIAN and is a thoroughly competent and conscientious craftsman and a general favorite. The young couple have gone to housekeeping at Seventh and Montgomery streets. They have the best wishes of many friends in the happiness that is sure to accompany them through life.

KENO PARTY.

On Saturday evening Mr. and Mrs. Fish entertained a number of their friends at their residence, No. 171 Washington street. After a couple of hours enjoyably passed in the fascinating game of keno, an excellent supper was served. Cards and music were then indulged in until a late hour. The prize winners were Miss Hixson carrying off the first and Miss Jessie Burbank the "booby." Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Barry, Mrs. H. Smith, the Misses Annie Pierce, Laura Watkins, Hixson, Switzer, Hollenback, Shirtz, Jessie Burbank, Messrs W. W Leghorn, M. E. Lendall, C. Davis, C. Whitney, F. P. Morrow and Dr. Miller.

ERIN GO BRAGH.

On Wednesday evening divisions Nos. 2 and 3 of the Ancient Order of Hibernians gave a grand ball in Turn hall. Over 300 couples were present, and the fun was fast and furious up to a late hour. The following were the reception committee: John Ring, P. J. O'Connor, Capt. M. J. McMahon, J. E. Kelly, P. P. O'Brien, C. Murphy, M. Hays, F. A. Barry and E. Hearty. Mr. John Ring was the floor manager, and in the true spirit of his task he was omnipresent. In attending to the wants of their guests Mr. Ring was ably assisted by the following P. J. O'Connor, Capt. M. J. McMahon and Ed Hearty.

MISS LADD'S OPERA PARTY.

On Thursday evening Miss Ladd gave an opera party at the New Market theatre. The opera was "La Sonnambula," and at its close the party adjourned to the residence of Mr. W. S. Ladd, where a delectable supper was served. Among those present were Miss Wilson, Miss Savier, Miss Montgomery, Miss Clementina Wilson, Miss Florence Savier, Mrs. H. J. Corbett, Mrs. Charles Ladd, Mr. S. B. Cox, Mr J. C. Flanders, Mr. W. S. Ott, Mr. N. E. Ayer, Mr. S. B. Linthicum, Lieut Merrill, Mr. Duncan Taylor and Dr. A. D. Bevan.

HUGHES-RICHMOND.

A quiet but very happy wedding was solemnized in East Portland Wednesday evening last. On that auspicious occasion Miss Grace C Hughes was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Mr. Charles J. Richmond. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Sellwood at Mr. Richmond's residence, at Thirteenth and F streets. Miss Hughes is a charming young lady of Olympia, W. T., while Mr. Richmond is well and most favorably known, and is connected with the business department of THE OREGONIAN.

O'BRIEN-SIREY

On Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, Miss Mary E. O'Brien was united in marriage to Mr. W. S. Sirey. The ceremony which was very beautiful, was performed by Rev. J. F. Fierens, at the Roman Catholic cathedral. The couple were attended by the bride's sister, Miss Lizzie O'Brien, as maid of honor, and Mr. Edward Moran as best man. After the ceremony the party adjourned to the residence of the bride's parents, where a splendid wedding supper was served. The couple begin housekeeping at once.

BIRTHDAY PARTY.

Mr. Charles Monell gave a very pleasant party, in celebration of his birthday, on Thursday evening. His apartments in the Ainsworth block were handsomely decorated, and cards and a bountiful supper were the order of entertainment. Among those present were Miss Carrie Smith, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Rosenstein, Miss Alice Davey, Mrs. Allbright, Mr. H. C. Johnson and Mr. Flurey.

NOTES.

The Aristos club will give an invitation party at Masonic hall on March 12.

There will be another "young ladies party" at Masonic hall on Wednesday evening.

On Thursday evening next there will be a small party at Mrs. Foreman's hall on Second street.

Mr. W. M. Dimick will leave about the first of the month for California. He will be absent about six months.

Mrs. James Dunlap will entertain a few friends on Friday evening at her home, No. 246 Washington street.

On Tuesday evening the Beethoven Musical society will give an invitation musicale at the residence of Mrs. W. S Ladd

There will be a masquerade ball in Masonic hall to-morrow night. The upper floor of the building has been kindly offered by the Scottish Rite Masons for the purpose of a banquet hall.

On Tuesday evening the turners give their grand annual masquerade ball at the pavilion. It is said that there will be over 300 maskers on the floor. Should this be the case it will be a sight well worth seeing.

Mr. H. S. Kribs was married a few days ago to Miss Schroder, a daughter of Hon. F. F. Schroder, of Coos county. Mr. Kribs was formerly a resident of this city and one of the first members of the Portland paid fire department.

The wedding of Miss Mary Thompson, the daughter of Rev. E. J. Thompson, of Albany, and Mr Fortmiller, also of that city, will take place Tuesday in the Presbyterian church at Albany. Both young people are well known throughout the state.

The juvenile opera of the "Three Kittens" will be produced Monday evening, the 21st, at St. Mary's hall. This charming little opera will be performed by the members of the sodality of the B. V. M. connected with the cathedral parish, and over forty sodalists appear in the chorus. Great pains have been taken to make the performance the juvenile event of the winter.

A rare musical and literary treat will be afforded all attending the Martha Washington tea and social party to be given by the young people of Calvary Presbyterian church on Tuesday evening, 22d inst. The programme is replete with some of the best talent of the city, and among the names of those participating may be mentioned Prof. De Neuf, leader of the Portland Zither club, Henry Wagner, violinist Portland Orchestral union, Miss Bates and Mrs. Bryerly. Not the least agreeable feature of the evening's entertainment will be the presence of a number of young ladies attired in "ye olden time" costume, who will preside at the refreshment table and dispense liberally to all.

PERSONAL.

Dr. and Mrs Holt Wilson left Monday for Galveston, Texas.

Mrs. Charles Ross is visiting her mother, Mrs. Snyder, of Seattle.

Judge Clagget and daughter have returned from Coeur d'Alene

Mrs. Edward Hirsch and daughter have returned from Los Angeles.

Dr. George T Wilson and family have returned to Fort Shaw, Mont.

Miss Emily Webb, after a visit to Portland friends, has returned to Salem.

Mr. Fred H. Page left Monday night on the Oregon for a visit to California.

Capt. L. C. Farrar returned Saturday over the Northern Pacific from Chicago.

Mr. A. J. Dygert and bride left Monday for San Francisco, where they will reside.

Mr. L. C. Jones left for his ranch near Bake Oven, Eastern Oregon, on Wednesday morning.

Mr. W. R. Willis, of Roseburg, accompanied by his wife, has been visiting friends in this city for the past week.

Mr. George H. Walker has arrived in San Francisco from Honolulu, and will return to Portland in the spring.

Mrs. C. H. Rankin, of East Portland, has gone to Albany to remain about two weeks. She will take part in a grand concert and entertainment to be given in that city before long.

Mr. E. Meyers returned on the Columbia. He was accompanied by his wife. They will be "at home" Sundays and Wednesdays through March.

Miss Kate Browning leaves on the Columbia next Thursday for Oakland, California, where she goes to enter Mills Seminary for young ladies.

MILITARY AND PERSONAL.

The Fort Spokane Social club will give their first annual ball February 22.

Acting Assistant Surgeon R. M. Whitefoot has arrived at Fort Walla Walla from the East.

Lieut. C. F. Roe, Second cavalry, has been granted another twenty days' leave of absence.

Col. G. H. Mendell, of the Engineer corps, came up from San Francisco on the last steamer.

Lieut. T. E. True, Fourth infantry, has been temporarily assigned to duty as quartermaster at Boise barracks.

A. A. Surgeon W. M Walker, who arrived by way of San Francisco last week, has been assigned to duty at Fort Walla Walla.

The announcement is now made of the promotion of Second Lieut. F. S. Calhoun, Fourteenth infantry, to first lieutenant, vice Austin, deceased.

A german was given at the garrison hall, Vancouver barracks, on Tuesday evening by Maj. Basil Norris, medical director, which was highly successful.

Second Lieutenant F D. Holton, Second cavalry, has been promoted to first lieutenant, and he changes station from Fort Walla Walla to Fort Coeur d'Alene

Col. H. M. Lazelle, acting inspector-general of the department, on Friday evening delivered at Vancouver barracks his very interesting lecture on India, to a full house.

Lieut. J. J. O'Brien, Fifth infantry, has been relieved from duty at Vancouver barracks, and returned to his station at Fort Spokane in charge of a party of enlisted men going to station.

MORE ASTORIA SOCIAL NOTES
(Transcript.)

On Monday evening Mr and Mrs. J G. Megler were the recipients of a surprise party. The following persons were present. Mr. and Mrs Tallant, Dr. and Mrs Tuttle, Mr. and Mrs Sanborn, Mr and Mrs. Berry, Mr. and Mrs H G Smith, Mr and Mrs. C S. Wright, Mrs. Wadleigh, Mr. Alsie Fox, Mr. Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Megler.

On Wednesday evening Mr and Mrs. J. G. Megler gave a very pleasant drive whist party at the Occident. Those present were. E. W. Tallant and wife, Dr. J. Tuttle and wife, Dr. Alfred Kinney and wife, C S. Wright and wife, H. G. Smith and wife, Mrs. Wadleigh, Miss Helen Dickenson, Mrs. Tyrrel, Mr. Ross, Mr. A. Fox, and Mr. J. G Megler and wife.

On the same evening another card party was given by Mrs F. R. Stokes. Among her guests were Mr. L. Levings and Miss Hattie Bitely were the lucky winners of the first prizes and Mr. George Tarbell and Miss May Hobson the booby prizes. Among those present were: H F. Prael and wife, D. A. L. Fulton and wife, G. C. Fulton and wife, Mrs. T. W. Eaton, the Misses Hattie Bitely, Florence Carnahan, Winnie Brown, Maud Lowell, May Hobson, Minnie Sovey, Lea Levings, Messrs. George Tarbell, Harry Middlebrook, Will Warren, M. Parrish, W. Stokes, J F. Hamilton, L. Stokes and F. Dunbar.

Mr. and Mrs J. F. McGovern gave a most enjoyable soap bubble party also, on Wednesday evening. Those present were: Messrs. Coleman, Rogers, Dunbar, Chutter, Gordon, Thompson, Mansell, Drs. Smith and Page, Misses Alice Atkinson, E. V. McGovern, Blanche Ball, Genevieve Bell, Mary Garner, Annie Garner, A. B. Cole, Clara Lionberger and E. Connelly.

On Thursday evening the Mistletoe club gave the final party of their series. Those present were M. C. Crosby and wife, B. Van Dusen and wife, E. A. Noyes and wife, L. W. Holt and wife, W. L. Robb and wife, P. A. Stokes and wife, Mrs. A. M. Perrie, Mrs. C. W. Holt, Misses Jennie Badollett, Minnie Sherman, Mamie Gilbert, Blanche Ball, Genevieve Bell, Grace Carruthers, Nellie McGuire, Ella Bryce, Clara Rucker Hattie Bitely, Alice Atkinson, Gussie Gray, May Hobson Alice Stockton, Alice Code, Maud Lowell, Emma Connelly, Ella Pope, Minnie Sovey, Messrs W. E. Warren, J. H. Middlebrook, W. T. Chutter, E G. Rogers, C. R. Allen, F. P. Young, C P Upshur, A. Dunbar, G. H. Tarbell, E Z Ferguson, S. S. Gordon C Fox, C. Perry, C. E. Bain, F. W. Prael, F. I. Dunbar, W. Seaborg, W. A. Sherman, W. C. Logan, G. Trullinger, W. D. Smith, J. F. Hamilton, W. Stokes, A. W Henney and Lieut. Dunwoody

On Friday evening Mrs. T W. Eaton and Miss F Carnahan gave a very enjoyable euchre party to a number of their friends C. S. Wright and wife, Judge F. J. Taylor and wife, Dr. A L Fulton and wife, G C. Fulton and wife, F R Stokes and wife, P. A. Stokes and wife, George George and wife, H. Van Dusen and wife, J. F McGovern and wife, Miss Maud Lowell and Walter Stokes.

On Friday evening Miss Jennie Badollett also gave a progressive euchre party. The guests were. Capt G. Reed and wife, the Misses Ada Ferguson, Clara Lionberger, Lilly Crosby, Ella Bryce, Alice Atkinson, Hattie Bitely, Winnie Brown, Minnie Sherman, Ella Habersham, Eliza Boelling, Florence Levings, Messrs J. N. Griffin, Alsie Fox, C. Fox, F. A. Dunbar, M. Parrish, H. A. Smith, E. G. Rogers and J. T. Ross.

Mrs. Dr J. Tuttle gave a drive whist party also on Friday evening. The following persons were present: J. G. Megler and wife, A. W Berry and wife, G. H. Sanborn and wife, E A. Noyes and wife, H. G. Smith and wife, Geo. C. Flavel and wife, E. W. Tallant and wife, Mrs. Florence Wadleigh, Miss Helen Dickenson, Mr. F. L. Tuttle and Mr. T. Scoteller.

ART NOTES.

On Friday evening the Portland Art club finished up the late cold spell in good shape, there being nine representations on the subject of "winter," and the members seemed to be fully awake to their subject, showing that they evidently participated in some of the out-door sports and were keen observers of Nature in her snowy garb.

No. 1, A. Greenbaum, in water colors—A pedestrian hurrying home through the snow, attired in dress suitable for the season.

No. 2, W. H. Byrns—Skating scene on the ice, very life-like. The figures of a couple in the foreground doing the graceful curve, while an old bachelor in the rear has conceived the idea of skating in a sitting position.

No. 3, J. N. Biles, oil colors—The figure of Mercury sliding down hill on a thermometer registering the temperature in the snow as he descends to 30 degrees below zero, in the foreground a polar bear in all his glory, et apparently somewhat familiar with the goddess of fashion as he holds up his front paws enclosed in a lady's muff. The coloring was well handled and the subject quite original.

No. 4, E W. Moore, oil color—Portrait of a very pretty young Portland lady, with a winter hat and furs over the shoulders. The likeness is a very good one, and bespeaks for the artist a success in that line.

No. 5, C. L Smith, oil color—A large sleigh containing eight or ten persons, being driven along a country road. This picture embraces some good features in accordance with the time of year

No 6, G. T. Brown, oil color—A scene in the woods during a snow storm. This picture is noted for its close adherance to the subject, and represents it in its fullest sense, regarding color, air, and non-introduction of any material outside of nature. In our judgment it should have been the choice for conception.

No 7, W. S. Rogers, crayon—A snowy landscape, with a rabbit sporting in the foreground.

No. 8, A E. Powell, oil colors "A Winter Morning in the Country"—This is a very effective scene and shows great improvement over his earlier works. The coloring is somewhat strong and bright for a cold day.

No. 9, J. T. Picket, crayon—This subject is also worthy of attention, and is in Mr. P.'s usual style. The summit of a mountain in the foreground, a pedestrian battling with the elements in his course over the mountain, in the sky amidst the fury of the storm is to be seen the face of Winter. This scene illustrates a verse from a poem by Cowper on the subject.

Nos. 8, 6 and 4 were given the honor of the highest votes, and declared the property of the club.

No. 8. received the vote for conception

The next subject by Mr. Brown, for March 4, is entitled "Moonlight."

THE GEYSERS OF THE YELLOWSTONE

Mr. G. T. Brown has just completed two paintings of the above scenery for gentlemen in New York city. One is Castle geyser and Devil's well as seen from the north. It was taken on the approach of a thunder storm, and the effect is well rendered. The foreground gives one an idea of the vivid coloring material deposited from the flow of hot water ejected from the geyser at regular intervals—this one spouting every twenty to thirty hours.

The second painting represents "Old Faithful" so named from its regularity of spouting—every sixty-five minutes—through an opening two by six feet, and continuing for a period of five or six minutes to throw up a stream 130 to 160 feet high. In this view Mr. B. has given the same truthfulness of color that is so characteristic to that section. He has still another under way with a sunset effect, which is to complete the order.

AMUSEMENTS.

More Operas at the New Market Theater this Week.

The Wagner Fever at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York—"Tristan and Isolde"—A Scene at a Matinee.

To-morrow night the Thompson Opera company will open a brief engagement of one week at the New Market theater. The first few nights "Heart and Hand" and the "Musketeers" will be given, and on Thursday night the sparkling little French opera, "Madame Favart." This will be the last opportunity to see the Thompson company. Miss Laura Biggar has been engaged and will take Miss Eissing's place, that lady having gone East. She will make her first appearance in opera as Josefa. The cast will include all the old favorites—J. K. Murray, Harry Brown, W. H. West, Miss Clements, Mr. Coventry, Miss Reynolds and Mr. Fld M. Page. There will be an efficient chorus and good orchestra.

There is a rumor to the effect that Jeannie Winston will be seen before long at the Casino If she does not decide to play a return engagement there the house is to be refitted throughout, and a first-class opera house made out of it.

GERMAN OPERA IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, Feb. 12.—The German opera at the Metropolitan Opera house draws great crowds. On Monday night, when the last performance of "Tristan and Isolde" took place, there was not a seat in the house unoccupied. The Wagner fever is at its high and the Germans are no doubt honest patrons and admirers of the famous musical poet, but it is not so with Americans, the majority of whom only like Wagner because it is the fashion. In truth, it is a dreary business for the average opera-goer to sit through one of these tiresome dramatic poems. There is no action and a very poor story. Tristan in the third act takes just one hour and ten minutes to die, and other movements are equally sluggish. Said a swell man about town who prides himself on his love for music and melody "It is of no use, I cannot stand Wagner—there is not a tune in anything he's written—and if you shut your eyes you couldn't tell one of his operas from the other, at least I can't, and I love music." This person voices the opinion of thousands who are afraid to give expression to it. I watched the occupants of the boxes the other night. The well-dressed and low-necked beauties who were not yawning were engaged in earnest conversation with club dandies. What was Wagner to them or they to Wagner. A number of the audience in the orchestra seats seemed bored beyond expression, and several were actually asleep while the fair Lehmann was giving vent to her woe in the second act, and much of this gush about Wagner reminds one of Hans Christian Andersen's story of the swindlers who professed to make gold muslin of so fine a texture that it could be seen through without any difficulty. The gold was given them and the cloth was made. People went mad about the material, and some dressed themselves in it; but a child exclaimed, "but they've got nothing on." It was true, they had nothing on—and most people think that Wagner is not music. It is music for musicians; but how one fool makes many can be seen by the crush at the Metropolitan opera house. Those who really enjoy Wagner's grand and noisy gloom are the German's in the gallery.

B. B VALENTINE.

AT THE MATINEE.

From Tid-Bits

Scene, any theater. Time, the middle of the first act ME *discovered seated Enter* DORA *and* LEONORA *with much frou frou and chatter.*

DORA Oh, *dear!* We shall have to crowd by all those people. How horrid!

LEONORA How perfectly abominable! Why couldn't Charley have got us seats next to an aisle? *To an obsequious usher*) Are those really our seats?

DORA Are you sure? Because—oh dear! I suppose we shall have to squeeze in some way. (*To the unfortunate people in the way*) You'll have to excuse us those are our seats Come, Leonora.

(*They squeeze in somehow*)

LEONORA I don't see how people can be so disagreeable Did you notice that fat old thing scowl when you asked her to move?

DORA I don't care, my dear. Let her scowl We had to get to our seats But do see that woman in front us! Did you *ev—er* see such a hat!

LEONORA It's a perfect guy—red and green Did you *ev—er?*

(*The woman turns around and frowns ominously*)

BOTH (*Hiding their faces with their programmes*) Te he

DORA Did you bring the caramels, dear?

LEONORA Why, no! I thought you said—

DORA Weren't you going—? Oh, well, I'll go out and get some

LEONORA Oh no! *I'll* go

DORA No, no! *I'll* go.

LEONORA I insist

DORA. So do I.

LEONORA Well, of course if you insist

DORA Oh I don't insist, Go along, then You always *will* have your own way

(*Leonora goes reluctantly, and everybody in the vicinity looks mad. Presently returns and Dora welcomes her with a smile of pleasurable anticipation.*)

LEONORA They weren't very good, dear so I only got a few They will be better than nothing, you know

DORA (*Sarcastically scrutinizing the very small package*) Ye—es—a little

(*Ten minutes intermission, during which there is much industrious mastication, and the actors have a chance to get a few words in edgewise*)

LEONORA Don't you wish that lovely Mantell was in this play?

DORA (*With two caramels in her rosebud mouth*) Um—m—m—isn't he too handsome and lovely for anything I'm just dying to know him Te-he!

LEONORA Do you know that horrid Mamie Jenkins knows him.

DORA That homely thing? Does she? To he! Well, any way, I don't think girls ought to know actors, do you?

LEONORA No, I think they're kind of common Did you ever see—are the caramels gone, dear? Thanks!—Did you ever see so many enormous hats at a theater?

DORA *Isn't* it absurd? How *can* women wear such outlandish things to a theater? And no more style to them than last year's overshoes

(*Volleys of black looks from women in the immediate neighborhood*)

LEONORA I declare, I can hardly see the stage at all. There ought to be a law to prevent women from wearing such monstrous hats.

DORA It is perfectly *fiendish!* Now, I—

ME (*from the row behind them*) Ladies, would you mind ducking your head a second, so I can take a squint at the leading lady?

(*Two crushing looks A pause*)

LEONORA (*with biting sarcasm*) Seems to me some people leave their manners at home when they come to the theater.

DORA Te-he he!

(*They viciously eat the last caramels*)

LEONORA By the way, what is this play?

DORA Why, don't you know? It's—ah—m—where's my programme? It's "Fedora."

LEONORA Isn't it just lovely?

DORA Perfectly heavenly—if only Mantell was in it Are there any more caramels, dear?

LEONORA Not one, dear you ate the last

DORA, Well, let's go. There's only one more act

LEONORA I do love the theater don't you?

DORA Don't speak of it, my dear I could die at the theater

LEONORA C'm on!

(*They go looking fiercely at me*)

ME Thank heaven!

THE BIBLE IN THE SCHOOLS

PORTLAND, Feb. 15.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN

In my communication published in your last Sunday issue, I sought to show that there is no good reason why the bible should be excluded from the schools. I now offer some reasons why the bible should be permitted in the schools. Fifty years ago in Massachusetts, schools were opened in the morning with prayer, and once in a week a chapter in the bible was read—at that time infidelity was almost unknown there, and the infidel writings of Paine were looked upon with almost universal trembling and abhorrence. Twenty-five years ago, I listened to a sermon preached in this state by a Southern Methodist bishop, who stated that he had been told since coming North that there were many infidels fidelity was almost unknown. He said that there were bad men in the South, men who broke the here, at which he was astonished. He said that in the South where he was born and raised, [illegible] Sabbath, drank, gambled and took God's holy name in vain, but when asked if they believed in God and the bible, they promptly replied, "Oh yes, certainly." I have made frequent inquiry as to the truth of those statements, and think they were true. Up to that time there were no schools in the South in which the bible was not an open book. As I have mine, your readers can draw their own inferences from these facts. Teach a boy that theft is praiseworthy, and it will not be strange if he grows up a thief. Teach a child that morality and christianity are the results of ignorance or credulity, and it would not be a wonder if he discards both. Teach a child that the bible has no rightful place in schools and is unfit therefore, and that a proper sense of the duties of life, the welfare of society and good citizenship demand the exclusion of the bible from the schools, and it is not improbable that he will grow up an infidel, or settle down at some of the way stations this side of or beyond there. A child may hear the bible read and prayer offered at home or in the church, but when he reflects that public opinion excludes both from the schools as unjustifiable there, he is led to conclude that the teachings of the bible are not a safe, proper and sure rule of action and conduct, and infidelity is a more than possible result. Nothing is more sure than that, if there is no God and no hereafter, the Christian is just as safe as the infidel or any other—all die and that is the end of them. But if there is a God and a hereafter, the Christian alone is safe—all die and there is a hereafter. Business men do not knowingly engage in a business where all the losses are for them and all the gains are for another; and they do and should shun a business where all the chances are against them. Nevertheless, instil into the mind of a boy that ignorance and superstition are the legitimate results of morality and religion, and it will not be a wonder if he discards them.

Although our governments, national and state, are Christian "from foundation to turret," yet they are not sectarian, and never, until changed, can be, therefore, as the common schools are the creatures of the government for the benefit of all the governed, the bible should be read without sectarian bias thought. Let the open bible, with its commandments and the Lord's prayer, have their rightful place in schools, and I would permit the teacher to ask God's blessing upon the dear children there.

I see another article in your issue of the 9th inst. by the same correspondent upon the same subject. He says that "the rationalists of every variety, deists, positivists, materialists, or whatever you please, yet a taxpaying citizen comes forward and protests, as he has a right, against the official reading of the bible, or any part of it, to his children." Any taxpayer has a perfect right to object to the reading of the bible in the schools, and any other taxpayer has an equal right to object to its exclusion from the schools. The rights of one are no greater than the rights of the other. This is a Christian government, but Christians have no greater rights in our common schools than the infidels have, but just as great and as sacred. How shall the decisive right in the matter be obtained? One man's right is as great as the right of another, but the right of two men is greater than the right of one, as two multiplied by one is greater than one therefore, the decisive ruling right goes with the majority. The right of the majority to rule in all matters held in common is a fundamental principle of our government, and indispensible to equal rights. I have, and so have others, voted for candidates who were not elected, because their opponents received the majority of votes—and we have not quarreled with the government or the laws because we got beat. Opposition to the majority, honestly and legally secured, is opposition to the government and the law, and subversive of equal rights. "Rationalists of every variety," as a rule, have not been in the past, and are not now heavy taxpayers

It is said in that article that the Jewish people object to the teaching of the Lords' Prayer and the commandments in the schools. Why? The commandments are eminently Jewish. They were given by Israel's God, from Sinai, in awful solemnity, for a high and holy purpose, to and for all Israel and all mankind, and they contain no words, and furnish no thoughts which do not tend directly to the elevation of the human family. The Israelites are not disbelievers in God or the commandments. Ordained, consecrated and published as no other ordinances ever were, why should the commandments be excluded from the schools?

The Lords' Prayer is also Jewish, dictated by a Jew to Jews. It contains no word not authorized by the commandments and the Jewish laws and ordinances. It contains no word tending to injure any one, and no word which does not tend to raise the creature nearer to the Creator. Ordered in Palestine by a Jew to Jews, in perfect accord with the Jewish scriptures, rites and ordinances nearly nineteen centuries ago, constantly revered by an ever-increasing company of human beings now in part constituting the life and soul of all the foremost nations,—is not the Lord's Prayer, alone, satisfactory evidence that the expected Messiah and the Redeemer of the world is one and the same person. At any rate, Christians have a right to insist that the bible be an open book in the schools, and that God's blessing be asked by the teacher upon the dear children committed to his or her charge.

ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN

Mr. Carlisle, having run his muck "against the bible in public schools," "Equal Rights" would part with him in peace. That was not the issue proposed, and Mr. C. is entitled to his own opinions. But as he is not of the sort who would butt out out their brains against the bible, but on the contrary, "is very earnest and decided that in the form and method of education, there must be the training that recognizes and embodies *the ethics* of complete living in the Christian sense," "Equal Rights" is at a loss to understand his confounding such training through the compendious "form and method" embodying in the decalogue, "the ethics of complete living," with the question of bible inspiration, or prayer to God in the form proposed, with the recognition of Christ as Lord—because it has come to us through him He might as well object to the Golden Rule, first enjoined by Confucius, the Chinese moralist, because Christ only more explicitly enjoined.

"All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them, for this is the law and the prophets"

If any harm, then, can come from the recognition of God, and indoctrinating our children with the ethics of his commandments, let some one show it. If indeed, there were danger that the churches would quarrel about it, there would be the harm; so also if any man's liberty of conscience were to be violated; but "Equal Rights" has not proposed the reading of the bible nor implied that morality "must, from necessity, be taught from the bible," and so far, is misrepresented. Though, as to the objections above alluded to, he can not consider them valid. And it seems very inconsistent that the "final reply" should speak of Christianity as "that form of social order based on the life and teachings of Christ," and add that "Our modern inculcation of duties and of character is the advance from incarnate Christ to a wider union of heaven and humanity." Of course, then, we have no further use for Christ and his teaching We can now think for ourselves.

Then let the question, as proposed, if it must needs be so, be relegated to the family and the church even if to sleep there. But public sentiment elsewhere is awaking to the evils resulting from the suppression of moral education in the public schools, and it will not be long before its necessity is realized among ourselves

It only remains to thank you, Mr. Editor, for your impartial allowance to the claim of

EQUAL RIGHTS.

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Lucinda Osborn do

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NOTICE—HEREAFTER ALL LETTERS TO ME should be sent by N P express mail to Eagle Gorge W T N J BLAGEN January 11 1887 20j2m

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The Oregonian.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1887.

A census of the Indians at Umatilla reservation is to be taken, preparatory to dividing up the reservation lands among them.

California has had a great deal of rain, and will have a bountiful grain crop. This is a matter of great interest to the entire Pacific slope.

The remains of the late Gov. Gibbs are to be brought back to Oregon. An item of $1500, to pay the expense, was inserted in the general appropriation bill.

The legislature created two new counties—Wallowa, out of the eastern portion of Union, and Malheur, out of the central and southern portions of Baker.

The Ashland *Tidings* says of THE OREGONIAN: "In ability and enterprise it is second to no newspaper in the United States of equal field and opportunities."

The new assessment bill failed. It is just as well. No change of the assessment laws will be of any real service that does not exempt credits from taxation, and abolish deductions of indebtedness.

The bill to compel the prison-labor contractors of the state to stamp on their products the words "Convict Labor," did not pass. The main lien, probably, was to compel the contractors to "put up" to keep it from passing.

A device for heating cars by steam has been perfected at the car shops of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul road at Milwaukee. It is entirely successful and satisfactory and will be put in use as soon as possible on all divisions of this company's numerous lines.

It is said that Siglin and Roberts are to be rival candidates for the state senate from their district at the next election—both on a Mitchell platform. It is believed that Roberts will get away with it. He has only to exhibit that dispatch received by him from Mitchell, congratulating him on his "vindication."

Very few changes, and those of small importance, will be made in the insurance business by the new law on the subject. The secretary of state is made commissioner of insurance, without special or definite [illegible] were and duties, and the stamp tax is abolished. These are the only notable changes.

Dick Gerdes & Co., who went to Salem to lobby for the charter amendments, at the expense of the city, ought to be required to put in an itemized bill. Then if it was a true one the taxpayers of Portland would know to a certainty what their money was paid out for. As it is, they can only guess. But there is one satisfaction—the guess can hardly miss.

Henry Watterson, the well-known editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, describes the Jeffersonian simplicity of the department administration at Washington as follows: "I have seen Washington under ten administrations, and I never dreamed that such arrogance and insolence as now prevails here were possible. I would not, as a self-respecting man, venture to enter any department where I am not personally known." Turn the ruffians out.

A witty paragraphist says: "It is odd that the wages of sin remain just the same as they were when the hours were shorter." Passing by the wit of the remark and entering into the grammatical mysteries of our no grammar language, we should like to ask some hypercritical grammarian why, if it is correct to say "the wages of sin is death," should we not say, "the wages of sin *remains*?" What is sauce for the grammatical gander should not give indigestion to the Lindley Murray goose.

Canada is having an exciting political campaign, the literature of which, on both sides, the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* boils down to this: The liberals when in power accumulated a debt of $7,232,000, or at the rate of $1,446,400 a year; the tories have contracted a public debt of $176,536,000, or $12,609,000 per year. The tories reply that they have railroads and other things to show for this great outlay, and the liberals retort that the other things consist of official jobs, useless wars and bribery funds.

At last congress has been shamed by the example of "heathen China" into passing a bill for indemnity of the Chinese who suffered violence from the mob at Rock Springs. The damages as ascertained by representatives of China amounted to $147,748. This sum is to be handed over to the Chinese government, to be distributed as it may see proper. China paid so promptly all damages inflicted by her mobs upon our people in her territory that congress couldn't refuse to do the decent thing. It ought now to settle up for the losses suffered by the Chinese at the hands of the lawless population of Tacoma; or better still, make Tacoma pay them.

The governor's objection to the Portland water bill—that the bonds were not to be taxed—the Hillsboro *Independent* calls "both ridiculous and unjust." The same paper adds: "The water is for the people, and should be made available through taxation, if necessary, and not be placed without the reach of the people through the imposition of a tax. Under our present law the lender of money exacts 10 per centum as interest, and if he honestly accounts for all notes, mortgages and accounts, can realize a net profit of not less than 7 per centum. Thus, Pennoyer, notwithstanding, there is a difference of 2 per centum in favor of the money lender as against the holder of bonds bearing 5 per centum interest and exempt from taxation. We are sorry that Washington county has put herself on record with the 'cow counties' as against Portland. Our proximity to that city ought to make the interests of Washington and Multnomah counties identical."

MORBID SELF-ESTEEM AND INSANITY

Dr. Fenwick, in Bulwer's "Strange Story," says: "The insane have no attribute more in common than superweening self-esteem. So much does inordinate arrogance characterize mental aberration that in the course of my own practice I have detected in that infirmity the certain symptom of insanity, especially moral insanity, long before the brain had made its disease manifest even to the most familiar kindred. Morbid self-esteem pervaded the dreadful illusion by which the man I speak of was possessed. If the self-esteem was artfully appealed to he would exult proudly in the evil he held himself ordered to perform; he would boast gleefully of thoughts which the most cynical of criminals, in whom intelligence was not ruined, would shrink from owning. Then he would reveal himself in all his deformity with as complacent and frank a self-glorying as some vain good man displays in parading his amiable sentiments and his beneficent deeds. In ordinary conversation he seemed rational enough to those who were not accustomed to study him, but he had one hallucination which led him to glory in any crime committed. This man was led in a very few minutes to tell his tale with a gloating complacency both at the agency by which he deemed himself exalted and at the dexterous cunning with which he had acquitted himself of the task. When he concluded he turned around with a hideous smile, as if for approbation for his notable cleverness and respect for his high employ."

How exactly does this picture describe the demeanor and speech of Guiteau; his gleeful boasting, self complacent story of his crime, which the "Lord" directed him to perform as he said, because he was the "Lord's Man!" Of course Bulwer only put into the mouth of his hero the conclusions and observations of English medical experts. What a pity there was not some doctor of equal medical knowledge called in the case of Guiteau, provided he would have had, which is doubtful, the courage to face popular odium and told the truth as his books taught it. Doctor Spitzka, of New York city, was such a man, but he was badgered and insulted by the lawyers for the prosecution and derided by the press. And yet Spitzka was right. Wendell Phillips was also right. Guiteau was insane; had been insane for nearly twenty years. His private letters as far back as 1866 were full of the same ravings he uttered from first to last at his trial "I am the 'Lord's man'; he told me to do it." Guiteau went proudly to the scaffold; his face was full of color; his eye was bright; and he wore an exultant look as he sang his crazy doggerel about "the Lordy." He is again fairly described by Doctor Fenwick when he speaks of this lunatic as one who "believed he had made a bargain with satan, who in return for implicit obedience would bear him harmless from all consequences, and finally raise him to great power and authority."

It is remarkable proof of the overpowering dread of popular odium that this interesting passage from Bulwer's "Strange Story" was not quoted at the time, nor are we aware that it has ever since been alluded to by the eminent experts who have discussed Guiteau's case, and to-day agree that he was unquestionably insane if there ever was an insane man. It is hardly necessary to say that Bulwer's "Strange Story" was written at least twenty-five years ago, but this powerful description of one form of insanity he puts into the mouth of his hero, Doctor Fenwick, may be accepted as medically correct, as Bulwer was a profound and accurate scholar, and too much of an artist to make an orthodox English physician other than a man of scientific speech and knowledge.

WEST POINT.

The recently published register of the graduates of the United States Military academy at West Point contains some facts of interest to the general public. Gen. Robert Anderson, of Fort Sumter fame, was a graduate in 1825. He was a Kentuckian, and was made a brigadier-general in the regular army for his services. His health failed early in the war and he died at Nice in 1871, aged 76 years. Among his classmates was Gen. C. F. Smith, whose death just before Shiloh lost the country, in Sherman's opinion, a general of the first order of ability. The Confederate general Albert Sidney Johnston, killed at Shiloh, was graduated in 1826. Bishop Polk, killed at Lost Mountain, Ga., in June, 1864, was of the class 1827. Jefferson Davis was graduated in 1828 and is one of four survivors of a class of thirty-two. Robert E. Lee was second in the class of 1829, while Johnston was near the foot. Gen. Andrew W. Humphreys and William H. Emory were the notable men of the class of 1831. Gen. George G. Meade and Montgomery Blair were graduated in 1835, and Gen. M. C. Meigs in 1836. The class of 1837 included the Confederate generals Pemberton, Early and Bragg, and the federal commanders Sedgwick, Tower, Hooker, Benham and our present minister to France, Robert McLane. In 1838 came Generals Hardee, Beauregard and McDowell. The class of 1839 included Generals James B. Rickett, Hunt, Halleck, Ord, Canby, and the Confederate general A. R. Lawton. Sherman, Thomas and the Confederate general Ewell were the eminent men of 1840. The obscure confederate brigadier, Paul O. Herbert, led the class. The class of 1841 included Generals Buell, Lyon, Whipple, Wright, John F. Reynolds and Richardson, a notable class. Buell and Wright rose to high command, and the others named all fell in battle. The class of 1842 contained Generals Doubleday, Rosecrans, Newton, Pope, Sykes, and the Confederates Longstreet, R. H. Anderson and McLaws. Generals Grant, Franklin, Ingalls and Frederick Steele are of the notable men of 1843. In the class of 1844 were Hancock, Pleasanton, Alexander Hays, and the Confederate general D. H. Hill. In 1845 came Wm. F. Smith, Fitz John Porter, Charles P. Stone, and the Confederate general Bee, killed at first Bull Run. McClellan graduated second in 1846, and had for classmates "Stonewall" Jackson, ex-Gov. Stoneman, Senator Maxey of Texas, Generals Pickett, Reno and Couch. The class of 1847 was a good class, and included Generals Gibbon, Griffin, Burnside,—a commander of the army of the Potomac and two corps commanders fitter to command it than Burnside. The Confederate generals A. P. Hill and Heth were of this class. Generals D. S. Stanley and John Buford are the notable names of 1848. Gillmore led the class of 1849. Crook and Slocum are the best names in 1852. Sheridan, Hood and Schofield belonged to the class of 1853; Howard to that of 1854, and Gen. Ruger and the famous Confederate Jeb. Stuart were among his classmates. Generals Hazen, Webb and Weitzel came in 1855, Wesley Merritt and Horace Porter were graduated in 1860; Custer and Kilpatrick in 1861. The most brilliant graduate during the war was R. S. McKenzie, who rose to be brigadier general, only to have his career arrested by an attack of hereditary insanity. Few of the notable generals on either side graduated high in their classes. The only notable exceptions were R. E. Lee, W. T. Sherman, Humphreys and McClellan. The others who stood high in their classes were Halleck, Tower, Newton, Hebert, Weitzel, Benham, Franklin, Gillmore—not a distinguished field commander among them. Gen. Armistead and Gen. Corse, who were highly distinguished in the war, were at West Point for a time, but dropped out as did the late Matt Carpenter.

A "BOOM" IN THE SOUTH.

The Atlanta *Constitution* boasts that "The New South" has entered upon and is now in the full tide or career of a development of resources and industries which portends the speedy deportation of iron-making from Pennsylvania to that region; and that paper has an enthusiastic letter from Birmingham, Alabama, the center of the new iron industry of the South, in which the claim is set up that iron can be made there cheaper than in Pennsylvania by at least $5 a ton. Alabama is now producing 600,000 tons of iron and 1,500,000 tons of coal a year. Birmingham alone produces 750 tons of iron a day. Two immense stove works have already been removed from New York to the South, one to Alabama, the other to Tennessee. Atlanta, the commercial center of "The New South" is growing with astonishing rapidity, and has doubled her own industries within five years; while Chattanooga is likewise going forward with a rush as a commercial and industrial center. Northern capital in great sums is said to be seeking investment in the South, an the Birmingham letter says it will take a freight train every day to haul the money that is going into Birmingham for investment, if it were put into silver dollars. Five lines of railway, radiating from that town, are in course of construction, and much more to the same effect.

This, clearly, is a real boom, though undoubtedly many expectations formed upon it will turn to disappointment. So it has ever been elsewhere; so it will be in "The New South." Men lose their heads in such situations; values become inflated beyond all possibility of realization. Men are likely to find that even in "The New South" money can't be made as fast as they expect. Where, indeed, are to be found profitable markets for all the products of this new industry, superadded to the steady output of the old manufacturing states? Even in the production of iron it may be suspected that Pennsylvania will not be left behind. Nevertheless, it is clear that the South will gradually build up great industries, which will supply many things wanted for her own consumption. But this is always a slower process than the enthusiast is willing to allow.

It is gratifying, however, to witness this change in the South. Such a fact shows that the abolition of slavery has removed from labor the disgrace, or reproach, that labor used to bear. Work was for "niggers" formerly, whites are now also taking hold of it. There is no doubt that this increase of industrial activity, resulting in the creation of new and powerful material interests, will ere long produce an impression on the politics of the South, and in some localities considerable changes. Not in Pennsylvania itself do the newspapers more strongly advocate protection than do the principal newspapers in those portions of the South where these industries are rapidly developing; and this growing sentiment in the South undoubtedly will still further embarrass the democratic party in congress and in conventions.

WASHBURNE'S REMINISCENCES OF THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

The articles in *Scribner* by Hon. E. B. Washburne on the siege of Paris during the last Franco-German war possess great interest. Immediately after the investment of the city provisions went up to famine prices. A chicken sold for $7 and a goose for $25; butter was $1 and pork $2 a pound, cats $2 each, rats 40 cents, rabbits $4 each, and dog-meat 60 cents a pound. Mr. Washburne firmly believes that rats were a common article of food. There has always been some doubt on this question, but E. B. Washburne is not given to untruth. To the end of the siege neither wine nor bread was wanting. The bread was of a very dark color, the flour being mixed with oats. Nearly all the horses and mules were eaten up, and mule meat was found to be better than horse beef, as the latter is very dry. Washburne states that so extreme was the famine, when Gen. Ducrot invited a party of Americans to spend a night at his headquarters in the suburbs of the city all he could offer them was bread and wine. Washburne justly declares that the French soldiers in the city, notwithstanding the famine, always evinced remarkable endurance and bravery.

But they had no great leader, and therefore they always failed in their sorties. Had the little gray corporal, who stood on the top of the column of Vendome, been revived to life, the 500,000 soldiers immured in Paris would have done something worthy of the fame of France. The age of great men seems to have passed in France, and at the present day, whether in civil or military life, the dearth of really great men in that country is the world-wide remark. The fact is, the manhood of France has never yet recovered from the terrible sacrifices it endured under the reign of the first Napoleon.

Mr. Washburne regards Gen. Trochu as a man of very light weight. He was the commandant of the city during the reign. Washburne says he was struck when he first met him by the fact that he appeared at a conference of high officials in an embroidered dressing gown and slippers. Had he worn a gray coat, like Napoleon, or a blue blouse, like Grant, Washburne would have been more favorably impressed.

The reminiscences of the siege are very interesting, because the author kept a diary at the time. His language is unpolished, but it goes to the point.

A BANK ROBBER PROMOTED.

J. H. McGrorty, of Kentucky, has been appointed collector of internal revenue for New Mexico. This McGrorty was one of the party of land pirates, who, under the command of Bennett H. Young, and armed to the teeth, rode into St. Albans, Vt., in 1864, robbed the bank, killed an unarmed and unoffending citizen, and escaped to Canada. Canada refused to surrender these highwaymen, who claimed to be acting under orders from the Confederate agent and conspirator Thompson, once secretary of the interior in President Buchanan's cabinet. This raiding party was not in uniform, and its acts were not legitimate acts of war. It was simply a party of Confederate brigands, who had no more standing under the laws of war than the Missouri guerilla and assassin, Quantrell, who burned Lawrence and shot captured Union soldiers in cold blood. Bennett H. Young was pursuing in war the same vocation followed by Jesse James and the Younger brothers in time of peace. Had Young and his highwaymen been captured they would have been hung as promptly as another of Thompson's emissaries, Kennedy, was by Gen. Dix for trying to set fire to New York city. However, Canada, then in open and boisterous sympathy with the Confederacy, refused to surrender these bank robbers, and now this ex-bank robber has become a democratic officeholder by the appointment of the president of the United States. The democratic newspapers, however, try to defend the appointment as legitimate as that of Col. Mosby, who was made consul by Grant. But Mosby was no guerilla; he was a regular commissioned officer of the First Virginia cavalry under "Jeb" Stuart at first Bull Run, and was colonel of a regiment of Confederate cavalry scouts attached to Gen. Stuart's command. A scout is not a spy who goes in disguise, but a soldier in arms and uniform who reconnoiters either inside or outside an enemy's lines. Mosby was no guerilla, no spy; he was a superb commander of a regiment of cavalry scouts, who, being familiar with the field of operations and ably led, inflicted infinite mischief in perfectly legitimate acts of war.

THE PRESIDENT AND HIS PARTY.

It is certain that a great many democrats have a very strong dislike to Mr. Cleveland's administration. But as the New York *Mail and Express* truly says, this dislike is based on misapprehension of the truth. Democrats do not know how much the president has done for them. Taking the country, he has changed about 80 per cent. of the office-holders, and before the close of his term will have changed them all. The democrats ought to be thankful for this, but they are not, because they do not know it. So long as a single office is filled by a person other than a democrat, many of them will be unhappy, and they are down on Cleveland anyway, even for talking in favor of civil service reform.

Mr. Cleveland is not so popular with democrats now as he was three years ago. He has done all he could to deserve the affection of his party, but the truth is he isn't liked. It is known that he was elected for his republican tendencies, and democrats don't like republican tendencies. And yet he will be nominated next year just as certainly as he was nominated in 1884, and for much the same reason. He got his two-thirds vote then because the democratic party was afraid to nominate a real democrat. Mr. Cleveland was thought to be able to command more votes than any one of his competitors in the convention, and so he was chosen. His leadership depends upon his hold on the abused and feared mugwumps. The democrats knew that a true democrat would be defeated at the polls, and they deliberately set up a democrat that they knew didn't represent their wishes; and with an inconsistency that is remarkable, they have been grumbling ever since because he falls below the democratic standard and exhibits the traits that gave them their success.

Next year again, no doubt, they will conclude that Cleveland's reputation for the qualities they now condemn will be the surest card for votes, and therefore they will renominate him.

REVIVALISM VS. RELIGION.

There are of course revivals *and* revivals. It is possible to conceive of a revival that might present the spiritualities of Christianity with perfect simplicity, soberness and power, but it must for real and not fictitious good be the soberness, simplicity and power of *truth*. No candid critic cares how fervent the manner and mode of putting home the truth, but there must be no touch of melodrama in it, no cheap lying anecdote to give it theatric effect upon minds already morbid and maudlin with habitual sins of a gross character. The number of agonized converts is no more a test of the truth and value of a preacher's word than is the thunder of applause that any noisy, sensational demagogue can win before an average audience, while his competitor, who is content to calmly confine himself to what will bear the test of thought and logic, passes for a bore, and yet the bore who makes even one man think, who enlarges one man's intelligence, has done his day's real service compared with the demagogue whose crowd of converts is as worthless to the world as before, for they have had only their skin sensibility scratched and stimulated, not their true inwardness instructed, illuminated or purified.

The blessed influence of churches, ministers and religion is one thing; revival methods, with their ordinary disfigurements, whether in temperance or religion, are quite another thing, and are, moreover, a means of unmitigated evil. There have been some illustrious types of false and pernicious methods, but your revivalists, high or low, illustrious or obscure, are all of a sort. They all stoop to vulgar and incredible anecdote and extravagant talk, on the ground that some natures require dramatics and stage tricks. This assumption is not justified by the facts, for they do not deal with a more ignorant nor uncultured world than their great master, and his methods and talk were always sober, simple and effective, equally intelligible to princes and peasants, and he never set the example of pious frauds of any sort. The livery of the devil is not the armor of Christ, no matter who steals his scutcheon; and just so long as man is treated as an animal, whose soul is to be stirred by stimulants that are directed at and act upon the nervous system very much as alcohol does, just so long dreary reaction from religious debauchery will take place; just so long simple, honest, truthful natures will shrink back in disgust from what is miscalled religion. Quackery in medicine, sells more drugs and has a larger following than science, and yet the methods of science are the methods of truth and trained intelligence, and achieve all the permanent advance we make in saving life and restoring health. Revivalism is the quackery and materialism of religion as opposed to its truth and spirituality. The spiritualist, who accepts the heaven offered to him in the antics of a dancing table, or in the empty oracles or idiotic fury of his Pythoness, is but the logical sequence of the vulgar materializing of revivalists, when they talk of God and Jesus, and heaven and hell, just as common gossips in a village talk of historical celebrities or local sensations. No true man "wears his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck it." No really affectionate and loving nature sheds the tears over a dead jackass that would fall over a mother's grave. Why? Because a true man feels that these things are the divinest part of him, not to be handled coarsely and familiarly as you would a plum, whose fine, impalpable bloom, in which resides its beauty, vanishes with frequent manipulation. The closet of a man's soul is not to be approached with screaming fife and thundering drum, but with reverent step and slow; and therefore the only life that bears real fruit or has any hope of regeneration, is one matured in the thought that the divinities of a man's soul are not subjects for animal but for spiritual treatment, and the raptures of the fellow who clamorously tells how, and when and where he "got religion," are either ignorant profanation of holy things, or the shibboleth of a sentimental scoundrel, fluctuating between animal alarm and the vulgar vanity and self-congratulation that is fed by the cheap device of hearing ourselves "talk good."

Christianity and true religion, as we find it in the ideas and acts of Christ, is the spirit of devotion and reverence, the spirit of absolute humanity and absolute humility, the spirit of self-sacrifice, the spirit of affectionate tenderness and charity for women and loving consideration for children, the spirit of unexaggerated statement; the truth and nothing but the sober truth, heightened by no strong colors, helped by no tawdry rhetoric. Christ probably knew human nature and his own business, and he always in his walk and talk acted as if he came to call not simply fools and the feeble, but the wise and healthy minded, to repentance. In his day "epaulets weren't the best mark of a saint," nor did the apostles march around with a drum and fife; but the methods of the modern revivalist would seem to imply that "they didn't know everything down in Judee;" that the proper function of an evangelist is to capture, not souls, but impressible nervous systems, and set them to buzzing day and night, confessing in rattling, excitable, emotional speech what no man with a particle of moral self-respect left could or ought to confess save unto God in his closet. "Unuttered yet comprehended by men as well as by God," is the "spirit's voiceless prayer." We cannot afford to try true religion by any less severe or heroic test of its quality than we apply to our happiest human lives, and no revivalists deserve to be trusted who go at the human heart other than Christ went at it, through its latent moral endowments of humanity, tenderness, truth, charity; in short, through all the *domestic* moral sympathies of our imperfect nature. The methods which once went home to the deepest souls of rude fishermen will not fail now whenever there is a true evangelist behind the methods, not a cunning, pietistic piper, playing wild, barbaric music to make children dance. Never until the old, simple method of Christ is practiced, scorning all trifling with the truth, all dragging of God and holy angels down on the pretense of lifting man up, all melodramatic appeal, whether to superstitious hopes or superstitious fears, will there be any revival of true religion. When the cholera was recently raging in Corea it was supposed to have been arrested by the successful efforts of the people in firing guns at the cholera god or devil. The disease did suddenly stop its ravages, and the masses ascribe the successful results to their vigorous treatment. This reads like a very sorry and vulgar story of pagan superstition; but is it any more pitiable than the conduct of some of the priests in Montreal in 1885, who opposed vaccination for smallpox, and summoned the people to prayer, telling them that the smallpox was sent as punishment for their frivolity during the ice carnival? Was it any more pitiable than hanging ribbons dipped in holy water across the streets of Griffintown, a district of Montreal, some forty years ago, to stay the progress of a great fire? Was it any more absurd than the pretence that national prayer for Garfield might rescue a desperately wounded man from the jaws of death when he was quite past all surgical aid? Prayer for Garfield was worth much to him who prayed with a devout spirit; it was worth much to the dying president as an expression of popular love, sorrow and hope, but prayer for Garfield in any other sense was as superstitious as to pray for rain or sun, for light or darkness; as absurd as it would have been to have asked God to blast Guiteau with lightning. For the perpetuation of this sort of heathenish superstition, which is preached in impudent defiance of the declaration of Christ that God sends the rain to just and unjust without discrimination; that the laws of nature are inexorable in their working, subject to no aberration or stoppage of movement to save a saint or slay a sinner, the popular revivalism of the Sam Joneses, the Talmages and the Salvation Army are largely responsible. They all think, or pretend to think, that they worship Christ, when they really are only whipping his body and dragging it at the cart's tail in the dust from town to town from ocean to ocean; from east to west.

A "BONNE BOUCHE."

CORVALLIS, Feb. 19.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN:

If you notice young children at their meals, they will pile up the plums in the corner of the plate, or the citron and sugar, for a "bonne bouche" at the end, as our Anglicized French call it.

Now, the "bonne bouche" of Mr. A. J. E. Bebrend's article in the *Forum* was left in the plate. We want to have it and digest it. Here it is: "The disappearance of the saloon will bring an era of quiet and peace that will seem like a new creation. The city of Providence has had for many years a narrow thoroughfare, flanked by business houses, many of whose structures were given up to theaters and saloons of the lowest class. Through this street great numbers of men and women daily passed, jostled by crowds whose very glance was an insult, until many came to shun it as a pest house. I passed through it on a recent visit, and found it as quiet and orderly as the most sensitive could wish. And the reason was, every saloon was closed by law. My friend was not the only man whose eyes had been opened, and many more will bear him company in the crusade which shall drive the saloon from the thoroughfares of modern civilization." L. F. N.

A SILLY QUESTION.

PORTLAND, Or., Feb. 16, 1887.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN:

Will you please state the difference between a "club" and a "society?" I have looked in Webster's dictionary and find the same definition for both words. I.

If Webster couldn't define the difference perhaps THE OREGONIAN can't. It is quite surprising, however, that anyone will trouble himself about such trifling things. "I" very probably has seen both a "club" and a "society." He knows what they are; and if he can't see any difference, why ask a silly question?

First Boodler—I want to engage the services of a lawyer. Whom do you recommend? Second Boodler—You had better retain Lawyer Bluff. Is he a good lawyer? He is, indeed. He is a powerful speaker. He is so thoroughly in earnest that in addressing a jury his words carry conviction. Then he'll not do for me. I've been indicted, and I don't want a lawyer whose words carry conviction with them. It is an acquittal I'm after.—*Texas Siftings.*

PORTLAND DIRECTORY.

The directory of Polk & Co. for 1887, to be issued in a few days, promises to be fuller and more complete than any that have preceded it. The introductory article, from the pen of J. Fred Clark, is as follows:

INTRODUCTORY.

The cloud which overshadowed Portland during 1884 and 1885 gradually dispersed until in the beginning of 1886 it finally disappeared; and through the year steady progress and prosperity have been realized in the city and throughout the state. When it is remembered that the completion of the railroad systems which gave us through connection with the East, threw many thousands of people out of employment, and that the completion of the Union and Central Pacific lines to San Francisco was followed by eight years of depression and numerous wide-spread bankruptcies, there is great satisfaction in knowing that the failures in Oregon were comparatively very few, and that the recuperative powers of the state have been demonstrated to the fullest extent. The immediate effect of direct communication with Eastern markets was not beneficial to

COMMERCIAL BUSINESS,

Since there were considerable stocks of merchandise on hand which had been purchased in San Francisco, and had paid tribute to the merchants of that city, to the cost of which expense of transport to Portland had to be added. Hence, when direct communication with the great Eastern markets enabled Portland merchants to import goods as cheaply as San Francisco merchants, there was an immediate and great shrinkage in prices of all such goods. The effect of this shrinkage was a diminution of legitimate profits of merchants and traders which continued until the old dearly bought stocks were worked off. The wholesale and jobbing houses were the first to experience relief. Their business throughout the past year has been admittedly excellent; and the retail trade has been generally healthful and satisfactorily remunerative. The return of commercial prosperity, which, when the great resources of Oregon are considered, was naturally to be expected, has been quickened by the continually increasing flow of

IMMIGRATION.

For the past four years immigrants have been steadily coming to Oregon, and each year has witnessed a greater influx than its predecessor. The immigrants arriving have been largely from the western and middle states, and of a most desirable kind for a new country, viz: agriculturists and those of other industrial pursuits. Of the former, many have bought improved farms and are working them vigorously and well; others with less means have hunted government land and homesteaded or pre-empted. Their presence and influence is felt in every county of the state. Their wants are increasing the business of our merchants, and the products of their labor are swelling the volume of Oregon's

EXPORTS.

The acreage in grain, fruits, hops, etc., is expanding year by year beyond all powers of consumption within the state. For grain, the seaboard furnishes an outlet for all surplus. For other products new markets are continually opening. It is not within the scope or intent of an introductory article to a directory to furnish figures or tabular statements, such as may be found in the board of trade reports or in the commercial columns of leading journals. Suffice it to say that in the world's great markets Oregon wheat and Oregon salmon command the highest prices paid; that Oregon wool never lacks a market; that herders come a couple of thousand miles to buy bands of Oregon beeves and horses, and that Oregon lumber and fruits, neither of which can be excelled, are about to find an almost unlimited market by the aid of

RAILROAD COMMUNICATION.

The lease of the O. R. & N. Co.'s system to the Union Pacific company opens a new era in the history of Oregon. The latter company's lines ranging east and west and extending north and south over a vast area of the interior of the continent, needed an outlet to the seaboard, which is gained by absorption of the O. R. & N. Co. The well-known enterprise and liberality of the Union Pacific company afford reasonable grounds for belief that it will do everything in its power to foster and encourage all Oregon industries which will bring business to it. If our assumption is correct, we believe it is, new markets will be opened for millions of dollars worth of Oregon products. If the railroad gains by carrying them, the state will gain yet more by the profitable outlets afforded. The building of the railroad bridge at Portland will be a boon to the city and the state. It will do away with numerous vexatious delays of passengers and freights, and at the same time lessen the cost of transit. Trains of all other companies' lines will be able to cross it. The centralization of points of arrival and departure will add to the comfort and convenience of travelers and be as advantageous to shippers as to the railroad companies. Every new facility of transport is helpful to

MANUFACTURING INDUSTRIES.

Of these our lumbering interest is a very important one. It will receive an immense stimulus from the Union Pacific, which traverses thousands of miles of almost treeless territory. Salmon packing needs mention only, since Columbia river canned salmon is known and used in all countries and everywhere proclaimed "the best." Two new and important industries, started within the past year, deserve special mention, viz: "The manufacture of lime from Oregon limestone, which is driving the foreign article out of the market; and the ore reduction works." The latter enterprise, yet in its infancy, will, if the mining districts fulfill the promise they make, become a most important one. Oregon fruits, whether canned or dried, when well put up find satisfactory markets. There is a great future for this business, and there is room for profitable employment of large capital in it. Oregonians are beginning to know that many of our own manufactures and products are far superior to those that bear a foreign brand. It is the duty, and to the interest of all citizens of Oregon, to encourage home industries. It is also the duty and interest of all producers and manufacturers to strive to attain the highest point of excellence. Some other industries deserve mention. Many of our flouring mills turn out as fine flour as can be found in the world. Sashes, doors, furniture, agricultural implements and stoves of Oregon manufacture compare favorably and in some respects excel such as are imported. Many items of our woolen goods have equal finish and far greater durability than any imported commodities of their kind. Our soap-makers have an easy market for purchase of their main staple, and hence are able to produce an excellent article, which is preferred by all except those who think that things that come from afar must, of necessity, excel the home manufacture. Our iron foundries employ a large number of men and do excellent work. Manufacture of railroad rolling stock will shortly be on a very large scale. The O. R. & N. company's new workshops, now in course of erection, will, when completed, afford space for employment of four or five hundred men, and it is probable that the requirements of the Union Pacific will result in trebling the extent of the buildings and more than quadrupling the number of skilled and unskilled laborers employed. This will stimulate our

MINING INDUSTRIES.

The Oswego Iron & Steel company's mines near Portland yield the finest of iron ore. Its operations have for some time been suspended, owing to litigation between the stockholders. It is hoped that their differences will be speedily ended and this very important industry resumed with new vigor. The gold, silver and galena mines of Eastern and Southern Oregon are attracting a continually increasing amount of foreign as well as home capital. Coal mining, owing to the abundance of good fire wood, has not been vigorously prosecuted hitherto, but is now receiving attention. The miners employed in the various camps are beneficial to ranchers, farmers and merchants alike, affording good markets for the products of the former and the wares of the latter, and are aiding in swelling the volume of

BANKING BUSINESS.

There are eleven banks doing business in Portland and one in East Portland. Of these six are national, four private and savings banks, and two foreign (commercial), and several loaning companies. Money has been plentiful throughout the year and readily obtainable on good commercial paper, and also approved collateral securities. This fact is perceptibly affecting

REAL ESTATE,

The demand for which is greater than at any time for four years past, both as regards city and country properties. In fact, Oregon has entered upon a new era of growth and prosperity, and every intelligent citizen sees the opening of the vista of the coming greatness: it widens as the months roll by and warrants the assertion that none can see the end. Our resources are now only beginning to be vigorously developed, but the work has begun in good earnest and will continue until Oregon takes that high place amongst the states of the Union to which her great and widely varied natural resources of wealth entitle her to aspire.

GARIBALDI'S STRENGTH.

"After Gordon," says a correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "Garibaldi was my most famous acquaintance. What impressed me most about him was the immense triceps or shoulder muscles he had. They were just like two half cocoanuts sticking up underneath his white Mexican mantle. From Heenan and Morrissey to Mace (Sayers had a remarkably small arm) I never saw anything like it. It would have made two of theirs. And the saber he used! Two of the Life Guards' blades forged into one would just have made it. Many a time have I seen that awful saber sweeping right, left, right, left, like clockwork, as he mowed down the enemy like grass, seated on his old white charger, leaving 'a lane' (that is the only word) for us who followed him closely. 'Avanti! avanti!' rang from his lips all the while, and his trumpet voice rose high above the loudest artillery fire. His strength was simply Herculean, and was only surpassed by Gen. Dunne. As an instance of Garibaldi's enormous strength, I remember late one night leaving the Caffe di Europa, in Naples, with some brother officers, and seeing the general just passing on foot with only one attendant. We followed him as he was going towards an unlighted and dangerous part of the city, which swarmed with Borboni—ex-soldiers, sbirri, lazzaroni, in the pay of Francis II. He was going to visit one of his dying soldiers, a boy of seventeen. We had not long to wait. Like lightning two men sprang at him, right and left; simultaneously, knife in hand. Ere their blades, raised to strike, could fall, Garibaldi had each one by the throat, raised high in the air to the full extent of his arms. He then knocked them together two or three times, and let them drop on the stones. You may guess that our swords were out. But no! The great hero said, 'leave them alone; the poor fools have had their lesson.'"

MARRIED.

At Newport Or., Feb 17 1887, by W. B. Scott J. P., Capt. Ernest Loll, of "Kate and Anna," to Miss Minna Hoberg, adopted daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chris. Hoberg, of Alsea Bay.

DIED.

In this city, Feb. 18, Mrs. Mary Williams, aged 57 years.

Funeral from residence, [illegible] Front street, at 10 A. M. to-day. Friends of family invited. Walla Walla, [illegible] and San Francisco papers please copy.

In East Portland, Feb. 18, of lung fever, infant son of Neil and Christina Mortison, aged 4 months.

Funeral from residence, corner Third and [illegible] streets, McMillan's addition to East Portland, at 3 P. M. to-day. Friends of family invited.

FEBRUARY STYLES of the Celebrated Butterick Patterns at Wass' Hair Store, 93 Yamhill st.

H. H. SCHWAB & BRO., Leading Printers, Lowest Prices. 8 Washington St.

NEW TO-DAY.

NEW MARKET THEATER
ONE WEEK ONLY and Saturday Matinee, commencing Monday Even'g, Feb. 21.
FAREWELL PERFORMANCES OF THE
THOMPSON OPERA CO.
Opening with Lecocq's Popular Opera,
HEART AND HAND,
To be followed by Offenbach's Charming Opera,
MADAM FAVART.
Prices, 75c, 50c, 25c.
Box Office now open at Prentice's music store.

OLD FOLKS' CONCERT.
Will be given by the Ladies of
GRACE M. E. CHURCH,
At their Chapel, corner of Eleventh and Taylor streets, on
TUESDAY EVENING, FEB. 22.
Proceeds for the Benefit of the
NORTH PORTLAND MISSION SUNDAY SCHOOL.
TICKETS, 50 CENTS.

CANDY-MAKER WANTED. MUST BE A FIRST-class workman, at Anderson's Kitchen, 91 Washington st.

HOW TO LIVE AND WHERE TO GET WHAT is good is the question. Consult the New York Restaurant.

BERGER & BOCK, HOUSE PAINTERS AND Kalsominers, dealers in mixed paints and wall paper, 49 Ash st.

LEVI QUINOY OR WILL WILLEITS, OF Tipton, Iowa.—Anyone knowing their address will please send same to C. KIRBER, Portland, Or.

RECEIVED EXTREME EUROPEAN NOVELties in Plaid Silk Velvets. European Wraps will be in shortly, at LEIT'S.

FOR SALE—UPRIGHT PIANO, ELEGANT BED Room Sets, Sideboard Carpets, etc., all nearly new. Apply 46 Ash st.

MASQUERADE COSTUMES—250 ELEGANT costumes from San Francisco at reasonable rates. Apply at store in Turn Halle, Yamhill street side.

WANTED—A GOOD, CAPABLE MAN, OF FAIR education, to fill a position in Washington territory. Address "Territory," care Oregonian.

THEATRICAL & MASQUERADE COSTUMES for sale or hire. S. BARUCH, N. W. cor. Fifth and Washington sts. Country orders solicited.

OUR CIGARS and HOME MADE Candies will meet your taste. REED & BLAD, 4th and Morrison.

WOOD—GO TO L. C. UNGER'S, FOOT OF Taylor st., for ALL KINDS OF WOOD. Slab Wood. Telephone No. 431.

MR. J. BLOUILLAT HAS BECOME PROPRIEtor of the Campi Restaurant and intends to give satisfaction to the old patrons of his house in all respects.

THE BUILDING OCCUPIED BY US, 123 FIRST st., for lease; possession given immediately; store fixtures costing $1500 will be sold at a bargain; purchaser may remove them. Great N. Y. Co.

$950—$250 CASH, BALANCE ON OR BEfore five years, at 8 per cent., will buy fine corner lot in South Portland; also lot 100x100. J. V. ALLEN, No. 9 Washington st.

JOHN CRAN & CO. HAVE JUST OPENED A new choice Spring Jackets; also Spring Cloths suitable for Jackets and Ulsters; extra length Mousquetaire Kid Gloves; New Ribbons. JOHN CRAN & CO.

WANTED—A LIVE PARTNER WITH $2500 OR $3500 in a paying business; $25 to $30 per week clear of all expenses; married man preferred. For particulars address W. H. Wickham, Real Estate Agent, Ashland, Oregon.

250 MASQUERADE COSTUMES of elegant quality in Turn Halle building, Yamhill st. Reasonable charges.

FOR SALE.
DESIRABLE RESIDENCE PROPERTY; CENtrally located; terms easy; pays 10 per cent. on money invested; price $4200. Apply at 227 Third st.

TRUNKS, VALISES, EXCLUSIVELY.
L. SILBERSTEIN & CO., 147 Front st., opposite the Esmond Hotel. Country orders promptly filled.

FARES PAID TO PORTLAND
IF WE DO NOT CURE RUPTURE WITHOUT surgical operation, secure from pain or accident. Work every day while under treatment. Cures guaranteed or money refunded. Call on or address with stamp, DRS. FORDEN & LUTHER, Rooms 8 and 9, First National Bank, Portland.

FOR SALE—ALBINA.
THREE BUSINESS LOTS ON RUSSELL ST.; three choice lots in block 16; four slightly lots, block 12, and five desirable lots block 11, Proebstel's Add. Lots in River View Add. and Albina Homestead on installments; also the of other choice bargains. Call and see HILL & MANLEY, Hill's Block, Albina.

CLOSING OUT, POSITIVELY, REGARDLESS OF COST,
—V. Cariva's stock of—
WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS,
Purchased at Sheriff's sale. Whole will be sold at bargain. E. ZEITFUCHS, Manager.

MORE SPECIAL BARGAINS.
$1200—New cottage, 5 rooms; street improved; central location.
$1500—Two-story residence, 7 rooms; nearly new; finest location in city.
$1500—Two choice lots on G street.
$550—Corner lot, Fifth and H streets.
$100—Lots in Albina Homestead.
$450—Quarter blocks in Kenworthy's addition.
$500—Quarter blocks in Hanson's addition.
$500—Quarter blocks in Tibbett's addition.
$600—Corner lot, Holladay addition.
$400—Inside lot, Holladay addition.
CREITZ & LAMBERT, East Portland, Oregon.

SPECIAL BARGAINS.
FOR SALE—Quarter block, nice cottage house 6 rooms and bath, $3000.
Two quarter blocks, with two-story house, streets improved, $3750 and $4600.
These pieces of property are located in the finest part of East Portland. Apply either to THOMPSON & RIGGEN, 48 Stark St., Portland, or, R. B. MAGUIRE, East Portland.

NEW TO-DAY.

PUBLIC DEM
Our rapidly increasing trade demanding more room, we are compelled to make extensive alterations, and in order to do so with convenience, we have decided on a grand
We say to you who contemplate buying Silks or Velvets, Blankets or Flannels, Sheetings, or Table Linens, Cloaks or Wraps, Dress Goods or Shawls, Hosiery, or Corsets, Ribbons or Laces, Ladies' or Gents' Furnishing Goods, or other goods usually kept in first-class dry goods houses, come and see us. Even if you don't buy, the information may save you money.
We are fully prepared to meet any and all competition. The following items are the best in America for the price: White Shirts 50c; White Double Blankets $1.50; Armure Dress Goods 5 cents; Large Comforters; 54-inch German Table Linen; Write for samples. Goods sent C.O.D. to all parts of the country.
McALLEN & McDONNELL
Popular Dry Goods Store,
165 Third Street, Portland,

BOOKS at AUCTION
We are instructed to sell, WITHOUT RESERVE,
ON THURSDAY, FEB. 24,
At 10 o'clock A. M.,
At No. 63 First st., bet. Oak and Pine,
A large invoice of STANDARD and Miscellaneous Books, all well bound,
CONSISTING IN PART OF
Works of Irving, Thackeray, Dickens, Hood, Swift, Mark Twain, Whittier, Browning, Johnson, Josephus, Scott, Byron, Hood, Swift, Macaulay, Longfellow, Burns, Plutarch, Bunyan, Guide, tory, Modern Classics, Don Quixote, perion, Outre Mer, Stoddard's Reading, ingly, Voyage in the Sunbeam, Fede. The Spectator, Wealth of Nations, Grant, Golden Key, Kingdoms of Nature, World, Isles of the Sea, Napoleon, Civil War, History of New Mexico, History of New York, Garfield, Tennyson, cott's works, Webster's Dictionary, and Marmion, 2 vols St. Nicholas, Atlas, Encyclopedia, Parma, Harry Lorrequer, Essays, Pickwick Papers, Hill's Manual, Gems of Oratory, Oxtons, Half Hours with Authors, The One Hundred Greatest, Physician, New Poultry, Mysteries of, Melancholy, Giant Raft, Yolande, Sea Queen, Dunallen, Gibbon's Rome, Spurgeon, Milton's Works, and a large assortment of other best authors.
The books can be examined upon the afternoon before the sale.
GILMAN & CO., Auctioneers.

107 First St. G 107 First St.
WE WILL CONTINUE TO SELL
AT COST AND LESS
During the of the Month,
Our customers will please bear in mind prices are absolutely the lowest city, considering the quality, etc.
NEW YORK JEWELRY COMPANY
191 107 First Street.

Established 30 Years.
A. Roberts
—THE—
Leading Clothier,
MERCHANT TAILOR
AND HATTER.
First and Alder, Portland.

AUCTION SALE
—OF THE—
AND BATH FITTINGS
We are instructed by Mr. C. Fliedner to sell at auction on the premises at
Wednesday, Feb. 23, at 10 o'clock
The fine furniture and fittings of the Shop and Bath Rooms, consisting in part ber Chairs, Hair Combination Cup Cases, Fine Plate, Mirrors, Marble stand (with three bowls) etc., etc. Bath Tubs etc.
N. B.—The entire plant or bath purchased at private sale if negotiated Monday, the 21st.
GILMAN & CO., Auctioneers.

ASSIGNEE SALE
OF THE ENTIRE STOCK OF
Clothing, Furnishing Goods,
(The stock of A. Waldman, Bankrupt)
I will sell on the premises, No. 15 Morrison and Alder
Saturday, February 26, at 10
The entire stock now in said store, Boy's Suits, Overcoats, Hats and Fine Furnishing Goods, Show Cases
WM. CURS
A. B. RICHARDSON, Auctioneer.

POZZONI'S MEDICATED COMPLEXION POWDER
Imparts a brilliant transparency to the skin, removes all pimples, freckles and sale by all first-class druggists, or

CITY TAX
THE TAX ROLL FOR 1887 hands for collection, and all must be paid at my office, thirty days from this date, turned as delinquent.
Portland, Feb. 10, 1887.

NEW TO-DAY.

BLED DEM

ur rapidly increasing trade emanding more room, we re compelled to make extensive alterations, and in rder to do so with convenience, we have decided on grand

[illegible] SALE

We say to you who contem- ate buying Silks or Velvets, ankets or Flannels, Sheetings Table Linens, Cloaks or Wraps, ess Goods or Shawls, Hosiery Corsets, Ribbons or Laces, dies' or Gents' Furnishing ods, or other goods usually pt in first-class dry goods uses, come and see us. Even you don't buy, the information ay save you money.

We are fully prepared to meet y and all competition. The llowing items are the best in nerica for the price: White irts 50c; White Double Blank- s $1.50; Armure Dress Goods cents; Large Comforters 75c; -inch German Table Linen 25c. rite for samples. Goods sent O.D. to all parts of the country.

CALLEN & McDONNELL,
Popular Dry Goods Store,
55 Third Street, Portland, Or.

OKS at AUCTI

are instructed to sell, WITHOUT RESERVE,
ON THURSDAY, FEB. 24th,
At 10 o'clock A. M.,
No. 63 First st., bet. Oak and Pine sts.,
A large invoice of STANDARD and Miscellaneous Books, all well bound,
CONSISTING IN PART OF

orks of Irving, Thackeray, Dickens, [illegible] Swift, Mark Twain, Whittier, Browning, [illegible] Johnson, Josephus, Scott, Byron, [illegible] Swift, Macaulay, Longfellow, [illegible] rns, Plutarch, Bunyan, Ouida, [illegible] y, Modern Classics, Don Quixote, [illegible] Voyage in the Sunbeam, Jane Eyre, [illegible] The Spectator, Wealth of Nations, [illegible] Golden Key, Kingdoms of Nature, [illegible] orld, Isles of the Sea, Napoleon, [illegible] vil War, History of New Mexico, [illegible] story of New York, Garfield, [illegible] 's works, Webster's Dictionary, [illegible] d Marmion, 2 vols St. Nicholas, [illegible] cyclopedia, Paris, Harry Lorrequer, [illegible] says, Pickwick Papers, Hill's Manual, [illegible] ms of Oratory, Olxtons, Half Hours with Great thors, The One Hundred Greatest Men, Family ysician, New Poultry, Mysteries of [illegible] elancholy, Giant Raft, Yolande, [illegible] Queen, Dunallen, Gibbon's Roman Empire, Life of urgeon, Milton's Works, Foots by a Woman, [illegible] ture, and a large assortment of other works by the st authors.

The books can be examined upon the Wednesday ternoon before the sale.
GILMAN & CO., Auctioneers.

107 First St. G 107 First St.
WE WILL CONTINUE TO SELL
LASS
WATCHES, JEWELRY,
SILVERWARE,
AT COST AND LESS
During the balance
the Month.

Our customers will please bear in mind that ces are absolutely the lowest of any house in y, considering the quality, etc.

NEW YORK JEWELRY COMPANY,
107 First Street.

Established 36 Years.
A. Roberts
—THE—
Leading Clothier,
MERCHANT TAILOR
AND HATTER.
First and Alder, Portland.

AUCTION SALE
—OF THE—
Neptune Barber Shop Fix
AND BATH FITTINGS.

We are instructed by Mr. C. Fliedner to sell at public auction on the premises at [illegible]
Wednesday, Feb. 23, at 10 o'clock A. M.
The fine furniture and fixtures of the Neptune Barber Shop and Bath Rooms, consisting in part of [illegible] Chairs, Hall's Combination Lock Safe, [illegible] Cases, Fine Plate Mirrors, Marble [illegible] and (with three bowls) etc., etc. [illegible] Bath Tubs, etc.
N. B.—The entire plant or bath department [illegible] purchased at private sale if negotiated for on or before Monday, the 21st.
GILMAN & CO., Auctioneers.

ASSIGNEE SALE
OF THE ENTIRE STOCK OF
Clothing, Furnishing Goods, Etc.
(The stock of A. Waldman, Bankrupt.)
I will sell on the premises, No 147 First st., between Morrison and Alder, on
Saturday, February 26, at 10 A. M.
The entire stock now in said store, [illegible] Men's and Boy's Suits, Overcoats, Hats and Caps, Heavy [illegible] Fine Furnishing Goods, Show Cases [illegible]
WM. [illegible], Assignee.
A. B. RICHARDSON, Auctioneer.

POZZONI'S
MEDICATED
COMPLEXION
POWDER.
Imparts a brilliant transparency to the skin. Removes all pimples, freckles and discolorations. For sale by all first-class druggists [illegible]

CITY TAXES
THE TAX ROLL FOR 1887 IS NOW [illegible] hands for collection, and all taxes [illegible] must be paid at my office, No. [illegible] First [illegible] thirty days from this date, or the [illegible] turned as delinquent.
D. C. McK[illegible]
Portland, Feb. 10, 1887.

The Oregonian.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1887.

U. S. SIGNAL SERVICE WEATHER REPORT.

PORTLAND, Feb. 19, 8:34 P. M.

Place of Observation.	Hig't of Bar.	Ch'ge last 8 hours	Ther.	W'nd direction.	R'n-fall inch	State of W'hr
Portland	30.24	—.01	37	Calm	.00	Clear
Olympia	30.20	—.06	33	SE	.09	Clear
Roseburg	30.31	.03	37	S	.01	Fair
Red Bluff	30.15	.01	41	N	.00	Clear
Sacramento	30.04	—.05	47	NW	.00	Clear
Astoria	....	....	40	SW	.00	Clody
Spokane	30.11	.07	25	SW	.00	Clear
Walla Walla	30.22	.06	23	S	.00	Clear

Maximum thermometer, 45.9; minimum, 33.5.
River at 11 A. M., 2.0 feet.
Total rainfall past 24 hours, 0.7 inches.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 19.—Indications for the twenty-four hours commencing at 4 A. M., February 20, for Oregon and Washington territory, fair weather, followed by light rains along the coast from Portland northward.

OVERLAND PASSENGERS.

Passed Huntington to arrive over the Short Line:—R. Converse and wife, G. H. Monroe, W. Sneider, E. D. Agle, F. Conner, Dan Redmond, Joe. Tuffs and eighteen immigrants.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Trinity church, corner of Fifth and Oak streets. Sunday services at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school 9:15 A. M.

St. Stephen's Episcopal chapel, corner of Fifth and Jefferson streets.—Divine service will be held in the chapel on Sunday at 11 A. M. and at 4 P. M. Sunday school at 10. Seats free.

First Spiritual society meets in Red Men's hall, corner of Salmon and Second streets, at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Vocal and instrumental music. Spiritual discourse. Admission free.

Taylor street church.—Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M., by Rev. Dr. H. K. Hines. Young peoples' praise service at 6:30 P. M. Sunday school at 12:15. A cordial welcome to all the services.

First Presbyterian church, corner of Washington and Third streets.—Sunday school at 9:45 A. M. Morning service at 11. Evening service at 7:30. Preaching morning and evening by Rev. R. B. Dillworth.

First Christian church, corner of Columbia and East Park streets. Preaching Sunday at the usual hours, morning and evening, by the pastor, Elder J. W. B. Smith. Sunday school at 12:30. All are cordially invited.

Grace M. E. church, corner Taylor and Eleventh streets, Rev. E. W. Caswell, pastor—Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. by the pastor. Sunday school at 12:15 P. M.; prayer service Thursday evening at 7:30; seats free; ushers in attendance.

First Congregational church, corner of Second and Jefferson streets, Rev. T. E. Clapp, pastor.—Morning service at 11 A. M. Bible school at 12:30. Prayer meeting of Christian Endeavor society at 6:30 P. M. Gospel service at 7:30. Cordial welcome to all.

Y. M. C. A., corner of First and Salmon. Young man's Bible class from 9:30 to 10:30 A. M. Subject, "Sermon on the Mount." Rev. W. H. Landon will deliver a special address to young men at 4 o'clock P. M. Young men are cordially invited.

Swedish Evangelical Lutheran Immanuel church, B street, between Ninth and Tenth streets, Rev. John W. Skans, pastor—Services Sunday at 10:30 A. M., 7:30 P. M., and on Thursday at 7:45 P. M. Sunday school at 3 o'clock P. M. Tuesday prayer meeting at 7:45 P. M. All welcome.

Mariners' church, corner Third and D streets—Bethel services. The Rev. R. Gilpin, chaplain, will (D. V.) preach every Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock and evening at 7:30. Prayer meeting every Friday evening at 7:30. Bible class every Tuesday evening at 7:30. All are affectionately invited.

First Baptist church, corner of Fourth and Alder streets, Rev. J. Q. A. Henry, pastor, will preach at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Morning theme, "Longer Life." Evening subject, "What must I do to be Lost?" Baptism in the evening. Special gospel meetings four nights during the week. Sunday school at 12:30 P. M. All services are free to the public. Strangers invited.

Unitarian church—Corner Yamhill and Seventh streets, T. L. Eliot, minister. Services Sunday morning at 11 o clock and evening at 7:30 o'clock. The evening discourse will be the first in a short series on "The Lord's Prayer." It is intended each evening to present some illustration from literature, by a good reader, or from music by selected singers, of the words and spirit of the prayer.

Calvary Presbyterian church, corner of Ninth and Clay streets—Pastor, Rev. Warren H. Landon, residence 231 Tenth street. Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sabbath school at 12:30 o'clock, immediately after the morning service. Prayer and praise service, conducted by the Band of Christian Endeavor commences at 6:30 o'clock. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock. All are cordially invited to these services. The Third street horse cars, by transfer at Morrison street, pass the church every ten minutes.

EAST SIDE PULPITS.

Advent church, corner of G and Tenth streets—Elder C. H. Boyd. Morning and evening service at the usual hour.

St. Francis church, I and Eleventh streets—Services at 8 and 10:30 A. M. Sunday school at 2 P. M. Afternoon service at 3.

Services at the Hall on J street, between Fourth and Fifth. Preaching by Elder R. M. Messick at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.

The East Portland Spiritual and Literary society hold meetings at their rooms, corner of Fourth and G streets, every Sunday at 3 P. M. All invited. Seats free.

St. David's Episcopal church, Rev. John W. Sellwood, rector—Regular services at 11 o'clock A. M., and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday school meets at 9:45 A. M.

Mizpah chapel—Rev. D. O. Ghormley will preach at 3:45 on Sabbath, February 20th. Sabbath school at 2:30 P. M. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30. Strangers welcomed.

Methodist Episcopal church, corner I and Ninth streets; Rev. I. D. Driver, pastor—Regular services will be held at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sabbath school meets at 12:30 o'clock. All are welcome.

First Baptist church, corner G and Seventh streets—Rev. D. T. Richards will preach at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M., as usual. Sabbath school meets at 12:30 o'clock. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening.

First Presbyterian church, corner Sixth and J streets, Rev. D. O. Ghormley, pastor—Divine services on Sabbath, February 20, at 11 A. M., the pastor occupying the pulpit. No evening service. Sunday school at 12:30. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:30. Strangers are invited.

First Christian church, at the hall on J street, between Fourth and Fifth. Preaching Sunday at the usual hours, morning and evening, by Elder R. M. Messick. Subject for morning discourse, "Did Christ Rise from the Dead?" Evening, "The Christ of Prophecy." All are cordially invited. Revival services every evening during the week at 7:30.

Zion Evangelical Church—Preaching services at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M., February 20th. In the morning the pastor, C. C. Poling will preach; subject, "Christ's Unchangeableness;" after which the Lord's Supper will be commemorated. In the evening, revival services. Mrs. Saville Poling will address the meeting. Revival services each evening during the week. The public are cordially invited to attend these services.

HOTEL PROPERTY SOLD.—It was reliably reported yesterday that a sale of the Esmond hotel property had been effected, the purchasers being A. Meier, of the firm of Meier & Frank, and Mrs. Julia D. Church, and the consideration being $86,000. The property includes real estate 100x240 feet, the Esmond house proper, the adjoining four-story brick building, and the wharf property on the river.

GETTING MARRIED

Doesn't interfere in the least with the conduct of the Louisville restaurant. Sirey will be there, as also his partner, both of whom are a team.

The remnant of goods at Jones Bros.'s will be closed out at an awful sacrifice this week. There are still good selections to choose from.

"LOOK OUT"

And prepare for the grandest masquerade carnival of the season, given by Portland S. Turn Verein, February the 22d (Washington's birthday), at Mechanics' pavilion.

CARRIAGES AND BUGGIES repainted, retrimmed and thoroughly renovated in the best manner and at lowest prices for first-class work, at the North Pacific Mfg Co., Twenty-second and T sts.

For Coughs and Colds

Try our "Pectoral Balsam" (copyrighted), the old and reliable cough medicine prepared by S. G. Skidmore & Co., druggists, 151 First street.

If you want the best Sewing Machine in the world, go to Garrison's Sewing Machine Store, 167 Third st., Portland, and examine the Domestic and Household. They lead. All others follow.

IN AND ABOUT PORTLAND.

Mr. Louis Pr[illegible]er is expected home on Tuesday.

The usual Sunday performance at the Tivoli this evening.

The second term of the women's night school will open Feb. 22. Persons wishing to join the classes would do well to do so now.

Yesterday was the dullest day of the year in the courts. Not a single transaction worth recording in County Clerk Church's office.

It is stated on good authority that the Winston-Pyke company will not return to Portland, but go to San Francisco from Montana.

George Jackson, who was first warden at the penitentiary under Superintendent Collins, has been appointed second warden by Superintendent Clow.

Mr. W. F. Carson, of the Northern Pacific passenger department, left by last night's steamer for San Francisco on railroad business, to be gone about six weeks.

Owing to hoarseness from a bad cold, Rev. Dr. Atkinson cannot fill the pulpit of the Plymouth Congregational church to-day as announced, so there will be no service.

The Astoria Transcript reports that Mrs. Dr. Owens-Adair, of Portland, has purchased property in Astoria and in the future will make that city her permanent home.

Mrs. Henry E. McGinn, whose health has been steadily declining for some months past from pulmonary troubles, is now very low and her recovery is deemed hopeless. She is a most estimable lady, and both she and her husband have the warm sympathy of a host of friends.

Gustave Brandes, a German 30 years of age, being out of funds and employment, became despondent and attempted suicide by taking morphine. Prompt attention saved him. He appears to be an intelligent man and is willing to work. He should be put in the way of making a living.

Bids for a five-room cottage, with basement and all modern conveniences, to be bilt on the corner of Twelfth and U streets, for Mr. Joseph Shrde, were opened at the office of Otto Kleeman, architect, with the following result: Jacob Kimble, $843; Sparks & Buxton, $857; C. A. Walter, $875; George Gardner, $975; E. J. Sheahan, $980; McInnis & Fadden, $985; Felix Findly, $1000; C. H. Muir $1115; J. H. Avey, $1117; High & Thurman, $1170; Seaman & Co., $1195; Servel & McDonald, $1201.

UNITARIAN SOCIABLE.

The ladies of the Unitarian society will hold a sociable in the chapel, corner Seventh and Yamhill, Monday evening, Feb. 21st, at which time they will dispose of all articles left from the late bazar. Refreshments served during the evening. Admission free.

GEN. SHOFNER CONGRATULATED.

Mr. J. C. Shofner, deputy in the county clerk's office, was the recipient yesterday of many congratulations on account of his appointment by Gov. Pennoyer as brigadier-general of the Oregon state militia. The general is a graduate from the West Point military academy and was a member of the class of '77, which, strangely enough, numbered seventy-seven cadets.

SENTENCE POSTPONED.

In the state circuit court yesterday William Eddy, who pleaded guilty to stealing poker checks from an uptown dive, was sentenced to thirty days' imprisonment in the county jail. The sentence of Robert A. Byrnye, who pleaded guilty to burglary and arson, was postponed, upon suggestion of the district attorney, till after the trial of his associate villain, Robert Illis.

SEVERELY INJURED.

William Simpson who threw himself headlong from the top bunk in the city prison to the stone floor, as might naturally be expected, injured himself seriously. He complained of pains in the back of his neck and was taken to Good Samaritan hospital in a paralyzed condition. Yesterday his mind was wandering and his speech incoherent. It is feared his injuries will prove fatal.

INFELICITOUS COUPLE.

F. Taake yesterday swore out a warrant in Justice Bushwiler's court for the arrest of his wife, Dora Taake, on a charge of adultery. It is thought that he is playing for even on Mrs. Taake, who commenced suit against him a day or two since to procure a divorce. They are the parties who have been running the Turkish baths. They have both waived examination and been held to answer before the grand jury in the sum of $500 each.

BAD FALL.

Mr. William Machetti, while standing upon a box arranging some gas fixtures in Thompson & DeHart's store, was thrown to the floor by the box breaking down. In his fall his head struck against some sharp object which cut a gash in his forehead some three inches in length. He went to Child's drug store to have the wound plastered up, but the wound was so serious that he was advised to have a surgeon stitch it up. While the wound is not a dangerous one it will leave a permanent scar.

FIRST DAY OF SPRING.

February 19 was the first day of the spring of 1887, and as a matter of record the fact is hereby set down. It was a beautiful day; not warm enough yet to lay aside winter wraps, but all "trimmings" were dispensed with. And how women and children deserted their homes and came out to enjoy the bright sunlight and invigorating air! First street was thronged all afternoon. Children brought out their bicycles and tricycles and marbles, and the streets and sidewalks in the residence portion of the city were converted into play grounds. Everybody was joyous, and all nature seemed to say spring is here.

BACK FROM FLORIDA.

Mr. C. M. Idleman, who accompanied Dr. C. C. Newcastle to Fort Mead, Florida, a month ago as legal adviser in the settlement of the estate of the latter's deceased brother, who was reported as having died suddenly, returned to this city yesterday. Mr. Idleman informed a *Telegram* man that the doctor's brother was shot through the head while he was asleep. He assisted in the prosecution in the preliminary examination of the assassin, and succeeded in having him indicted for murder in the first degree. Mr. Idleman returns to Fort Mead in May, at the request of the people of the place, to assist in the prosecution at the trial.

DOGS KILLING SHEEP.

Mr. D. Phillips, of Cornelius, lost ten head of fine Merino sheep last Wednesday evening, the work of mongrel dogs, belonging to Strasser, the new saloonkeeper at that place, and well if not favorably known in Hillsboro. We are informed that Strasser said he would pay damages, but afterward refused and threatened to prosecute Mr. Phillips for shooting or alleged shooting of one of the worthless brutes that raided the flock. A man named Wilcox, living in the same neighborhood, recently lost four Merinoes by dogs—thought to be the same pack that attacked, killed and mangled Phillips' sheep. Strasser is said to have three or four dogs, and in the interest of the public he is cautioned to guard them. "Uncle Dan" is mad, and a canine graveyard looms up.—*Hillsboro Independent.*

OREGON CITY ITEMS.

A 6-year old child of Mrs. Tableman's is having a run of typhoid fever.——An 8-year old child of Mr. Bankys fell at the factory a distance of about eight feet, and received some severe bruises.——Mr. Stratton's little boy, 3 years of age, has been quite sick, threatened with lung fever. He is on the gain now.——J. G. Bonnett has secured a location at Milwaukie, where he will at once erect a custom carding mill, 30x48 feet, two stories high. He has a location that will give him twenty-three horse power. He will also build a residence, and expects to have the mill in operation by the middle of May. We are sorry that our water power company could not get in shape in time to secure this mill.—*Enterprise.*

THE P. T. V. MASQUERADE.

In order to enable many who are unable to procure a costume otherwise, the Turn Verein wisely laid in a large stock of elegant dresses from a collection at San Francisco, which they telegraphed for in time to place at the disposal of those desirous of appearing *en costume.* These are now arranged and in competent hands in the Yamhill street store of the Turn Halle building. The general committee have appointed sub-committees to look after every detail, so that the masquerade to take place on Tuesday evening will prove a complete success. The programmes are out and you should be sure to get one in order to fully acquaint yourself with the evening's amusements. The event promises to be the grandest yet given by the turners.

TAKEN IN BY JOHNNY MOONEY.

The Independence correspondent of the Polk county *Itemizer* says: "Henry Patterson wants everybody to give him a kick. He is mad, mad don't express it. One day this week a cripple came to him with a pitiful face. Henry, taking compassion on him, gave him 50 cents. A short time after he noticed the cripple coming out of the saloon. This led him to make inquiries, and he found that his cripple was nobody else than the notorious Johnny Mooney, the Portland lead pipe fiend. These transient beggars had better give Henry a wide berth hereafter." Young Mooney also visited Dallas, representing that he was the advance agent of the Salvation Army. He "worked" the Salvation Army racket for all it was worth in that town, and succeeded in capturing quite a few dollars. Mooney does not represent the Army, in fact, but uses it as a pretext to solicit money. The Corvallis *Gazette* sizes him up about right when it says: "Private Mooney, better known as Pig-Iron Johnny, from a habit he contracted a few months ago of stealing pig iron, is a lad of about 20 years, and is a cripple, having lost one of his legs—not in a battle with Satan, but while attempting to board the brake beam of a passenger train. Notwithstanding this misfortune he has been very successful as a pig iron thief, and once won the distinction of stealing a large hawser, weighing 250 pounds, from a barge anchored out in the Willamette, at Portland, and carrying it ashore and selling it."

OREGON PACIFIC AND RIVER FREIGHT RATES.

The *West Side,* published at Independence, Polk county, says: "When the Oregon Pacific company stated that they would place boats on the upper Willamette to ply between Corvallis and points below on the river, it was thought by business men generally to be a benefit in forming a line of competition and reducing the freights. For a time we have realized a benefit from the competing line, but recently the O. R. & N. Co.'s boats have been withdrawn and the Oregon Pacific company's boats left without competition, when they have proved more exorbitant in their charges than the former line, charging $3 per ton for freight from Corvallis to Independence and not even recognizing agreements made with business men to carry freight at as low a figure as the west side railroad. The Oregon Pacific company, as far as this place is concerned, has lost for itself the confidence of the business men."

BETRAYED BY A FALSE MARRIAGE.

On the 18th of January, says the Corvallis *Gazette* Marshal Pygall received a letter from Miss Mabel Burton, of Newport, Jasper county, Iowa, asking him to look for one Alvin Meservey, and if he found him to notify her immediately, as she wanted him on a charge of seduction. Marshal Pygall, upon inquiry, ascertained that Meservey was working for Frank Fisher, near town, and immediately advised the girl of the fact, and advising her to send him a warrant. Instead of so doing the girl put the warrant in her pocket and came after her deceiver, intending to make him fulfill his pledges or have him prosecuted. She arrived here on Monday, only to find that Meservey had left for 'Frisco by the Santa Maria, which sailed on the 27th ult., having been warned by his friends that the girl he had wronged so cruelly was on his trail. The girl's story is that Meservey won her confidence and after deluding her into a mock marriage, accomplished her ruin and then skipped out for parts unknown. She is an orphan and was engaged in teaching school at the time that Meservey accomplished her ruin. When she reached here her means were exhausted, and as she was in no condition to support herself, she was given $10 by the county to pay her expenses back to her home, for which place she left on Wednesday. Before she left she told Marshal Pygall it was her intention, after the birth of her child, to continue her search for Meservey and compel him to marry her.

ASTORIA ITEMS.

The snow and freeze-up has occasioned an oyster famine, and the toothsome little bivalves from Shoalwater bay are sadly missed.——The seals at the mouth of the river are reported increasing. Chas. Shackett, of the Gen. Canby, says that the number seen near Sand island appears to have doubled in the past year.——The San Francisco papers advertise for proposals to tow the Corwin to San Francisco for repairs. What's the matter with repairing the Corwin at Astoria? We have the machinery and the machinists.——In a desolate cabin, near Spexarth's brickyard, on Young's bay, lies a Chinaman without food or water, and evidently placed there to die by his heartless countrymen. For the sake of humanity, his case should be attended to.——For some time Joseph Minkleman, an old man living near Osborn's place, at Williamsport, has been acting strangely. Of late he has been jumping through windows and otherwise injuring himself; so that Sheriff Ross has taken him to the insane asylum at Salem.——Ducks and swans are still scarce in these parts. A hunter named Theodore Sittgas seems to have the best luck of any in that direction. Some canvasbacks that he brought in last Thursday were snapped up at four bits apiece, and four times the quantity could easily have been disposed of.——The legal firm of Thompson & Coovert is dissolved, E. E. Coovert intending departure for Vancouver, where he contemplates forming a legal partnership with Judge D. P. Ballard. During his three years' residence here he has made a good many friends and acquaintances who will be glad to hear of his future success.—*Astorian.*

AT ITS NEFARIOUS WORK AGAIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN:

I heartily appreciate your occasional vigorous strictures on the domineering as well as sly wire working ways of the whisky men in the politics of our state. Your conclusions are correct, that this unwarrantable and unwholesome interference will drive many conservatives to work and vote for prohibition. I am glad to see that our leading papers and magazines are coming to the same stand. Well, the liquor men were at it again at the legislature. A bill, based on the Keady law to regulate the liquor traffic—if it would ever condescend to let a sovereign state "regulate" it—was introduced to remedy the defects of that which had been declared unconstitutional because of some scoundrel work in making it read "quart" instead of "gallon." After many delays the bill passed the senate, but was killed by studied neglect in the house. Was the whisky power willing to have the measure calmly discussed and thoroughly examined, eliminating anything unfair or too hard upon them? No. As ever, afraid of investigation and fair examination they made a successful combination to prevent the bill coming to a second reading. No doubt they are chuckling over the fact that now they can get many more saloons resurrected or started because they will have to pay only $100 per annum for the privilege, and will not need to obtain a majority of voter's names on their petition. In view of the pending campaign and the approaching vote on constitutional prohibition next November, they doubtless thought they needed more and new centers of demoralization and political corruption in our rural places. But they are cutting their own throats. This bulldozing and blockading move of theirs will make hundreds of votes for the amendment. They will find that the fathers, home-builders, taxpayers and decent people generally will say: "We will be heard and felt. If the whisky power will not let us be heard indirectly in the deliberative and representative body that is elected to make laws for the greatest good of the greatest number, we will be heard at the polls directly, on the 8th of next November. And if you will not grant us half a loaf through the legislature we will make you give us a whole loaf at the ballot box, by deciding in favor of wiping out your whole lawless and rapacious traffic by constitutional amendment. Mr. Editor, please make a note of the old spirit of the rum power reasserting itself in our state, and give us some of your former sensible and needed cold logic. This is not a matter of first, second or third party, but simply one of political purity and fair play, and of "the home against the saloon."

REASON AND RIGHT.

LECTURES AND SERMONS.

The Rev. I. Doughty, pastor of the First New Jerusalem church, of San Francisco, author of "World Beyond," "Garden of Eden," etc., will deliver a course of lectures upon the destinctive doctrines of the New Church at the Portland tabernacle, commencing on Monday, February 21, 7:30 P. M., and to be continued during that, and probably, the following week.

Religious services will be held at the same place on Sunday, February 27, and on the following two Sundays, the sermons to be on "Christian Faith and Practice," as taught in the formularies of that church. Services at 3 P. M.

In his lectures, Mr. Doughty will treat, among other subjects, upon the following:

- Who was Emanuel Swedenborg?
- Man as a Spiritual Being.
- Heaven, Where and What is It?
- Hell, Where and What is It?
- What kind of Life do we Live beyond the Grave?
- Who was and is Jesus Christ?
- The Trinity Rationally Explained.
- The Atonement.
- The True Character of the Redemption and Salvation Wrought by our Lord.
- The Second Advent, When and Where does It Take Place?
- The Resurrection of the Material Body not Taught.
- Is the Bible the Infallible Word of God?

Believing that there are undeniable evidences that the doctrines given to the world through Swedenborg, though scouted and reviled by the churches fifty years ago, are at the present moment being more and more studied, accepted and even openly preached by the great leaders of religious thought, our fellow citizens of Portland are invited to listen to the evidences and explanations of doctrine, which we feel convinced will harmonize the Word of God with both reason and science, which teach the Lord Jesus Christ to be the divinely prepared and glorified medium through whom the Divine Love reaches and renovates the hearts of sinners, if only willing to yield themselves to His holy influences, and which also teach and prove the holy scriptures to be plenarily and to their very letter inspired by Almighty God, and, therefore, the eternal rule and guide of Christian faith and conduct.

LAMBERT DEMKES,
DR. E. T. FRASER,
H. THIELSEN.
Com. of the Portland, Or., New Church Society.

STATE TEMPERANCE ALLIANCE.

SALEM, Oregon, Feb. 18.

The Alliance opened in due form, Pres. Prof. G. M. Miller in the chair. Prayer by Rev. G. M. Peirce, of Portland. Rev. J. W. Webb read letters from Rev. S. P. Wilson, presiding elder of Eugene City, regretting his inability to be present, but pledging himself and church to work for the amendment. Mrs. Hoxter and Rev. E. W. Caswell made similar declarations.

Rev. Harrington presented the report of the ministerial committee. It advised meetings once a month in the interest of the amendment, in each church, till August, after that a union meeting once a month till November. It was recommended that ministers change pulpits and preach temperance in each other's churches.

It was moved that the president appoint delegates to represent the claims of the amendment, canvass in all the churches and other organizations; carried.

Moved that the alliance constitution be printed in the *Prohibition Star.*

Wallis Nash and J. W. Webb were appointed on the executive committee.

Mr. Nash made a plea for the *Prohibition Star,* Jane E. Weeden concurring. Mrs. Nash spoke of the liberality of THE OREGONIAN and other papers towards our press superintendents. Mr. Nash then offered the following:

Resolved, That the State Temperance Alliance, recognizing the enormous power of the press, expresses its earnest hope that all editors will not only open their columns to communications supporting the carrying of the amendment, but will throw their own weight into the campaign on behalf of the home against the saloon.

Miss Weeden moved to take subscriptions for the *Star.*

Prof Crowhurst presented the following resolutions, which were adopted:

Resolved, That a special meeting of the Temperance alliance be held in Portland during the early part of October next; the time to be fixed by the president, with consent of executive committee.

Resolved, That the next annual convention of the State Temperance Alliance be held at The Dalles in February, 1888.

Resolved, That the archbishop and bishops of the Catholic church be requested to exert their influence with the clergy in harmony with the efforts of the alliance, to secure votes in November next for the home against the saloon.

Resolved, That the alliance not only disapproves of any indiscreet personalities that may have been indulged in by impulsive speakers in this convention, but it disclaims all responsibility in the matter as inconsistent with the dignity of such an assembly.

Resolved, That this alliance request the Prohibitory Amendment league to appoint a special delegate, to confer with the Knights of Labor, to arrange with them for a concerted plan of work among the members of that association and try to secure a complete harmony between the work of that order and the alliance in the coming campaign for carrying the constitutional amendment.

Resolved, That the thanks of the alliance be tendered to the O. & C. R. R., the Oregon Pacific R. R. and the Oregonian Ry. for reduction of fares.

That the thanks of the alliance be tendered to the press for reports of proceedings.

That the thanks of the alliance be tendered THE OREGONIAN for giving space in its columns for articles on the prohibitory work, and that the thanks of the alliance be tendered to the W. C. T. U. for courtesies extended and for the free use of its pleasant reading-room; and that the thanks of the alliance be tendered the citizens of Salem for courtesies extended and homes provided for delegates and visitors.

WM. CROWHURST,
E. ALLEN,
JANE E. WEEDEN.
Committee.

A WISE MOVE.

One must occasionally take a trip abroad in order to acquaint themselves as to the methods adopted elsewhere. During Mrs. M. A. Wiune's recent trip to San Francisco she saw much that was new, and among other things observed that all first-class sewing machine houses were kept in the most elegant style. The change wrought in Garrison's pioneer sewing machine depot, 167 Third street, is the outcome of it all. Now does the management take even more pleasure than ever in showing the popular "Domestic" and "Household," of which all speak in favorable terms. Mr. Garrison is still there, and is assisted by a competent corps in attending to the wants of people desiring these household commodities. For years we have had occasion to mention this house, and this time the writer is more gratified than ever in so doing.

—THE—
[illegible]
SALE
—OF—
Meier & Frank
WILL CONTINUE
One Week Longer
Saturday, Feb. 26th,
POSITIVELY LAST DAY!
Our stock of Remnants and Broken Lines in all departments left from our Great Sale was so large we could not display all on our center tables the past week. For this, the Last Week, prices will be still further reduced.

Unprecedented Bargains
DO NOT MISS THE OPPORTUNITY.
[illegible]
185 AND 187 FIRST ST.
(Bet. Yamhill and Taylor.)
Through to 184 to 196 Second, and 29 to 85 Taylor streets.
Beautiful Scotch Heather Suitings in Gray, etc., entirely new for this week. 44-inch all Worsted at 75c per yard.

JEANNIE WINSTON
—USES—
WISDOM'S ROBERTINE
FOR THE COMPLEXION.
Manufactured by W. M. WISDOM,
Druggist, Portland, Or.

Drugs and Medicines.
BUY OF THE
PACIFIC DRUG CO.
Third and Jefferson Sts.
ELEGANT CARDS GIVEN AWAY with every purchase

THE O. R. & N. LEASE.
Portland to be the Actual Terminus of Three Transcontinental Railways.
A Position Occupied by No Other City on the Pacific Coast.
Over Five Million Dollars to be Expended in Improvements in Portland and Vicinity During the Current Year.

THE O. R. & N. LEASE HAS BEEN LEGALized by an act of the Oregon Legislature, and it is now an indisputable fact that Portland is to be the competing point and actual terminus of the three great transcontinental railway lines—the Union, Northern and Southern Pacific. This means increased business, increased wealth, increased population, and a rapid rise in city and suburban property, of which we have over 200 pieces, which we are offering at prices that will enable everyone to secure a home before the boom. In addition to our list of residence properties, we have a number of choice pieces of business property in Portland, East Portland, Albina and Salem, to which the attention of Eastern investors is called. If you want to secure a home and an independence at the same time through an investment in real estate, don't wait until Portland assumes the proportions of Kansas City, which it will in the course of five years, but make it at once, and thereby secure the benefit of the rise.

Below will be found a partial list of our property, the ownership of which is sure to enrich the lucky purchaser:

$5250—SPLENDID LOT, 50x50 ON TENTH street, containing one five and one seven-room modern design cottage, renting for $25 and $20 respectively; good well on premises; also hot and cold water hydrants in each house; patent closets, sewer connections, etc; Street and sidewalk improved, and located within one block of street cars in the most desirable part of the city. Terms, one-half cash, balance on time.

$2600—LOT 20x100 ON TENTH ST., CONtaining a seven-room cottage in splendid condition; patent closets, etc.; rents for $20, street and sidewalk improved, and located within 100 feet of street railway, in the most promising part of the city. Terms, one-half cash, balance on time.

$1200—WILL BUY TWO BEAUTIFUL lots in Proebstel's addition to Albina.

$1250—SECURES ONE OF THE BEST located blocks in Tibbett's addition to East Portland.

$10,000—THREE-QUARTER BLOCK IN Salem, corner of Liberty and State sts., containing two good dwellings and one business house.

$1200—4½ ACRES CHOICE SUBURBAN property in Salem, one mile from P. O.

$5000—CHOICE LOT AND TWO-STORY brick in Salem, on Commercial st., opposite old woolen factory; pays interest on $5 00.

$4000—ONE FULL BLOCK IN EAST SAlem, near new school house; good house and barn; also living stream on premises, affording splendid water power.

$1000—160 ACRES UNIMPROVED BUT easily cleared land, eight miles from Silverton.

$2500—170 ACRES TWO MILES FROM Silverton, convenient to railroad station, good house and barn, orchard, etc.; 40 acres in cultivation and all under fence.

$2200—A DESIRABLY LOCATED LOT IN South Portland, containing new 2-story dwelling, with all modern improvements.

$3600—A SPLENDID 9-ACRE TRACT, ALL cleared and fenced, adjoining the corporation limits of East Portland.

$1700—2 HANDSOME LOTS IN HOLLAday's addition to East Portland.

$2100—SIX-ROOM COTTAGE ON O ST: centrally located; lot 30x75; street and sidewalk improved; sewer connections, etc.; rents for $20; terms, one-half down, balance on time at 8 per cent.

$6500—LOT ON SEVENTH ST., 70x75, CONtaining two new modern design seven-room cottages, with gas, water, etc.; houses rent for $25 each; dwellings cost $2500; also ground room for one more; this offer will pay 9 per cent., with a good prospect of the property doubling in value within one year.

$1300—A BEAUTIFUL 11-ACRE TRACT on hill overlooking the city; accessible and within 1½ miles of postoffice.

$800—160 ACRES OF SPLENDID TIMBER land, situated on living stream four miles from Whatcom, W. T.

$2000—10-ACRE TRACT TWO MILES from city; nearly all in cultivation; small house, barn, etc.

$1500—A TRACT OF SEVEN ACRES: ALL in cultivation; good house, barn, etc.; situated within two miles of Portland.

$8100—CHOICE LOT ON WEST PARK st., containing two handsome two-story bay-window houses, renting for $40 each.

$13,000—CHOICE LOT, 75x100; CONtaining good two-story brick on Front st.; rent equivalent to 8 per cent. on above sum, and property is sure to double in value within one year.

WANTED—TO EXCHANGE AN IMPROVED farm of 200 acres in Washington county for good suburban or improved residence property in Portland.

For particulars, call on or address
HENNELLY, FLYNN & CO.,
Real Estate, Mining and Money Brokers,
127½ FIRST STREET
(Over Merchants' National Bank)
PORTLAND .... OREGON

CLOSING PRICES
—AT THE—
LEADING
Fancy Goods Store.

Dr. Warner's Health Corset	90c
Dr. Warner's Coraline Corset	80c
P. D. Corset, No. 97, any color	$2 45
Tricora Corset	85c
500 Bone Corset, imported	$1 35
200 Bone Corset, imported	$1 00
C. P. Corset, white, only	85c
The "Ida" Corset	35c
Reductions in Yarns.	
First Quality German Knitting	25c
Second Quality German Knitting	20c
Zephyr, Worsted	6c per ounce
Imported Saxony	12½c hank
Shetland Wool	16½c hank
Shetland Floss	10½c hank
Fairy Zephyr	16½c hank
$1 50 Gowns, reduced to	75c
$1 25 Chemise, reduced to	65c
About 20 doz. Drawers and Aprons	25c

Mail Orders filled with Promptness.

[illegible] & CO.
55, 57 Washington St.,
Corner of Third. (P. O. BOX 260.)

TO BE SOLD BY PUBLIC AUCTION
AT ESQUIMALT,
ON TUESDAY, the 22d of February,
At 12 o'clock, noon.
For the benefit of whom it may concern,
The British Bark "Von Moltke"
687 Tons Register.
And all her apparel, as she now lies at Esquimalt wharf. Terms, cash.
W. R. CLARKE, Auctioneer.
Victoria, B. C., Jan. 31, 1887.

LIBRARY ASSOCIATION
OF PORTLAND.
CORNER OF STARK AND FIRST STREETS.
Over Ladd & Tilton's BANK.
MEMBERSHIP OPEN TO ALL.
Over 12,000 Volumes and 125 Papers and Periodicals.
Monthly Dues, $1; Quarterly, $3, and Half Yearly, $4.50.
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PATENT ROLLER FLOUR,
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SELF-RISING FAMILY FLOUR,
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PEARLED SPLIT PEAS, HOMINY AND BARLEY,
CRACKED WHEAT (NEW PROCESS)
THESE GOODS ARE OF THE BEST QUALITY, put up in attractive form for the retail trade. They sell readily, and are guaranteed to be superior to anything in the market. Send orders to the sole agency.
O. P. TOMPKINS,
107 First St. Portland, Or.

Proposals for Bridge.
BIDS WILL BE RECEIVED AT THE OFFICE of the County Clerk of Multnomah County until March 9, 1887, for the construction of a bridge near the Fifteen Mile Post on the Portland and St. Helens road. Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of the County Clerk of Multnomah County. The right to reject any bid is reserved. By order of the county court.
WM. CHURCH, JR., County Clerk.
Portland, Or., Feb 15, 1887.

WE VACATE OUR STORE
MARCH FIRST.
Our Closing Out Sale, One Week Longer.
Balance remaining of our Fine Stock, representing the Choicest Qualities in the market of
Gents' Furnishing Goods
At Less than Cost of Manufacture,
TO CLOSE.
JONES BROS. 1?? First St.
N. B.—FIXTURES FOR SALE.

A. B. STEINBACH & CO.,
THE CLOTHIERS AND HATTERS,
AT THE OLD POPULAR STAND,
Cor. First and Morrison Sts., Portland,

Continue to Offer for
THIS WEEK ONLY!
—THE—
Most Extraordinary Bargains
—IN—
Overcoats and Suits
OUR ENTIRE STOCK
—OF—
WINTER CLOTHING
—AT—
COST and LESS THAN COST
Our Instructions are to Close out ALL our
WINTER GOODS
To make room for our
SPRING STOCK
Which is now in transit.
COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELF.
A. B. STEINBACH & CO.,
THE CLOTHIERS AND HATTERS,
Corner First and Morrison Sts.

For One Week Only
SPECIAL.

50 doz. Black Kid Gloves, per pair	$0 50
100 yds. Oriental Flouncing, per yd.	65
48 Children's All-Wool Dresses (two and three-year-olds), each	1 75
10 doz. Ladies' All-Wool Mitts, pair.	35
20 doz. Ladies' Knit Leggins, pair	40

[illegible]
33 WASHINGTON, and
110 SECOND STREET.

GERMANIA,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
GENERAL AGENTS.

THIEL'S DETECTIVE SERVICE
Established 1873.
G. H. THIEL, Proprietor,
General Detective Business Transacted for Corporations and Individuals.
ST. LOUIS—700 and 702 Olive street.
NEW YORK—82 and 84 Nassau street.
ST. PAUL—German-American Bank Building.
DENVER—Tabor Block.
PORTLAND OFFICE—Room 12, Labbe Block.
M. C. SULLIVAN, Manager.

KOHN,
THE CLOTHIER AND HATTER
Cor. Second and Morrison sts.

At Half Price!
Pea Jackets.
—AND—
VESTS!
I have left in stock about 50 Chinchilla Coats and Vests, broken sizes. They are odd lots.
The regular prices of these Coats and Vests are $20, $22 50 and $25 each.
The price now for any of the Pea Jackets and Vests, for this week only, will be
$13.50:
For Cash Only!
You Bargain-hunters make a note of this, as after the 15th you can't have them at the same price, which is over $5 less than actual cost of them.
OVERCOATS
I am still selling Overcoats at New York cost, to close out this season's lot. Cash talks. If you want Bargains, come and see.
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FOR SCHOOL CLERK.

I ANNOUNCE MYSELF A CANDIDATE FOR the office of School Clerk, District No. 1, subject to the will of the voters at the ensuing election.
R. R. ALLEN.

THE SUNDAY FISHERMAN.

From Tid Bits.

This man on fishing bent,
One Sabbath morning left his tent.
The Tent, Λ

He took his can, and very quick
He dug his fish-worms with a pick.
The Pick ⊢, The Worms, ∞ ∞

In case some fish of size he'd get,
He took along his landing net.
The Landing Net, ∩

As fishermen get hungry, too,
Of pretzels he procured a few.
The Pretzels, ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

Some lines he took along on spools
To teach them to the finny schools.
The Spools, ⊢⊢⊢

He had some entertaining hooks,
Of highly tempered Limerick hooks.
The Hooks, J J J

And thus prepared he got his boat,
And out upon the stream did float.
The Boat, ⌣

Some bites he straight began to get,
It was the gallinippers bit,
The Gallinippers, ✕✕✕✕

One of his lines spun off the reel;
He landed in the boat an eel,
The Eel, ∞

Then quickly it began to rain,
But his umbrella was in vain.
The Umbrella, T

Above his head the thunder crashed,
And all around the lightning flashed.
The Lightning, ≷

The storm blew, and the boat upset,
That man went down into the wet.
The Upturned Boat, ⌓

And as he sank, the bubbles rose,
Smaller and smaller toward the close.
The Bubbles, O O o o

THE OWLVILLE "TIMES."

BY TOM P. MORGAN.

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At last the long-looked-for letter came. Old Berry, returning from the postoffice, laid the envelope bearing the vignette of the mammoth publishing house of the well known *Metropolitan Magazine*, address side upward, on the little table before Kittie Van Velton the editress of the Owlville *Times*.

How the girl's petite figure trembled with half subdued excitement, to be sure, as she opened the aristocratic-looking envelope, striving to be calm, but woefully failing! The sketch upon which she had worked so hard and bestowed so many deft, almost living touches, erasing here, interlining there, rounding a phrase below—what if it had met the fate of so many before it and was "Respectfully declined?" She held the torn envelope in her hand, almost afraid to withdraw the inclosure.

"Copy!" called old Berry.

Hastily she transferred from her small note-book to the scraggly sheets of "copy paper" several items of local interest to the Owlvillians, and handed them to old Berry.

She opened the large, stiff sheet of note-paper, and, with the exquisite thrill felt by all dabblers in literature, be they timid amateurs or old, time-hardened professionals, scanned the check it contained.

"Oh, father Berry!" she cried joyously, "look!"

Old Berry got down very deliberately from his high stool before the "long primer" cases, adjusted his spectacles and examined the check carefully.

"Miss Kittie," he said, "you ought to consider yourself mighty lucky. Writin' for the magazines is pretty much like shootin' at the moon—the mark ain't often hit. Why, I recollect when I was workin' for Rustle & Hunt, up in Nebrasky. Don't know that firm, I reckon?"

"No."

"Well, they were poor payers. It's rustle for something to eat, and hunt a place to sleep. Well, when I was workin' for them, countin' ties on the railroad track, I struck a job with Hank Parsons, who was, at that time, runnin' an apology for a paper, which he called the Tinkertown *Surprise Party*. Surprise seemed to be that it got out at all. Well, that man, instead of hustlin' around the neighborhood 'un tryin' to make something out of his sheet, put in his time contributin' to almost every publication he could hear of. He pretty nearly exhausted the whole catalogue of matter and subjects, and wrote everything from 'Bloody Bill' dime novels to poetry like—

'Thou modest vi'let that opes thy eye
To everybody passin' by.'

He never got a cent for any of it, an' the only ones to make anything out of it was the postoffice department."

"Poor man! Did he have no success at all?" asked Kittie, pityingly, for the man who was probably a creation of old Berry's fertile brain.

"Well, a little. Last time I saw him, as I was makin' down the railroad track, he was successfully standin' off the sheriff, who was tryin' to levy on the whole affair."

Chuckling, but maintaining a singularly grave face, old Berry re-established himself on the apex of the old stool and began to make the type click in the "stick" with all the deftness of the average care-for-naught tramp printer.

Six months before Kittie Van Velton, just from school, had taken up the tangled lines left by the death of her father, who departed this life, leaving behind only the *Times*, a very indifferent heritage to his pretty, inexperienced daughter. In her determined way she had resolved to continue the publication of the little paper, and, so far, had succeeded very well. She had done nothing brilliant, but succeeded in pleasing the half shiftless inhabitants of Owlville and surrounding community more than her father had done.

Then, her two young "typos" had become discontented and had departed for the city to seek that chimera, their fortunes, and left her, as the saying is, in the lurch. It was at that opportune moment that old Berry, ragged, redolent with whisky and looking as if he and the hogs had been roommates, and drifting about like a wind-blown leaf, "turned up," as he expressed it, at the little office. At first the trim little editress was disposed to be suspicious of the disreputable-looking old man, but he, with the nonchalance of a true tramp printer, a race as nomadic as the Bedouins of Arabia, made himself perfectly at home, and soon became a fixture. Little by little he discovered his dilapidated raiment and vicious habits at the same time, and gradually blossomed out as a decently-attired man, of steady and respectable ways. As a workman, he was, as he expressed it, no slouch, being swift, ingenious and untiring, and, at the same time, he possessed a wonderful store of experience, gathered in his wanderings and backed by a fund of good, hard sense.

"Didn't think," he used to remark reflectively, "when I first turned up here, that I could stay mor'n a couple o' days. Too clean, you see, everything too neat and nice, no spittoons, no 'hell-box,' no time-honored black towel. But, since I've dropped whisky, an' the company of the pigs, I've concluded to stay right here till I die."

"But the *Times* might expire and throw you out of a situation," the girl would answer for argument's sake.

"No fear of that," he would say, and, indeed there did not seem to be. His advice, drawn from his varied experiences, enabled her to steer on the popular tide of many local questions, and her bright little sketches and shrewd editorials, the latter often suggested by the old man, gave universal satisfaction. And they were great friends, those two, "Father Berry," the girl called him.

The letter from the great magazine contained, beside the check, a short note, signed "Frank Lynn, Associate Editor," and asking for a copy of Miss Van Velton's photograph, as they were now making a collection of the portraits of all their contributors. With a little blush of pleasure the girl wrapped up the photograph which so faithfully portrayed the sweet face with honest eyes, tempting mouth and crown of waving hair. She wondered a trifle what this Frank Lynn, who so boldly signed himself "Associate Editor," would think of the picture she was now addressing him, accompanied by a little scented note of thanks.

"Well," said old Berry, with a reflective pucker of his face when she had told him of the request, "well that is a new wrinkle on the magazine's horn, so to speak. Lucky for both parties that it hadn't come into fashion when Hank Parsons was in 'the whirl of literary excitement,' as he used to say. 'Twould hev drained Frank's pocket to hev furnished a picture to each one, an' it would hev discouraged the publications some to hev got 'em!"

"Why?"

"Well, because Hank was so ugly that his looks would start a balky horse. People used to be afraid to meet him after sunset."

The entrance of a would-be subscriber, who wanted to "sign for the paper," as he said, brought the description of Hank Parson's defects to a close.

The business of the Owlville *Times* increased steadily, and in a week it became evident that more help must be secured. The very day that Kitty and old Berry had canvassed the situation and concluded to employ the first "hand" they could obtain, a step was heard in the entry, and a young man clothed in a well worn suit of indifferent cut and color entered. As he removed his dilapidated hat preparatory to addressing Kitty, old Berry, recognizing with the unfailing instinct of a tramp printer, one of his own class, called out:

"Well, young fellow, what do you want?"

"A job," answered the other promptly.

"What's your name?"

"Franklin."

"Well, Franklin, take this stick and see what you can do with this copy." And so Franklin was duly installed.

He had a grave, quiet, self-reliant way that pleased Kittie as she glanced every now and then to see how the new 'hand' was progressing. He was always careful, skillful and methodical, and, above all, so gentlemanly and respectful that he gave the best of satisfaction, and soon Kittie and he became great friends. Old Berry regarded him suspiciously, distrustful of a representative of the all too common class to which he himself had belonged. It made no difference to old Berry if Franklin was no common tramp, he *was* a tramp, and that was enough for the old man who was wont to growl to himself: "Trust a blamed tramp. Well, I reckon not. I've been there myself, an' know the whole kit of 'em." Who or what Franklin had been was as a sealed book to the others, for he never spoke of himself, but did his work in so skillful a manner that old Berry was put to his trumps, as the saying goes, to equal him.

Little by little, Franklin, the grave, quiet tramp, grew in the favor of pretty Kittie Van Velton, the dainty editress of the Owlville *Times*.

"'Tain't no use in talkin'" old Berry remarked confidentially to himself, one day. "I don't understand that chap. Can't make him out. What does he want here anyhow? He walks like one of the regulation tramp tribe when he's around the office, but when I saw him last Sunday, sorter strolling round town, you'd took him for a prince, to be sure," addressing some imaginary being. 'When he seed me he begun to drag his feet agin, but he didn't fool me, not much!"

"What are you muttering about, dad?" asked Franklin.

"Nuthin'," said old Berry shortly.

"Perhaps Father Berry is in love," suggested Kittie playfully.

Old Berry turned around on his stool. "Little girls should be seen, not heard," said he solemnly.

One day when Franklin had received a twenty-four hours' leave of absence, Kittie dispatched old Berry to the neighboring city on important business that she could not very well execute herself. Duty done, Berry wandered about, intent upon taking a look at the sights. Just entering the imposing brown stone postoffice was a strangely familiar figure. It was a comrade of other days, now prosperous, the old man thought, and followed. A number of letters were handed the stranger, and as he turned, after receiving them, old Berry saw that the face, slightly turned to read the addresses, was that of Franklin, the tramp. Franklin did not raise his head, but passed rapidly out of the building, followed by Berry. But for his altered appearance Berry would have hailed him at once. The tramp, no longer dressed in seedy, ill-fitting raiment, walked briskly before old Berry, without a suggestion of his previous slouching carriage.

"Wonder what he's up to now?" muttered old Berry. Franklin strode into the leading hotel, much too "toney" for old Berry's limited purse, nodded familiary to the clerk and passed up the broad stairway. Berry ran over the list of names on the register and then passed out on to the pavement.

"Why, bless my soul," he muttered, "that clear beats me! What's that fellow's little game anyhow? That's what I'd like to know. Looked at the names on the register of the last two days. Nary Franklin there. Well, I'll just keep an eye on the young man in the future."

Next day Franklin was in his place again as quiet and pains-taking as ever. The every-day slouch had been resumed, and not a trace of the fine clothes and jaunty airs of yesterday remained.

As the days sped by old Berry noticed no change in him except, perhaps, the slouching garb and manners gradually slipped away and Franklin seemed less of a tramp each day. Little by little dainty Kitty seemed drawn toward him. At first it was for the advice, till then condescendingly given by old Berry, then it was because of his rare conversational powers which seemed to suddenly develop as the girl's longings for cultured conversation cried out for it. Congenial association was rare in Owlville, and Kittie had yearned for some one with whom to exchange the many ideas that filled her pretty head. Romantic those ideas were, perhaps superficial; useless may be; at any rate they were very far removed from the daily trend of the so-called thoughts of the average prosaic being who vegitated in Owlville. Old Berry was all right, as far as he went, but while he could tell to a dot the characteristics of every editor from Oshkosh to El Paso he was hardly a conversationalist with whom a young lady would care to exchange her many little confidences. Franklin became her confidant, and sympathized with or congratulated her, as the case in hand seemed to demand, but hardly gave her a word of his own confidence in return, always parrying skillfully any attempt to pierce his armor of self concealment.

Then, one day when old Berry was absent with the avowed intention of re[illegible]ing away for half an hour, what did the bold, quiet fellow do but throw aside reserve, everything, and, in terms and tones that made her heart beat with the newly-awakened joy, tell Kittie of his love and, impetuously drawing the girl to his breast as a glad, happy light sprang into her downcast face, kiss the fluttering lips.

She forgot he had been a tramp, forgot everything in the great joy of the spell of love he had thrown about her. She did not even notice that the last trace of his former reserve, almost stolidity, had been cast to the winds along with the last remnant of his former rather listless, slouching way.

Old Berry, returning, thought he saw the pretty head of the little editress raised from the breast of Franklin, and was sure she blushed most daintily. But Franklin, with a "yes, miss, you are right," went on as if he had been in the midst of suggesting an editorial, and reeled off in profound opinion in regard to the coinage of the country. Not a word did she place on paper, although Kittie seemed, with her head bent, to be busily writing, and old Berry said never a word, but kept up a tremendous thinking. Next day Franklin asked her to be his wife and, for answer, she pillowed her head on his breast and whispered, "I love you," while the great eyes upturned to his shone twin stars. And old Berry happening in suddenly, this time purposely, caught them again and witnessed the ending of a tender little love scene that turned his memory backward to a distant day when a sweet girl had looked with trusting glances into his eyes. There was a mist before his vision as he turned away without a word, and in the retreat behind his "case," drew forth a tattered, imperfect little portrait of the style of many years ago. Gazing at it, time slipped away from him; he forgot the office, the lovers, his vagabondish life, everything, and remembered only the sweet face, all wet with tears at the long ago parting. Then memory turned to the black day when he had returned with a little store of gold from the mine to claim her, and had found only her freshly rounded grave.

Kittie, coming to his side a moment later, saw a tear drop on the old-fashioned portrait. But old Berry hid the little likeness, and, wiping his eyes fiercely with the back of his hand, looked up so defiantly that she forbore to ask him a question.

"Father Berry," she cried, while a pretty blush overspread her face, "Franklin has asked me to be his wife, and I have consented. Wish me joy!"

Then old Berry, to the girl's intense surprise, put one of his old palms against each dimpled cheek and kissed her pure, white forehead.

"I do, dear child," he said.

"But, somehow, I misdoubt that Franklin," he said, when he was alone that night. "For the life of me I can't see anything wrong with the man, but, as sure as I am a foot high, I don't believe he is what he appears to be."

Then came the night of the great cyclone. It swept across the state, destroying whole towns in its devastating track, spreading ruin, desolation and death behind it. Owlville was half blown away. When the three gathered, unharmed, about the former location of the *Times* office, hardly a vestige of the little building remained. Almost every article of value had been blown away or smashed out of all likeness.

"Good by, *Times*," said old Berry, philosophically. Presently he added, "Well at any rate we have got a mighty extended circulation."

Then, seeing the look of despairing grief on Kittie's face, he turned to comfort her.

"Don't take it so to heart, Miss Kittie," he said. "It'll all come out right, I reckon."

"No," said Kittie, as the tears started from her eyes, "we are ruined! There is nothing to look forward to but starvation. Every cent I had in the world was invested in the *Times*."

"But you've got me yet, Kittie," said Franklin, as his arm slipped around her waist.

"But how can we marry for years to come?" she moaned. "I have no money; neither have you."

His arm encircled her closer. "Perhaps I haven't, but I've got a more precious treasure; one worth more to me than all the wealth in the world," imprinting a kiss on her lips.

"You bet," said Berry, so suddenly that they both started. They had forgotten the old man with the happy forgetfulness of lovers.

"Here, Father Berry," called Franklin, "I have a confession to make to you as well as to this trusting girl."

From a dainty little envelope, addressed to "Frank Lynn, associate editor *Metropolitan Magazine*," he drew the portrait she had dispatched to that address so many weeks before.

"Oh, where did you get that?" Kittie cried.

"You sent it to me. Only a slight difference in names; that is all. Frank Lynn and Franklin sounded very much alike, you'll allow; but, as the former happens to be my proper handle, as Berry would say, I'll resume it."

He told her how, urged on by a whim he afterward blessed, he had written the fib to obtain the portrait, and, falling in love with it, had come in disguise and fallen deeper in love with the original.

Old Berry now occupies what he calls a fat position in the great *Metropolitan* office.

SANTA ANNA'S SECOND WIFE.

A Beautiful, Slovenly Creature by the World Forgot.

City of Mexico Letter.

When Gen. Santa Anna lost power and prestige and was exiled his young wife proved a true and devoted woman. In 1874 the exiled hero, old, broken in health and bowed in spirit, received permission from the Mexican government to return to his native land, and then his wife was his chief solace and did all in her power to alleviate his moral and physical sufferings. The ex-dictator lived very plainly, for the greatest part of his fortune had been squandered in the West Indies; those who had fawned upon him in other days utterly ignored him, and he was totally neglected even by persons on whom he had once conferred immense favors. As to his favorite generals and other military chiefs, many assumed a virtuous or patriotic indignation and disclaimed intercourse with a man who was a "traitor;" all seemed to forget how well and bravely Gen. Santa Anna had fought against the Americans in 1846.

After Gen. Santa Anna died his family recovered some of his former possessions, and his widow was comparatively wealthy. She owned a city residence here and a pretty country seat in Tacubaya. Her wardrobes were filled with silk, satin and velvet dresses, her laces alone constituted a fortune, and she still retained costly sets of diamonds, pearls and emeralds; but when the stimulus of the old general's ambition was withdrawn Mrs. Santa Anna became so careless, so inane, that she had not energy enough to sustain the position she might have held if possessed of any spirit. Her apathy was not due to any regrets for past rank or splendor. She was simply lazy, and soon degenerated into a nonentity, and instead of opening her salon to those who respected her and fully appreciated her virtues she received but a few relatives and passed her days idly lolling in a rocking-chair. Some two years ago a Spanish lady, who was really attached to Mrs. Santa Anna, tried to arouse her from her oyster-like existence. One morning, when she found her ex-highness in a torn, soiled wrapper with her hair hanging down and her feet thrust into old slippers down at the heel, she said:

"Lola, it is a shame for you to be so untidy."

Mrs. Santa Anna replied: "I have no person to dress for."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed her friend. "You should remember that you are the widow of one of Mexico's most illustrious heroes. Allow me to give you one lesson in neatness."

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Santa Anna, with a languid smile.

"It must be given in the parlor," responded Senora B., and leading the widow into the salon she pointed to the portrait of the deceased president, saying: "Look at that proud face;" then stepping before a full-length portrait of her ex-highness, said: "Look at your graceful figure, your beautiful face, those magnificent jewels which you yet possess, and those almost regal robes;" then quickly turning to a large mirror, added: "And there behold what you are now!"

Mrs. Santa Anna gazed at the figure in the mirror, then replied: "Yes, my beauty has all gone."

"No," responded her friend, "your teeth are still beautiful, your hair is but slightly changed, your figure is still excellent, but you are so slovenly that you look worse than any of your servants, and you are so indolent that if you do not soon rouse yourself half of your faculties will be paralyzed for lack of exercise."

Mrs. Santa Anna rallied for awhile, but about a year ago when the writer had occasion to see her, and had called and waited some time, a woman in a faded calico dress, having her head and form enveloped in a blue cotton rebosa, such as servants and Indian women wear, entered the parlor. I asked: "Does Mrs. Santa Anna know I am here? Was my card given her?"

The reply was, "Ah! I see you have entirely forgotten me." It was Mrs. Santa Anna.

The Great Civil-Service Reform Leader.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The suggestion that Pendleton is regarded as the best man to rally the Ohio democrats to the support of the administration recalls the somewhat significant fact that only a little over three years ago that able and accomplished statesman was deliberately slaughtered by the Ohio democracy to make a boodle holiday. Possibly his absence from the country has increased his influence and popularity; but we doubt if the boodlers are yet ready to accept him as a leader and march under the banner of civil-service reform which he flung to the breeze while a member of the senate.

WHY WILL YOU cough when Shiloh's Cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cts., 50 cts. and $1. WOODARD, CLARKE & CO., Agents.

A WINTER SYMPHONY.

I.

To fly over the beautiful snow in a cutter
With a girl on one's side or a bright moonlight night,
A girl whose light touch puts one's heart in a flutter,
Fills the heart with a bliss that the lips cannot utter—
Ah! this is indeed a surpassing delight.

II.

To drive with one arm while the other's surrounding
The waist of the maiden who sits by your side,
And the horses with nostrils distended are bounding
Along and the bells are most tunefully sounding—
In this who would not take a pleasure and pride?

III.

The pressure of hands and the words softly spoken
The meeting of glances, the vow-sealing kiss—
The kiss that since Nature began's been the token
That vows have been made which are ne'er to be broken,
There is naught that life holds so enchanting as this.

IV.

How blissful the night, but how awful the morrow!
(Why always on pleasure thus swiftly come ills—
Why ever on joy must so closely tread sorrow?)
We've got to go scourin' the city to borrow
The money to settle the livery man's bill!

—*Boston Courier.*

THE WATER-MARKED WILL.

BY WM. M. SIVITER, AUTHOR OF "AN EVENTFUL WEDDING JOURNEY."

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When Squire Madden's favorite sister Mabel died, the only legacy she left him was her little son Gilbert Marshall, whom the squire immediately took home to Hazlehurst and brought up as his own, lavishing on him all the love and pride of a heart hungering for affection, for the squire was worse than childless.

He had a son, James, but the boy, always wild and reckless, had grown into a dissipated man, and was leading a criminal life in a neighboring city. Mr. Madden used every effort to induce his son to become a useful member of society, but without avail; and at last, in despair, he had been compelled to cast him off, refusing all communication with him.

The squire's family consisted of himself, a maiden sister, Gilbert Marshall and Ida Warner. Ida was the daughter of an old schoolmate of the 'squire's, who died when she was 16, leaving her and her independent fortune in 'Squire Madden's care.

It was not strange that Gilbert and Ida, thrown together as they were, should have soon developed a decided liking for each other; or, as the years went on, that Gilbert's blue eyes, looking into Ida's brown ones, should see there something more than friendship; something that led him one sweet June evening to tell her how dear she was to him. Then he went to the squire and repeated the story, and he, as his eyes shone with happy tears, transferred to Gilbert's care for life his winsome ward.

The squire's joy, however, was destined to be very brief, for the young folks had only been engaged a few weeks when he was attacked with typhoid fever, and after a short illness died.

In a lucid interval on the day of his death the squire asked Gilbert to send for his son. This was immediately done; the frequent letters which the squire received from him, begging for money furnished his address. James Madden hastened to Hazlehurst in response to the telegram, only to find that death had preceded him.

On the day after the squire had been laid to rest Mr. Laird suggested that the will be found and read.

"It's in uncle's desk," said Gilbert, "sealed up in a yellow envelope."

"As all the probable heirs are here," replied Mr. Laird, "please go and bring it."

"I'm thinking there's not much in that document for me," remarked James Madden, who was still at Hazlehurst.

"We shall see," answered Mr. Laird, pleasantly.

Just then Gilbert entered with a will in his hand. "This is very strange," he said. "See! the envelope has been torn off, but I am sure uncle sealed it up himself, and endorsed it 'Last Will and Testament of William Madden,' I've often seen it, and I don't understand how it comes to be open now."

"Aren't you the only one who has a key to this desk?" asked James Madden, with a sinister look.

"I think I am," replied Gilbert.

"Perhaps the squire opened it himself to add a codicil," interposed Mr. Laird; "at all events, let us read it."

The document was found to leave the entire estate to the decedent's nephew, Gilbert Marshal, with the exception of an income of a thousand dollars each to his dear sister and ward. No mention whatever was made of his son James, who, when the lawyer had finished reading, arose and left the room without a word.

He had been gone but half an hour when an officer's arrival, bringing a warrant for the arrest of Gilbert Marshall, threw the group into the deepest consternation.

"What for?" demanded Mr. Laird in astonishment.

"He is charged with the forgery of his uncle's will," was the reply.

Gilbert was carried before a magistrate, but he had no difficulty in immediately securing bail.

When the September term of court opened the whole town was excited over the forgery case, and when it was called the court room was packed with people, every one of whom, with the exception of James Madden and his little coterie of friends and lawyers, believed Gilbert would soon walk forth a free and vindicated man.

Gilbert Marshall, when asked to plead to the charge of forgery, answered in a strong, clear voice:

"Not guilty!"

The attorney for the commonwealth then arose and said:

"May it please the court, the commonwealth does not intend to present a large mass of evidence or call many witnesses. I hold in my hand evidence sufficient to convict the prisoner, Gilbert Marshall, of the crime of forgery—evidence, the nature of which he little dreams—evidence as convicting and satisfactory as the most exacting jury could require."

The audience listened intently for the lawyer's next words, as he continued.

"This is the will—the forged will. By its provisions all the property of the late Squire Madden is given to Gilbert Marshall, with the exception of two minor annuities. There is no mention made of the testator's son, William. Now, it is improbable that the squire should completely overlook his only child and bestow the bulk of his vast wealth on a man who, while he enjoyed confidential relations with the squire, was, after all, only a nephew. Again, if this will is a forgery, who can be the forger but Gilbert Marshall? No one knew of it, or had access to it, save the one man whom alone it benefits, and that man must be Gilbert Marshall.

"I will now prove by the will itself that it is a forgery. It is customary with some paper manufacturers to place upon their paper the year in which it is made. In this instance that custom will prevent the rightful heir from being robbed of a vast estate, for in this document we find the surprising circumstance of a will being written on a piece of paper before the paper was manufactured."

Then, holding the paper up to the light, he exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, this will bears the date 1881, but see the paper mark reads 1884! I think it is unnecessary to say anything further."

The court was astonished at this disclosure, to which Gilbert listened with indignant amazement.

The silence was at last broken by Gilbert's attorney, who, as it was growing late, begged the adjournment of court. The motion was granted and Gilbert and Mr. Laird, his legal adviser, were soon alone.

The two friends sat until a late hour discussing the unfortunate turn affairs had taken, and endeavoring to throw some light on the damaging evidence of the water mark, but without avail.

Squire Madden had drawn up the will himself, and had told no one the nature of its contents. Of course the witnesses to the document could be summoned to prove they appended their signatures at the date it bore in the year 1881; but of what weight would that be against the proof of the water mark? They did not know what disposition the squire had made of his property, and the only result of their evidence would be to show that in forging the will the forger had followed the date of the original.

"It looks bad," the lawyer said at length, "and—" but just then the door bell rang, and Miss Warner entered, accompanied by her colored maid Sally, and Sally's particular friend, a good-natured negro, who rejoiced in the name of Madison Johnson.

Before the gentlemen could express their surprise, Ida flew towards Gilbert and exclaimed, almost sobbing with joyful excitement:

"Oh, Gilbert! Good news! You are saved!"

Ida then related a conversation which Sally's sweetheart had overheard, but of which he was afraid to speak, even to her, until he heard the remarkable evidence of the water mark discussed all over town. Sally recognized the great value of Madison's evidence and instantly repeated it to her mistress. Ida, in her turn, had brought both Sally and Madison to the lawyer with the good news, which was sufficient to cause Mr. Laird to say, as the little group dispersed for the night:

"The case is as good as settled now, and thanks to you, Miss Ida, this young man's wedding does not seem so far off now as it did this morning!"

When court opened next morning the crowd was greater than on the previous day. The whole town had heard of the water mark and public opinion was beginning to regard Gilbert as a villian.

The prosecuting attorney announced that he had no witnesses to call, as he considered the case proven.

Mr. Laird then arose and said.

"Call Madison Johnson."

Madison took the stand tremblingly, but he answered the lawyer's questions with promptness.

"Where were you on the afternoon of June 4th?"

"At Squire Madden's, sah."

"Do you know James Madden?"

"Yes, sah," with a look at Madden himself, who occupied a front seat and was listening with deep attention to the questions.

"How long have you known him?"

"Knowed him when he was a kid, sah."

"Now tell the court what happened at Squire Madden's that night."

"Well, sah, I went in to see Sallie while the white folks had gone to the funeral, kase I'se shore she'd be lonesome like, dere by herself. Sallie wuz a straightening out the library, where de squire's desk is, an' we wuz a-talking when Sallie looks up and sez, sez she, 'There's Mr. Jim a comin' back a'ready; we'd better get out o' here.' But afore we could move, he'd got de door open, and Sallie sez, 'Mad, you git in the chimbly closet till he goes away.' So I crowds in the closet. Dere was another feller with Jim Madden, an' ez soon's Sally done gone, he says, in a sort o' whisper:

"'We mus' fin' de will now, 'fore de folks git back.'

"I reckon dey knowed where to look for it, for pretty soon de udder feller sez, 'Here 'tis,' and den dey read it, an' Jim sez with a cuss word, 'He's lef' it all to that snipe, Marshall.'

"'Well, les' tear de ole thing up den,' sez de udder.

"'What good'll dat do us?' sez Jim, 'it's dead sure dat critter knows de will's here, and jest what's in it. But I'll fix it.'

"'How?' sez de udder.

"Den Jim whispered so's I couldn't hear nothin' but something 'bout 'watah mark,' 'acid,' 'dated 1881,' 'say it's a forgery,' 'fix it al ok.'

"'That's o. k.' says de udder, 'you'll get de property ez sole heir, an' dere's no use stealin' de will.'"

As Madison proceeded with his narration, James Madden grew visibly excited, and when the negro mentioned "acid" and "put in 1884," he rose as if to leave the room, but the judge saw the movement and thundered to a tip-stave, "Arrest that man."

Not much remains to be told. James Madden (who had become an adept in the use of chemicals during his career of crime), and his accomplice had taken the will and burned in the figures "1884" so as to resemble a water mark, and replaced it before it was missed.

A close examination of the supposed water mark clearly revealed the deception, and Madison's evidence was corroborated in every particular.

Jim Madden was convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary for his crime, and on the same day he entered its gloomy portals two brides came into the Madden mansion. It would have been very hard to decide which was the happier, the stately Mrs. Ida Marshall, who looked like a white lily as she leaned on the arm of her handsome husband and received the congratulations of her friends, or the giggling, curtseying Sally, who answered the congratulations she was also receiving from her ebony friends, many of whom assured her she was very lucky to have her wedding come on the same day as Miss Ida's.

"Yes. Miss Ida would have it 'kase she 'lowed dere wouldn't 'a' bin no weddin' in de parlor, ef dere hadn't been one planned in de kitchen."

A PICTURE OF CLEVELAND.

Watterson, the Great Democratic Editor, Talks About the President.

Editor Watterson, in the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, says. I look upon the democratic situation which prevails in the national capital at this time with a kind of sorrowing amazement. On every hand I encounter, among the senators, among the representatives, among the people, but one sentiment, and that is discontent and foreboding. The republicans are jubilant. The democrats are discouraged. The president sits with his back upon the scene, and but yesterday said to a friend, who thinks just as I do, "I believe I have done pretty well, considering."

He is the one man in Washington who is blind to the truth and deaf to counsels. Even the secretary of state, who has lived most of his life in a peach-blow vase three thousand miles beyond the moon, is not, I am told, wholly lost to the real state of the case. But there seems no help for it. A man as incapable of receiving impressions as of returning warmth, and sensible of criticism only to the point of resenting it, the president sits in the White house like a wooden image made to be worshiped, not to be loved. To the weaker members of his cabinet he has imparted his dull self-sufficiency and cold stolidity. The most servile as well as the sincerest form of flattery is imitation; and the beggars on horseback whom Mr. Cleveland, seeking to discover a new political planet and to people it with creatures of his own, brought into being and mounted, have caught the trick of their chief, and are equally industrious and successful in neglecting great for little things, and seeing nothing clear except the regulations of the civil service. They, too, take more joy in one republican who has repented and turned mugwump than in ninety and nine democrats who have never gone astray.

A near and old friend of his said to me not long ago. "Of all the arid natures I ever encountered, his is the most arid. He sympathizes with nobody, makes common cause with nobody, and in the most serious affairs trusts wholly and solely to fortune or caprice." The author of this description nursed no disappointment, was far beyond the reach of presidential fear or favor, and simply spoke in the spirit of an historian and philosopher.

The two series of articles, "How I was Educated," and "Confessions," of members of several religious denominations, which have attracted a good deal of attention in the *Forum*, are to be followed soon by two other series. In one of these will be presented the views of many different schools of thought, as the agnostic, the evolutionist, the positivist, as well as those of Christian theology—Protestant and Catholic—upon the question, "What is the Object of Life?" In the other many of the most notable men of the day will contribute instructive and interesting chapters out of the history of their own lives under the title, "Books that have been Useful to Me."

OF HER.

[Croyez moi l'erreur a son merite?—Voltaire.]

What! You would have me know?
When doubt's so sweet!
Would break the magic of her soft replies,
And lift the glamour from my happy eyes,
And prove the cheat?

Prove that the laughter low,
And veiled glance,
Has oft been studied with minutest care
Till every bird-like note that thrills the air
Her charms enhance?

* * * I fancied long ago
Skies always blue,
And now I know them often dark and drear;
My knowledge's not any gladder, dear,
Although more true.

So let my trust still grow,
Nor spoil my dream.
I glory in the face I find so fair—
I glory in the curling nut-brown hair
Of sunny gleam.

Know? I will never know,
Le come what will!
For if my faith in her be forced to die,
I'll swear allegiance to her memory,
And love her still!
—*Temple Bar.*

THE DEVIL'S LANE.

BY EDGAR L. VINCENT.

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That line had always been a bone of contention between Uncle Joe Allen and his neighbor on the west. When the country was new Uncle Joe and Samson Freeholder had bought adjacent farms. In some way or another they had not agreed about the matter of building the line fence. One wanted the privilege of building it in his way and the other would not adopt that method and so it came about that they decided to build a lane two rods wide, one-half lying one side the line and one-half on the other side. Each man put up a fence the whole length of the line, leaving that long strip of land that neither could use.

With a considerable degree of propriety the lane came to be known as the "Devil's Lane." Similar lanes may be found in certain parts of this country at the present time, although they are fast disappearing.

So the matter stood. The two men let each other severely alone after the fence was built. Each kept up the fence on his side of the Devil's lane, never venturing to do anything toward making the land of value to himself or his neighbor.

Time brought gray hairs to these good farmers and at length Samson Freeholder was gathered to his fathers. Then the farm was sold to Dick Lamson, a wide-awake, thorough-going young fellow who was bound to succeed in life. Everybody said so, and what all in Springfield township agreed upon who could question? Uncle Joe was not blind to the young man's sterling qualities, and so it happened that when in the course of time Dick came to court his handsome daughter Bess, he was very much inclined to favor his suit. It was not long before it became well understood that Dick was "going with" Bess, and that they were going to "get married" in a few months.

Matters were in this condition when once upon a time Dick happened to get to thinking about that Devil's Lane. Then it stretched the whole width of his farm, separating him from his prospective father-in-law.

At that time the lane was well calculated to be an eyesore to any energetic farmer. It had been allowed to run to waste for many years. No one had set foot on it since the fences had been built save now and then a venturesome boy hunting rabbits, for which it furnished an excellent retreat. For it had grown up so thickly with shrubs, briers and weeds that it was the next thing to impossible for anyone to force his way through it. In such a condition it was of no use to the men who owned the land. It looked to Dick like a sheer waste of property. There was a strip of land one hundred and sixty rods long and a rod wide that belonged to him, and a piece of the same size which Uncle Joe ought to have under cultivation.

Was it not poor policy to allow that land to run wild in that way? So it seemed to him. He knew nothing about the circumstances under which the lane had been built and possibly thought it was only by chance.

"I'll speak to Uncle Joe about it the next time I'm over that way," was Dick's resolution, and it was not long before he had a chance to carry it into effect. The old gentleman seemed to be in very good humor the day Dick called on him and the two men sat on the fence half an hour chatting about the crops and matters in general. Finally the young man said:

"By the way, Uncle Joe, what do you say to clearing up that lane between you and me and putting a good fence on the line? That's where it belongs. The use of that land is worth something to us both."

Uncle Joe's lips closed for a moment very tightly. Then he replied:

"It's good enough for me as it is!"

Now, that meant a great deal from Uncle Joe. It meant that he had not forgotten the strife of almost half a century ago with neighbor Freeholder, and that he had no inclination now to depart from the decision he had then formed never to help build a fence on the line.

Dick was not slow to see that there was something back of the farmer's remark, and he wisely said no more about the lane.

But as fate would have it, the legislature of the state about that time happened to recognize the fact that there were a number of Devil's Lanes inside its boundaries; and appreciating the fact that they were but standing monuments of man's perversity, some one introduced a bill to do away with them forever. In case the parties in interest could not or would not agree to build a joint fence, the trustees of the township were authorized to locate the line, build a fence upon it and charge the expense to the general tax.

This Dick knew, but his steady-going neighbor did not. So that when some one happened to remark to Dick that it was about time the lane was closed up, it set the young man to thinking very earnestly.

Why should Uncle Joe persist so foolishly in maintaining that crop of bushes and briers. His farm was everywhere else a model of thrift. After awhile he ventured to approach Uncle Joe again on the subject, and told him as the law then was he didn't see but the lane would have to be done away with. But the old man was immovable. It passes all comprehension what an amount of litigation and neighborhood difficulty have grown out of so simple a matter as the construction of a line fence. Men sensible in most matters have been made enemies for life by just such a thing as that. It is my duty to chronicle the fact that the more Dick thought about it the more it aroused him. It was downright meanness on the old man's part to stand out in that way, according to Dick's opinion. Of course he was an old man now and full of whims, but he ought to listen to common sense.

He finally talked it over with Bess, and, like the sensible girl she was, she sought to act as a mediator between the two men. It was not the first time a woman's heart has been crushed by the obstinacy of two men, like wheat by millstones. Uncle Joe finally told Bess never to mention the thing to him again. The fence was all right as it was, and should not be disturbed. But he had thought Dick Lamson "a pretty square kind of a fellow, but if that was the way he was going to act he didn't want anything more to do with him; and as for Bess, she needn't think she would ever get his consent to marry such an out and out scoundrel as he was!"

Of course that put the climax on the trouble. Bess, with her lovely eyes full of tears, told her lover the old man's decision, and Dick's teeth came together hard as he listened.

So it was war, was it? Well, if that was so, he would see what the law could do.

In about ten days after that the trustees went out to the farms and very gravely struggled through the tangled lane and staked out the line. Then they served a notice on the two men that they must build a good legal fence there inside of thirty days. Uncle Joe grimly looked on and remarked that he [illegible] he knew [illegible] law was and [illegible] to live up to [illegible]

Dick went [illegible] to work and [illegible] and drew them to the lane for the [illegible] of building his part of the fence, [illegible] Joe made no move in that direction, [illegible] spent much of his time in the [illegible]hood of the lane. He carried his gun [illegible] of the time. Now and then he [illegible] home a rabbit for dinner. He had [illegible] he was fond of saying, something of a [illegible]er in his time, and even now was counted a good shot for a man of his age.

After Dick had finished splitting rails [illegible] the fence he had [illegible] his ax and [illegible]ing a good scythe went down to clear the ground of the bushes and briars.

He knew there would be no small task [illegible] his arms were strong and his will [illegible] Hardly an hour had he worked when [illegible] shot rang out on the air and his [illegible] right arm dropped to his side [illegible] wounded.

So severe was his injury that he could [illegible] nothing toward discovering who fired [illegible] murderous shot, and he was alone [illegible] he had made his way to the house [illegible] was given and a crowd of men and [illegible] turned out and hunted the lane from end [illegible] end, but in vain, no one could be found [illegible]ing there, and the deed remained a mystery.

In this way things stood for some [illegible] Dick's arm healed slowly somehow, [illegible] bone had been injured a little, the [illegible] said. Dick saw Bess now and then. [illegible] could not help noticing that the poor girl's cheeks were growing paler day by day, [illegible] she seemed ready to break down when he came to see her. Her father was [illegible] but little now. [illegible] day he [illegible] guard at the lane, a sturdy veteran [illegible] self-imposed post of duty. He had [illegible] slept out in the [illegible] several times [illegible] night, coming to his meals in the morning stiff and sore from the damp, but with a determined look on his face. He was a man who never yielded what he thought was right.

The thirty days given by law had passed and the township trustees allowed [illegible] build the fence in a few days. They [illegible] watched matters from the distance [illegible] knew how desperate the old man was.

About this time Dick and Bess happened to be sitting out on the porch in the [illegible] moonlight. Uncle Joe was out at the [illegible] probably. Neither of the young people referred to him.

As they sat thus Dick turned his [illegible] towards the Devil's Lane.

What was it he saw?

He sprang to his feet. Away down the further end of the lane a cloud of [illegible] curled lazily up.

As he watched the breeze freshened a little and a lurid glare leaped angrily upward, sweeping the fire directly down the lane.

Someone had fired the undergrowth which crowded the lane.

It was a time of the year when everything was as dry as tinder. There had been no rain for weeks, and a fire like that was a thing to be dreaded.

"Where is your father, Bess?"

The girl now rose quickly and with [illegible] gaze looked toward the lane.

"He must be down yonder, Dick. I'm afraid—you don't suppose—"

"The bush is on fire. If your father is there he is in danger. I will go and [illegible] I can find him."

Before the words were fairly spoken [illegible] had cleared the fence surrounding the house, and was running swiftly toward the fire, Bess following as fast as she could.

How the flames did sweep through the thicket! It seemed to lick the crackling bushes up like leaves. If her father was there—no, she couldn't bear to think [illegible] might be his fate. The old man was [illegible] with his watching. He might have [illegible] asleep down there as he did so often [illegible]

Dick soon reached the lane and plunged into the bushes as near the fire as he dared. If Uncle Joe was behind him then nothing short of a miracle could save him. If [illegible] front, then he possibly might be rescued from death in the flames.

"Don't come in here, Bess," shouted [illegible] as he saw the girl about to leap into the thick growth of bushes near him. "Go [illegible]ther down and look along the fence."

Poor Bess obeyed [illegible]. How [illegible] very giant he seemed to her as he [illegible] through the briars, mud and bushes, [illegible]ing his face and hands terribly, hunting the wilful old man who had wronged [illegible] so, and with his right arm powerless. Did Bess know who it was that fired the shot [illegible] made it so? If she did she dutifully [illegible] the secret.

On and on swept the flames chasing [illegible] like mad demons. The far end of the lane was in sight. That would end [illegible] search. Where was the old man? Had [illegible] missed him? Could it be he had [illegible] perished? Dick's heart had weeks ago softened toward the old man. It was a [illegible] less quarrel. He was ashamed of his part in it. If he had known how Uncle Joe [illegible] about it he never would have said a word about the miserable lane.

Suddenly a low cry fell on Dick's ear. [illegible] came from the rear, where the fire was [illegible]ing fiercely. Dick [illegible] Uncle Joe had been found.

Could he reach him before it would be too late? God helping him he would [illegible] Nerving himself for the ordeal he [illegible] back through the smoke toward the [illegible] whence the cry proceeded. Again the [illegible] came, this time full of horror.

Plunging on, his feet hot, his breath choked, and his clothing on fire in places, the young man heroically made his way.

When almost ready to drop, he [illegible] Uncle Joe staggering blindly toward [illegible] place. He was fearfully burned and almost exhausted.

Seizing him with his left arm, Dick [illegible] him out into the meadow and placing [illegible] on the ground, rolled him over and over [illegible] the flames which were eating into his [illegible] were put out. Then he fell to the [illegible] himself unconscious.

By this time Bess had reached the [illegible] Quickly she wrapped Dick in her own garments, deadening the fire and he was saved.

Two months after that Dick and Uncle Joe, scarred and still weak, staggered toward each other and clasped hands.

"I've been a fool or crazy, Dick!" said Uncle Joe in a choked voice. "I'm ashamed of myself. Can you forgive me?"

"Don't take all the blame, Uncle Joe," was the young man's reply. "I've been wrong myself; I'm sorry, let's forget it and build a fence worthy the name."

That was all that was said about the Devil's Lane. The joint fence was built and Uncle Joe kept his part up faithfully as long as he lived. After that the two farms were thrown into one, and Dick and Bess are the happy man and wife who live on the Allen homestead.

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FOR SCHOOL CL[illegible]

I HEREBY ANNOUNCE MYSELF AS A [illegible] date for the office of School Clerk, subject to the will of the voters [illegible] election. (Cd)

MOUNT ST. ELIAS.

[illegible] Description of this Monarch of the North.

[illegible]tempt of Lieut. Schwatka and Mr Seton Karr to Reach its Summit—The Mighty Glaciers.

By H. W. Seton Karr Esq., F. R. G. S.

[illegible]nt St. Elias has long been considered the [illegible]t mountain on this continent, and the observations on it in 1874 resulted in giving a hight between 16,000 and [illegible] feet, [illegible] probable error of 1500 feet. It was first [illegible]ered by Behring on the 20th of July, 1741, [illegible]amed it after Saint Elias, the patron saint [illegible] day.

[illegible] report on St. Elias by the U. S. coast [illegible], Mr. Dall says: "After a thorough search [illegible] been able to find no trustworthy account [illegible] eruption." Grewingk, discussing the [illegible] question, says: "Though St. Elias stands [illegible] volcanic line of Iliamna, Nunwak and St. [illegible]w's island, nevertheless its volcanic nature [illegible]justly be doubted since the absence of a [illegible] or conical form makes it very probable [illegible] has never been penetrated by a volcanic [illegible]er."

PROF. DAVIDSON'S DESCRIPTION.

[illegible] Davidson, in his *Alaska Coast Pilot*, [illegible] thus describes this mountain: "This [illegible]snow peak lies in latitude 60 deg. 22 [illegible] and longitude 140 deg. 51 sec., [illegible]ees to an elevation between 16,000 and [illegible] feet. According to Tebenkoff, it is [illegible] feet high; Grewingk, 16,754, Russian [illegible] of 1848, 17,854, admiralty chart, No. [illegible] 14,970, and D'Agelet, the astronomer to [illegible]rouse's expedition, 12,672 feet, but he [illegible] its geographical position at 12 or 1[illegible] in error. It is situated 30 miles from Icy [illegible] and 22 miles from the head of Icy bay, [illegible] receives a stream from the flanks of this [illegible]. This remarkable pyramid of eternal ice [illegible]nowledged by all the old navigators and [illegible]erers to be a magnificent spectacle from [illegible], especially when the whole coast range [illegible]unts Fairweather and Crillon is visible. [illegible] it began to emit volumes of smoke and [illegible] from a crater opened on its northeast side. [illegible] 1847, when the earthquake occurred at [illegible] Mount St. Elias ejected ashes and flame. [illegible] appears to have been a general subter[illegible] disturbance at this epoch, for Mount [illegible], in Washington territory, in latitude [illegible], was in a state of eruption, and shocks [illegible] felt along the Aleutian islands. An earthquake was felt at Agemiuk, one of the Shumagin group, and on the Alaskan peninsula Pavlof [illegible]eak ejected ashes and flame."

IN APPROACHING THE MOUNTAIN

[illegible] is what much resembles an old crater on [illegible]northeast base, but which the maze of [illegible]sses on the glacier prevented our approaching, [illegible] even coming near the moraines leading [illegible] it, to determine its volcanic origin. Lower [illegible] the moraines are massed and mixed together, including those proceeding from the [illegible]. But even here, so far as I am aware, [illegible]lcanic debris were observed.

[illegible] mountain is visible 150 miles at sea, and [illegible]een sketched by Vancouver, Beechey and [illegible]

[illegible]ly on the morning of July 1[illegible], 188[illegible] entered Yakutat bay, in the [illegible]. The day was then cloudless, and [illegible] safely say that I never saw a [illegible] magnificent sight. To imagine the Hima[illegible] in India, with such peaks as Kinchinjunga [illegible]Everest, taken bodily up and placed upon [illegible] shores of a bright, calm sea, such as the [illegible]erranean in July, would give some idea of [illegible]scenery of Yakutat bay on that morning, the [illegible]one on which the officers and crew of the [illegible] had an opportunity of seeing Mount St. [illegible] for it clouded over and rained during the [illegible]ays the ship remained at anchor. I had [illegible]ngland in the hopes of being able to visit [illegible]art of Alaska.

THE ALPINE REGIONS OF ALASKA,

[illegible]ey have been feebly called. As an expedition had been organized by the New York *Times* [illegible] penetrate the heart of this region, under the [illegible]tion of Lieut. Schwatka, late of the U. S. [illegible], I was very glad to be allowed to join it. [illegible]ere detained four days at Yakutat, where [illegible]ned hard, trying to get canoes and Indians. [illegible]e is not much diversion for visitors at that [illegible]s Indian village, but some of them managed to kill time by shooting whatever game would afford an addition to the table. [illegible]ile the Caucasus, the Andes, and the Himalayas have been partially overcome, and the [illegible] mountains are mere play, the Alaska [illegible]tains, culminating at St. Elias, have never [illegible] attempted. From the sea, it presents gi[illegible] obstacles, however viewed, and it looks [illegible] impracticable from the water flank. [illegible] Davidson says that the Indians of the [illegible] valley cross the range to the sea coast, [illegible] it may possibly turn out that the easiest way [illegible]ack and conquer this mountain is from the [illegible]or.

[illegible]en the rainstorm ceased, the vessel left [illegible]tat for her fifty-five-mile run to Cape Riou. [illegible]e western shore of Icy bay was a wall of [illegible] The landing of the U. S. steam man-of-war [illegible], was necessarily made by the boats upon [illegible]astern low shore where a long, straight, [illegible] beach receives the ceaseless break of the [illegible] swell.

ICY BAY.

[illegible]hough the surf was not particularly bad, [illegible] certainly seemed dangerous to landsmen, [illegible] of whom, besides ourselves, were on [illegible]. Amongst others, Judge Lafayette Daw[illegible] of Sitka, who has since told me that as he [illegible] on deck and watched us being put ashore, [illegible]oats were at times quite out of sight behind some white, dangerous-looking breaker. [illegible]haps the most noteworthy performance [illegible] day, was that of our Indian hunter (who [illegible] after our return to Yakutat). He volunteered to return to the ship and bring ashore, without any help, a small canoe hewn out [illegible] single piece of wood which we had [illegible]ned at Yakutat, and which was the property of Prof. Libby. [illegible] some time we waited outside the breakers, [illegible] at length, at the proper moment, came [illegible] on the top of a hissing wave which carried canoe and all safely high up the beach [illegible] we stood ready to help him.

[illegible] fortnight later, when we had finished our [illegible]pt to climb St. Elias and were endeavoring [illegible] leave Icy bay, this little canoe was wrecked [illegible] broken up by the waves. We made the [illegible] at midnight when tide was high and, [illegible]tunately, the boat was too heavily [illegible]. We were swamped and [illegible]zed, and, after a delay of some hours, [illegible] to leave without our belongings. [illegible] the morning when we started it was rainy and foggy. But in the evening after the [illegible] had left, it cleared up, and St. Elias [illegible] from the clouds which had quite hidden [illegible] the ship was gone, and had no opportunity [illegible] seeing it directly from the front.

VANCOUVER

[illegible]ibes the coast between Yakutat and Icy [illegible] and between Cape Manby and Cape [illegible] naked, barren country composed of [illegible] loose, unconnected stones, which [illegible] La Perouse, twenty or thirty miles [illegible] coast, describes it as follows: [illegible] low covered a barren soil [illegible] single tree. The mountain appeared [illegible] little distance from the sea which [illegible] the cliffs (?) of a [illegible] yards high. This plain, black [illegible] by fire, was totally destitute of verdure [illegible] miles W. N. W. from Cape Fair[illegible] Sitkagi, in latitude 59 deg. 47 min. [illegible] Vancouver, and longitude 140 deg. 41 min. [illegible] according to Lutkeh. This point is Pointe de [illegible] of La Perouse. Thirteen miles S. [illegible] W. lies Cape Riou, of Vancouver, and the [illegible] cape, of Tebenkoff.

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LOW CAPE.

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MOUNT ST. ELIAS.

Charming Description of this Monarch of the North.

Attempt of Lieut. Schwatka and Mr Seton Karr to Reach its Summit—The Mighty Glaciers.

By H W Seton Karr Esq F R G S

Mount St. Elias has long been considered the highest mountain on this continent, and the first measurements on it in 1874 resulted in giving it a height between 19,000 and 20,000 feet, with a probable error of 1500 feet. It was first discovered by Behring on the 20th of July, 1741, and named after Saint Elias, the patron saint of that day.

In the report on St. Elias by the U. S. coast survey, Mr Dall says "After a thorough search I have been unable to find no trustworthy account of any eruption." Grewingk, discussing the same question, says "Though St. Elias stands in the volcanic line of Iliamna, Kunnwak and St. Augustine island, nevertheless its volcanic nature may justly be doubted since the absence of a crater of conical form makes it very probable that it has never been penetrated by a volcanic fissure."

PROF DAVIDSON'S DESCRIPTION.

Prof. Davidson, in his *Alaska Coast Pilot*, thus describes this mountain: "This majestic snow peak lies in latitude 60 deg. 22.6 min., and longitude 140 deg. 54 sec., and rises to an elevation between 16,000 and 19,000 feet. According to Tebenhoff, it is 17,000 feet high, Grewingk, 16,754, Russian chart of 1848, 17,854, admiralty chart, No. 2, 14 0, and D'Agelet, the astronomer to La Perouse's expedition, 12,672 feet; but he placed its geographical position at 12 or 13 miles in error. It is situated 22 miles from Icy bay, and 23 miles from the head of Icy bay, which receives a stream from the flanks of this mountain. This remarkable pyramid of eternal ice and snow, noticed by all the old navigators and described to be a magnificent spectacle from the sea, especially when the whole coast range between Fairweather and Crillon is visible. In 1839 it began to emit volumes of smoke and ashes from a crater opened on its northeast side, and in 1847, when the earthquake occurred at Sitka, Mount St. Elias ejected ashes and flame. There appears to have been a general subterranean disturbance at this epoch, for Mount Baker, in Washington territory, in latitude 48 deg., was in a state of eruption, and shocks were felt along the Aleutian islands. An earthquake was felt at Agomak, one of the Shumagin group, and on the Alaskan peninsula Pavlof peak ejected ashes and flame."

IN APPROACHING THE MOUNTAIN

from what much resembles an old crater on its northeast base, but which the maze of moraines on the glacier prevented our approaching, or even coming near the moraines leading to it, to determine its volcanic origin. Lower down, the moraines are massed and mixed together, including those proceeding from the peak. But even here, so far as I am aware, no volcanic debris were observed.

The mountain is visible 150 miles at sea, and has been sketched by Vancouver, Beechey and others.

Early on the morning of July 12, 1886, we entered Yakutat bay, in the [illegible]. The day was then cloudless, and I can safely say that I never saw a more magnificent sight. To imagine the Himalayas in India, with such peaks as Kinchinjunga and Everest taken bodily up and placed upon the shores of a bright, calm sea, such as the Mediterranean in July, would give some idea of the scenery of Yakutat bay on that morning, the day on which the officers and crew of the [illegible] had an opportunity of seeing Mount St. Elias. It afterward clouded over and rained during the time the ship remained at anchor. I had left England in the hopes of being able to visit this part of Alaska.

THE ALPINE REGIONS OF ALASKA,

they have been fitly called. As an expedition had been organized by the New York *Times* to penetrate the heart of this region, under the command of Lieut. Schwatka, late of the U. S. army, I was very glad to be allowed to join it. We were detained four days at Yakutat, where we worked hard, trying to get canoes and Indians. There is not much diversion for visitors at that Indian village, but some of them managed to kill time by shooting whatever game would afford an addition to the table.

While the Caucasus, the Andes, and the Himalayas have been partially overcome, and the [illegible] mountains are mere play, the Alaska mountains, culminating at St. Elias, have never been attempted. From the sea, it presents gigantic obstacles, however viewed, and it looks almost impracticable from the water flank. Prof. Davidson says that the Indians of the [illegible] valley cross the range to the sea coast, and it may possibly turn out that the easiest way to attack and conquer this mountain is from the

When the rainstorm ceased, the vessel left Yakutat for her fifty five-mile run to Cape Riou. The western shore of Icy bay was a wall of ice. The landing of the U S steam man-of-war [illegible] was necessarily made by the boats upon the eastern low shore where a long, straight, sandy beach receives the ceaseless break of the ocean's swell.

ICY BAY.

Although the surf was not particularly bad, it certainly seemed dangerous to landsmen, several of whom, besides ourselves, were on board. Amongst others, Judge Lafayette Dawson of Sitka, who has since told me that as he stood on deck and watched us being put ashore, the boats were at times quite out of sight behind some white, dangerous-looking breaker.

Perhaps the most noteworthy performance that day was that of our Indian hunter (who died after our return to Yakutat). He volunteered to return to the ship and bring ashore alone, without any help, a small canoe hewn out of a single piece of wood which we had obtained at Yakutat, and which was the property of Prof. Libby.

For some time we waited outside the breakers, but at length, at the proper moment, came flying on the top of a hissing wave which carried canoe and all safely high up the beach where we stood ready to help him.

A fortnight later, when we had finished our attempt to climb St. Elias and were endeavoring to leave Icy bay, this little canoe was wrecked and broken up by the waves. We made the attempt at midnight when the tide was high, and, unfortunately, the boat was too heavily loaded. We were swamped and almost drowned, and, after a delay of some hours, obliged to leave without our belongings.

In the morning when we landed, it was raining and foggy. But in the evening, after the ship had left, it cleared up, and St. Elias came out from the clouds which had quite hidden it, but the ship was gone, and had no opportunity of seeing it directly from the front*.

VANCOUVER

describes the coast between Yakutat and Icy bay, and between Cape Manby and Cape Riou, as "a naked barren country, composed of apparently loose, unconnected stones, which gradually assumes a brownish appearance as if from vegetation." La Perouse, twenty or thirty miles along the coast, describes it as follows "Masses of snow covered a barren soil, unembellished by a single tree. The mountain appeared to be at a little distance from the sea which broke against the cliffs (*) of a tableland three or four hundred yards high. This plain, black, as if scorched by fire, was totally destitute of verdure." Forty miles N. N. W. from Cape Phipps lies Bay Shikagi, in latitude 59 deg. 47 min. according to Vancouver, and longitude 140 deg. 41 min., according to Lapinski. This point is Pointe de la Boussole of La Perouse. Thirteen miles N by W lies Cape Riou, of Vancouver, and the [illegible] cape, of Tebenkoff.

As we rowed past, near shore, in the Pinta's boat, on our return to Yakutat bay, it was noticed that these two capes were denoted not so much by the prominence of the shore line, which did not project much, but at Cape Riou by the edge or face of the Agassiz glacier (which had hitherto been divided from the beach by an ever-decreasing width of low land), now suddenly coming right down to the water's edge and so continuing to Cape Manby, the northwest point of Yakutat bay, and that Cape Riou or Low Cape, was really one of the angles of the Jones river delta.

LOW CAPE.

Vancouver describes it in that case rightly, as low and well wooded, with a small islet detached at a little distance to the westward of it, not laid down by Tebenkoff or seen by Belcher, who says that the point "must have dissolved; the base of the point probably remains, but there for some distance of the greater bergs, presents only a low sand or muddy spit with discolored ice, grounded." In this case, the [illegible] described by Vancouver might have been [illegible] the large strip of sand bars or reefs [illegible] could plainly see across the north of the [illegible].

[illegible] the entrance of the Icy bay laid down in Tebenkoff's chart, he marks twelve and fifteen fathoms and five at the head, but now the whole area consists of the gravelly and partly dry estuary or delta of the Icy bay river. In fact, nothing worthy the name of a bay exists.

Vancouver's and Belcher's descriptions of the shore of Icy bay are correct and true, as seen for some distance from shore.

We were now fairly on the way to St. Elias. On the land side of the beach was a small lagoon about two or three miles long and a quarter of a mile broad, lying parallel with the beach. Walking to the highest mound near our first camp, I could see the much larger lake or lagoon in the distance to the eastward, showing itself here and there with sufficient distinctness to make me feel sure it was, as the

OLD RUSSIAN EXPLORERS

had made it, of considerable size, perhaps ten miles by fifteen, and ten or twelve miles distant. Our camp was not pitched on the edge of this lake, though there may possibly have been some connection by a stream or other channel between the two. The strawberries here far exceeded those at Yakutat in size and numbers, and grew exclusively on the sandhills between the beach and the forest timber. The woods were, of course, full of other kinds of edible berries, in fact all the berries seemed good for food.

Two days later we set out with our packs along the beach to the west, crossing on the way an immense number of bear tracks. Our cook, John Dalton, during our absence saw three bears and killed two of them, mortally wounding the third one. About three and a half or four miles further on we came to the mouth of a muddy glacial torrent with a large expanse of mud flats. On the opposite side of it was a large glacier without any trees at all, for the mud flats continued right up to the ice, from under which came quantities of snow water.

THE DELTA OF THIS TORRENT,

Up which we now had to make our way, had its point or apex just at the end of what looked like a green wooded hill. It got narrower as we proceeded and the river smaller, for it was formed by a multitude of small torrents running off the ice, the largest of which came from where the two glaciers met together.

As we made our way toward the green-looking hill which had a curiously uneven outline, some exceedingly cold streams had to be waded, in fact we were almost constantly in ice water, and some muddy quicksands had to be crossed that afforded a peculiarly disagreeable sensation. The river was now rising and had invaded parts of the forest, and was painfully cold. About 5 in the afternoon we were near enough to the green hill to discover that it was nothing more than a very large glacier, which we named Agassiz glacier; it was quite buried under enormous quantities of moraine. This green hill was a mountain of stones overgrown with birch and willow, and was part of the terminal moraine of the Agassiz glacier.

THIS HUGE MORAINE

Is probably one of the most extraordinary in the world, and a great thickness of ice lies buried underneath it. It must be constantly advancing faster than it can melt away, for the forest is being gradually swept down before it. Here we camped and spent two days waiting for the Indian to return and bring up more supplies, so there was time to observe the many curious objects around our camp. Perhaps one of the most attractive, although a feature of all glaciers, was the many streams of water which bubbled up through the stones of the moraine. The largest we passed was quite a river, and Lieut. Schwatka wished to name it the Fee springs, after a friend. Along the many miles of glacier front there may be others larger, but it was still a very remarkable object. Then, again, we were disturbed during the long, hot days by unaccountable noises in the glacier, crackings and noise of falling stones, and sometimes the deep rumbling of an avalanche falling down the sides of Mount St. Elias or Mount Cook. Here I found a young specimen of the salmon in a clear stream that filtered through some gravel, and after a course of a few yards, joined the main body of waters.

On the 22d of July, the whole party continued the advance on Mount St. Elias, hoping to arrive at the base of the mountain in two days or perhaps three, but we took four days doing so, although we returned in two. After penetrating for about half a mile through the

THICK BRUSH ON THE GLACIER,

We found that vegetation soon ceased altogether, leaving nothing but hillocks of stones heaped together over the ice and more or less compacted by age, thus giving us better foothold though it was still very unstable. Morsels of slate, granite, porphyry, felspar and trachyte lay mixed together and composed the moraines. The granite was mostly on the Agassiz glacier, and the slate on the Guyot glacier. We were making for the flank of a range of hills which seemed to be the only hindrance which prevented our enjoying a view of the base of Mount St Elias.

But at dusk we reached a lake which interposed itself between the ice and the land, and nothing further could be done till morning. This lake was quite covered with pieces of ice of all sizes—from that of a house down to small pieces a yard square. No water could be seen, but the level surface showed that the ice was afloat. This lake we named Castani, after the president of the Italian Geographical society. The ice was now badly seamed with fissures or crevasses. A way had now to be found to thread this labyrinth of crevasses, and with this object in view Prof. Libby took an Indian and searched to the eastward, failing in the object of his search, but

DISCOVERING ANOTHER ALPINE LAKE,

While I took another Indian and searched for a way to the westward, our direct route to Mount St. Elias. I should not have mentioned this had it not happened that Prof. Libby was lost for two days, quite alone, his Indian having returned without him, and this resulted in his being unable to accompany us any further towards Mount St. Elias. We found the way over the ice to a small wooded island, and on and near this island occurred some of the most remarkable physical phenomena observed during the whole trip.

When I first reached this island with the Indian it was, strictly speaking, no island at all. On the west side it was bordered by the ice cliffs of the glacier, on the south side by the waters of the lake, which seemed to have sunk below its usual level, and on the other side nothing intervened between it and our longed-for range of hills but a broad, damp gravel like the nearly dry bed of a torrent. After waiting nearly two days for our lost scientist, camp was at length moved to this island, on which were

LIGHTED ENORMOUS BONFIRES,

That the smoke might be a signal and indicate to him and those who remained waiting for him the locality of the new camp. The smoke rose in clouds and could have been seen for thirty miles or more. But in the meantime a wonderful change had occurred. The dry bed of gravel had been in reality the course of a dammed up torrent, which was nothing else than the Jones river. The dams or obstructions had given way, the floodgates were once more open, and the pent-up waters had broken loose and cut us off from the Climax hills. Along its banks the bonfires we had lighted had set the forest ablaze.

The front of the glacier was gradually advancing, and the pine trees were in the process of being mowed down and ground up into mere heaps of matchwood. Three destructive agencies were thus at work at the same time within a very limited area—fire, water and ice.

Our next day's march took us right up to the base of Mount St Elias. It is difficult to say where the Tyndall glacier ends and where the Guyot glacier begins. But the Tyndall glacier is merely a tributary, and a very large one, of

THE GREAT GUYOT GLACIER.

Instead of rough moraines we had now mostly good, smooth white ice to cross. As we turned the angle there lay a second lake. This was probably the reservoir whose breakage had caused the sudden rush of water. There was no ice on it as on the lower lake, and its color was a muddy brown. Mount St. Elias was in full view. Some more moraines had to be crossed and at dusk we camped on the edge of the glacier.

The Indian's moccasins were now, for the second time, quite worn through, but in any case, they would have refused to proceed any further with us, as they were superstitiously afraid, nor were we desirous that they should do so, for they would have been more of a hindrance than a help. At half-past 4 the following morning we left camp for the final effort in the ascent. The party consisted of Lieut. Frederick Schwatka, Joseph Woods, who was one of our two hired men, and myself. We made straight for the base of Mount St. Elias, keeping up the center.

THE TYNDALL GLACIER.

At first the glacier was bare of snow, but as we advanced higher and nearer to the great bend and icefall of the Tyndall glacier, the crevasse became partly covered by freshly fallen snow, and some of the smaller fissures were quite hidden by it. Meanwhile it had become necessary to use the rope which we had brought, and without which a snow-covered glacier or a snow-field can never be crossed with any degree of safety. Being the only one with any Alpine experience, I had to undertake the command of the party, and placed Lieut. Schwatka in the center of the rope, Joseph Woods and myself being tied at either extremity of it. As the day advanced, the snow became softer, and the unsafe condition of the snowbridges over the crevasses as well as the transverse position of the latter caused us to bear away towards the western ridge, the summit of which I reached about 6 o'clock in the evening, a hight of 7200 feet, as estimated from the barometer. Mr. Schwatka, who had contracted a severe chill, was unable to proceed further than 5800 feet, Joseph Woods returned at a hight of 6800 feet.

THE VIEW OF ST. ELIAS

And the St. Elias region, thus overlooked for the first time by the eye of man, was (as I saw it from the altitude of 6900 feet) of the most remarkable character. Above that hight of 6900 feet I was in the clouds, and, therefore, saw nothing. It was obvious that the summit of the first ridge was reached from the fact that the ground in front commenced to fall away or slope to the westward. The sketch was taken from an altitude of about 5800 feet, before the clouds had commenced to form. It is not an easy thing the describe the shape and formation of a mountain. The *Coast Pilot*, observes "Pre-eminent in grandeur is the southern face of Mount St. Elias. Sir Edward Belcher remarks, in his "Voyage of the Ship Sulphur "Each range is in itself an object worthy of the pencil, but with the stupendous, proud St. Elias towering above all, they dwindle into mere hillocks, or into a most splendid base on which to place his saintship." Vancouver speaks of "a connected chain of lofty mountains whose summits are but the base from whence Mount St. Elias towers majestically conspicuous in regions of eternal frost."

IT IS A REGULAR FOUR-SIDED PYRAMID,

as described by Professor Davidson. The most notable features are the crater-like basin on the south ridge, the line of precipices on the southeast face, the southwestern ridge, and the curving sweep downwards of the Tyndall glacier from the upper snow-fields. There is also a smaller crater-like basin at the foot of the line of cliffs shown in the telescopic sketch of St. Elias, in Mr. Dall's report, as it was seen from the entrance of Yakutat bay. But the view on the other side of the ridge, looking west, though more distant, was not less remarkable.

When the three climbers had once more united, it did not require many hours to reach camp, where we arrived at midnight. Our return journey to Icy bay was swift and uneventful. The river had risen from the bursting of the dam, but not enough to wash away the provisions we had cached. At midnight, on the 30th of July, we tried to leave Icy bay in our whaleboat, which belonged to the Pinta. But the surf was too heavy, and the boat was nearly filled and almost capsized. The darkness of the night and the exceeding coldness of the water of Icy bay added to our wretchedness. At early dawn on the 1st of August we were successful in making

OUR ESCAPE FROM ICY BAY,

Though at a cost of abandoning most of the baggage. I soon left the expedition at Yakutat, and on the 9th I traveled westward in a small schooner to Kaiak island, and from thence in a canoe to Prince William sound, where I found another schooner to carry me to Kadiak island. Early in September the Pinta returned to Yakutat for the *Times* expedition. There is in the Alpine regions of the North Pacific a wide field for explorers, and especially for mountaineers, in the Fairweather and St. Elias Alps. Mounts Crillon, Fairweather and Le Perouse are not quite so high as St. Elias, but much nearer to civilization. Probably it would be easier to attack these from the wonderful Lituya bay than at Icy bay, and it certainly would be easier to leave. Mounts Fairweather and Crillon hang close over Lituya bay.

If any future expedition should start for Mount St. Elias they should number in the party several experienced mountaineers.

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* As he was so far from the shore he could not possibly see the breakers on the cliffs.

THE TWIGGS SWORDS

A Southern Advocate of the Bill for their Restoration.

Letter in Atlanta Constitution

The bill to restore the famous Twiggs swords, which passed the house of representatives last Wednesday night, ought to pass the senate at once. In this era of reconciliation it is peculiarly inappropriate that the federal government should maintain possession of these private treasures which are valuable chiefly on account of their associations.

It is true that the Twiggs swords have a great intrinsic value, but that is not comparable to their heroic and historical worth. No soldier in the United States army so distinguished himself at the battle of Cerro Gordo as did Gen. Twiggs. He was an old officer of the regular army, who entered before the West Point academy was established. He lived long enough to serve the Confederacy, though he was an old man when he relaxed his allegiance to the cause of the Union.

For his valor and efficiency at Cerro Gordo he was accorded the recognition of his native city, Augusta, of the state of Georgia, and of the congress of the United States. The honors thus tendered to him took the form which was most gracious to his knightly heart. The three swords which were given to him were more precious in his sight than any other reward could have been. They are the costliest weapons ever made in this country, and their aggregate value is about $40,000.

The hilt of the sword presented by the state of Georgia is of solid gold, richly jeweled, and the blade is of silver. The coat-of-arms of the state forms the head of the handle. The sword voted by the city of Augusta has a hilt of exquisitely carved pearl, heavily mounted with gold. The blade is of steel, engraved with patriotic legends, and the scabbard is of gold.

The costliest of the three swords is that awarded by a vote of congress. It is, perhaps, the finest sword ever made. The diamonds which sparkle in its hilt are worth thousands of dollars, and the keen, long blade is of burnished gold, encased in a scabbard of embossed silver.

When the Northern invasion of the South began, Gen. Twiggs sent these three swords to New Orleans for safe keeping. He entrusted them to the care of a lady in that city, who placed them in a bank vault. When Gen. Butler captured New Orleans he opened all the strong boxes to see what they contained, and to keep whatever was valuable. The Twiggs swords constituted the capital prize in this original Louisiana lottery, and Gen Butler was delighted when he laid his rapacious hands on them.

A bright idea struck him as he contemplated their beauty, and reflected on the suggestions which they brought to his mind. It was to send them to President Lincoln as a present. He did so. Abraham Lincoln, who did not have Butler's keen appreciation of silver and gold, promptly declined the proffered gift and delivered the swords to the secretary of the treasury for safe keeping.

They lay in the vaults of the treasury until the war was over, and then were exhibited in a glass case as one of the trophies of the victorious army.

When the bureau of engraving and printing was established, the Twiggs swords were transferred to it, and have always attracted more attention there even than the manufacture of greenbacks.

There are several contestants for these precious swords, and the bill which has just passed the house does not decide to whom they shall be awarded. It merely declares that the swords shall be delivered to the heirs or legal representatives of the deceased Gen. Twiggs, and leaves the court of claims to determine that question of fact.

Gen Twiggs, I believe, had only one son. He is now the assistant superintendent of the mint at San Francisco. The general's oldest daughter married a Mr Myers, of Virginia, and is now a widow, residing in Washington. Judge H D. D Twiggs, of Augusta, is a grand-nephew of the hero of Cerro Gordo.

SOCIAL STUDIES. By R. Heber Newton. New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, price $1. For sale by J. K. Gill & Co.

A collection of essays and discourses on social and economic subjects delivered on various occasions or published in periodicals. Mr Newton is very radical, not to say reckless, in many of his statements, which, in some instances, are glaringly inaccurate. For instance, he puts down the aggregate national debts of Europe at $1,000,000,000, while those of seven of the principal powers amount to over $18,000,000,000, the debt of France alone being $5,000,000,000. Of a piece with this is his assertion that the annual interest on the debt of New York city amounts to $81,000,000. This apparent carelessness as to facts greatly mars a volume whose merits in other respects are by no means inconsiderable. Mr. Newton is a strong champion of the rights of the people as against lawless monopolies and corrupt combinations of capitalists, and many of his arguments are forcible and convincing.

A Remedy for Lung Diseases.

Dr. Robt. Newton, late President of the Eclectic College, of the City of New York and formerly of Cincinnati Ohio used DR WM HALL'S BALSAM very extensively in his practice as many of his patients, now living and restored to health by the use of this invaluable medicine can amply testify. He always said that so good a remedy ought not to be considered merely as a patent medicine, but that it ought to be prescribed freely by every physician as a sovereign remedy in all cases of lung diseases. It cures Consumption, and all pectoral complaints.

SALMAGUNDI.

A Budget of News Gathered from State and Territorial Exchanges.

Progress and Development of Various Sections—Quaint Items, and Some of that Commodity Stranger than Fiction.

A correspondent of the Oysterville *Journal*, writing from the Willapa valley, sounds the praises of that region in the following language "Perhaps nowhere in the world is the soil and climate better adapted to the growth of hops than the warm, rich, river bottom lands in the Willapa valley. That there is money in hops is evidenced in the financial success met with in other parts of this territory where the business is extensively engaged in. Large fortunes await those who have the enterprise to go into the business here. Very little capital is required, but it will require the same amount of energy and knowledge that is needed to make the business a success in any place."

The territorial penitentiary of Walla Walla is completed, but there is nothing left on hand to furnish it with or make it ready for the prisoners. It will take $25,000 more to put in order. In the meantime the Seatco contractors will draw 70 cents a day for each prisoner until the next legislature meets.

A San Francisco correspondent of the Walla Walla *Journal* tells of another citizen of that place who went to hear Patti. He was of an economical turn and so took a cheap lay. He got one at the top of the house for a dollar. When he got there he had to stand under seats arranged circus style, and crane his head up to see. He had for neighbors a gentleman from Africa who had walked rapidly several miles, and an Italian who had dined on macaroni, cheese and garlic.

The Blaine *Journal* says the citizens of that town are a unit on all questions of public interest. Happy Blaine!

One of the measures urged upon the legislature was an appropriation for the damming of Beaver slough, at Coos bay. The *Herald*, of that locality, opposed the scheme, which led the *News*, a rival paper, to remark that every traveler who had ever been through the slough never failed to do what the *Herald* condemned.

The citizens of Linkville, Klamath county, and the farmers of the surrounding country have raised by subscription about $1500 for the purpose of building a good road down the Klamath river to the line of railroad. This road when completed will do away with the people of that section being compelled to cross the Cascade mountains to get their goods, and will also shorten the distance for teamsters at least twenty-five miles. It is now an admitted fact, says the Klamath *Star*, that our business men will all buy their goods in San Francisco.

Many reports are given of the depredations of jackrabbits in wheat fields and orchards of Lincoln county, W T. The county commissioners are being urged to pay a bounty for the scalps of these pests. If the farmers would shoot them and send them to the Portland market it is believed they could make expenses, besides getting rid of the nuisances.

Experiments in the fruit-growing districts of California during the last few years have convinced the orchardmen that there is efficacy in the use of smudge fires for the warding off of injurious frosts during the blossoming season. Indeed, in certain places the preparation of materials for such fires is a regular part of the spring programme for the fruit grower and gardener. The orchardmen about Ashland, says the *Tidings*, have been discussing the matter with one another on the streets, and have concluded to try the experiment here the coming spring. To begin preparations for concerted action, a meeting of those interested will be called.

In Montana great fears are entertained that much loss of life will occur through the deep snow preventing the people getting fire wood. At Benton coal is already $60 per ton, and at other places they have had to tear down old buildings and cut up their fences for fuel.

The Lakeview *Examiner* complains "That portion of the New Year's edition of THE OREGONIAN, devoted to the 'wool industry,' goes all around us, but does not even mention the little 1,000,000 pounds of wool produced in Lake county in 1886. The sum received for the wool is probably too small for outsiders to notice. It only amounted to about $175,000 last year." The omission was wholly unintentional, and it gives THE OREGONIAN pleasure to now quote the *Examiner's* own statement of the facts.

There is great discrepancy in the weather reports of two Southern Oregon papers a week ago. The Jacksonville *Times* says "Hyacinths, crocuses and other early flowers are blooming in Southern Oregon, showing the grandeur of our climate and tantalizing the inhabitants of the ice-bound regions east of the Rocky mountains." And the Ashland *Tidings* of the same date says "After falling all day yesterday, the snow had reached a depth of about eight inches on the level last evening, and was still coming at dark. This is an immense snow for Ashland." Must be a mistake somewhere.

Among other enterprises which the go-ahead city of Seattle is fostering is the manufacture of pressed brick. Otto Ranke, of that city, has sent to Indiana for an Anderson brick machine, which is guaranteed to turn out 35,000 bricks per day when worked up to its full capacity. The machine has been shipped and Mr. Ranke expects it to arrive in about two weeks. He is also having a boiler and twenty-horse power engine to run the machine built at the Washington iron works in Seattle. Mr. Ranke has a brick yard at the mouth of the Duwamish river, on which he expects to expend $6000 this season in placing it in first-class condition to turn out brick.

Many people will remember the killing of Hamilton at Molalla, Clackamas county, several years ago by George Collins, better known as "Pop-eye George," and the latter's sentence to the penitentiary for life, when it was the general belief he deserved the gallows. Despite this fact, it now transpires that he has been pardoned, and the Jacksonville *Times* says it was through the influence of C. A. Buckley, the celebrated political boss of San Francisco. He is now in the employ of Chris, and is living at the bay city with a young woman whom he married shortly after he was released.

The Ashland Woolen Mill company, during 1886, sold $55,944 worth of manufactured goods. During that time $21,445 was spent for wool, dyestuffs, $-070 wood, $838, tallow, $516, wages, $10,703. This shows a good margin for a dividend and the stockholders are well satisfied with it.

The new hospital building at Steilacoom, W T., will be ready for occupancy June 1. Electric light wires have been put into and through the building in advance of the work of the plasterers. The light used will be the Edison incandescent.

The promoters of the scheme to build the proposed great Teanaway canal have been assured of subscribers to the amount of $100,000, which, it is said, will be a sufficient amount. This canal will irrigate 52,000 acres of land now lying waste in east Kittitas valley. It will be thirty-three miles long, twelve feet wide on the bottom, twenty feet on top and four feet deep. It will cross the Swauk, eight miles above the railway bridge by a flume 610 feet long and 200 feet high. The company will be reincorporated, and the canal will be finished in two years.

A Yaquina bay paper is responsible for the following "A portion of the bluff back of the Ocean house at Newport broke loose this morning, coming down with a rush, and striking Sam Case's handsome cottage east of the hotel, at the north end, turned the building nearly half way round, so that instead of fronting to the south it now fronts to the east. The family of Will T. Webber, county surveyor, were no little surprised at the turn of affairs as they had no intention of moving before spring, and were in peaceable possession of the house."

Rev L. C Davis, president of the Pennsylvania Welsh colony, has written to Sprague parties, stating that the colony is united on going to Washington territory, and that arrangements are now being made with Northern Pacific officials concerning rates of transportation. They will go to the Big Bend country.

R. Lanning, of Pullman, is visiting friends in Yamhill county, after an absence of nine years. In 1877, says the McMinnville *Reporter*, he was in company with L. H. Cook, in the first steam thresher ever used in the county. It is amusing to listen to the tales of dread in the minds of men and women here, on the advent of that innovation. But the machine worked, and never blew up. In forty two days the company earned $2260. The work of 1877 has not since been improved.

J. S Dunlap, of Elma, Chehalis county, W. T., has a curiosity in the shape of a letter 100 years old. The letter was dated "Boston, New England, Jan. 29, 1770," and written to a friend in regard to the establishment of a Masonic lodge in Maryland, and signed by Henry Price.

The *Astorian* thinks it would be hard to find any end or part of the state that is entirely satisfied with the deeds of omission and commission at Salem this session.

A correspondent asks for the meaning and origin of "A Lemhi Chinook." It was a term used by the miners and packers in early days, up in Idaho, to denote exactly the opposite to a regular chinook wind. Lemhi is a town away up on Salmon river, and when the wind blew from that direction the cold came to stay.

Hon J. H. Lewis of Seattle, has a client down in Kitsap who evidently don't believe in newfangled notions. Mr. Lewis had occasion to send him word about a case and the message was dictated to a type-writer and mailed to the client. The latter wrote back. "I want you to understand that I am somewhat eddicated myself and can read writing and it's no use for you to have my letters printed, for I ain't as ignorant as you might think." Mr. Lewis will hereafter send that client autograph letters and spare the type-writer.

Typographical errors as every newspaper man knows, are something which will frequently creep into an article, in spite of all precautions, but this attempt of the Heppner *Gazette* to excuse itself is hardly admissible "There are at least 75 or 80 boxes in the printer's case, so it is no wonder that the type will get into the b box, as it evidently did two weeks ago in the *Gazette* shop, when a portrait block of John Roach, the eminent shipbuilder, was accidentally printed to represent Hon J. P. Wager. The type used at the same time to represent Hon. Henry Gray is pronounced by good judges to be Senator Sabin, of Minnesota. These errors were marked in the proofsheets, but were afterwards accidentally overlooked."

Walla Walla was divided all last week into two factions. Those who wished Emma Abbott to sing "The Mikado," and those who didn't. Here is one of many paragraphs about the matter in the *Statesman* "There are several parties in the city now who wish to see Emma Abbott in Lucretia Borgia. What next do they want? They seem to forget that our own Mrs. Bill Tennant has taken that character here on several occasions."

There sailed the other day from Seattle a marine curiosity in the shape of a sloop, twenty tons, named the August. She was built at Twelve-Mile point, below Seattle, by a Norwegian named (also curiously enough) England. The builder was his own sawmiller, shipcarpenter, blacksmith and everything else. He was about a year building it, unaided, and he hewed the timber in the forest, and, in fact, did the whole construction by himself, with the exception of hiring a man to launch her and purchasing from a sawmill the plank for her decks. The sloop sailed out of the harbor beautifully and is as perfectly built as one could wish. She goes to Port Townsend to be registered, when she will return to Seattle and get ready to do a sealing business in Alaskan waters. This reads like a Crusoe tale, but serves to show what a skillful man can do single handed and alone.

The Palouse *Gazette*, which ought to know what it is talking about, as it is published at the home of Mr. Voorhees, says that President Cleveland, in making the recent appointments of judges, "has demolished our delegate's little trade with Mr Caton, who was promised a judgeship during the past campaign if he would quit skulking in the wilds of Idaho and take the stump in the territory. He did these things, but the promised and coveted judgeship is still a myth."

Editor Halloran, of the *Astorian*, has the faculty of seeing the beautiful in nature, and when he first took charge of that paper its columns fairly teemed with poetic description. Of late, however, the steady grind of issuing a daily paper has had its effect, and nothing of that kind has made its appearance. The soul has not all fled, however, for one day this week we find the following "That 'distance lends enchantment to the view' is well exemplified in looking at the snow-crowned forests across the river. Probably if we had to travel through or work in that region it would be the reverse of pleasant, but to us on the south shore the picture they present is a grand one the deep green of the cone-shaped trees, the glistening snow in their dark tops, the gold and crimson and violet light as the sun's sinking shafts fall level on the rank and file of fir and spruce and hemlock, receding in purple distance to the far-off summits of the Olympian range."

The Salem *Statesman* eulogizes J. C. Carson, president of the state senate, and closes with these words "Mr. Carson takes an active interest in all the benevolent and charitable enterprises of his locality and is naturally of a benevolent and kindly disposition, and many there are who have felt their hearts swell in gratitude for the kindly acts and gentle words of John C. Carson." Which leads the *East Oregonian* to remark There is nothing mean about the *Statesman*.

In Cottontail canyon, Morrow county, an energetic gentleman is now burning his fence for fuel. All fall he sat around talking hard winter with the well-timbered Blue mountains in the near distance.

Speaking of the recent great wind storm in the inland empire, a paper of that section says "Louis McMorris is the luckiest man on earth. Again he has avoided paying taxes on his Walla Walla real estate by having the soil herded into Franklin county."

Z. K. Straight, of Walla Walla, has been putting in his time recently polishing two magnificent rubies which were presented to him years ago by Capt. Upham, First cavalry, who found them in Arizona. They will be perfect beauties when finished, as they weigh four carats each.

The Tacoma *Ledger* reports the doings of two inhuman brutes in that city, named L. S. Aldrich and Harry Darling. Aldrich went home the other evening and began to abuse and beat his wife, until a boarder, Oscar Christianson, who lived in the house, attempted to prevent the cruel treatment. Aldrich then turned his attention to Christianson, but was not so fortunate as he was with a woman, and was compelled to leave the house. The police are looking for Aldrich, but have not yet been able to find him. The other scoundrel, Darling, has for a wife an unfortunate woman who refuses to make a complaint against him although he attacked and beat her in a most brutal and inhuman manner. She was struck about the head and body several times and was compelled to run for her life. After she left the house it is said that he kicked and bruised his small child. Two policemen were called in, but no arrests were made. The wife stated that this was not the first time he had beat her, and yet she made no complaint against him for his brutal actions toward her. It is a shame upon a community that such scoundrels should go unwhipt of justice.

The Changing Stars

In concluding his article on "The Stars," in the Midwinter *Century*, Prof. Langley uses the following illustration "When primitive man observed that with lapsing years the oak withered and the very rock decayed, more slowly but as surely as himself, he looked up to the stars as the very types of contrast to the change he shared, and fondly deemed them eternal, but now we have found change there, and that probably the star clusters and the nebulæ, even if clouds of suns and worlds, are fixed only by comparison with our own brief years, and, tried by the terms of their own long existence, are fleeting like ourselves. * * * I have read somewhere a story about a race of ephemeral insects who live but an hour. To those who are born in the early morning the sunrise is the time of youth. They die of old age while his beams are yet gathering force, and only their descendants live on to midday, while it is another race which sees the sun decline, from that which saw him rise. Imagine the sun about to set, and the whole nation of mites gathered under the shadow of some mushroom (to them ancient as the sun itself) to hear what their wisest philosopher has to say of the gloomy prospect. If I remember aright, he first told them that, incredible as it might seem, there was not only a time in the world's youth when the mushroom itself was young, but that the sun in those early ages was in the eastern, not in the western sky. Since then, he explained, the eyes of scientific ephemera had followed it, and established by induction from vast experience the great law of nature, that it moved only westward; and he showed that science It was now nearing the western horizon, since herself pointed to the conclusion that it was about to disappear forever, together with the great race of ephemera for whom it was created.

"What his hearers thought of this discourse I do not remember, but I have heard that the sun rose again the next morning."

THE PANAMA CANAL.

What a Great Admirer of De Lesseps Thinks of the Enterprise.

A Comparison of the Mighty Work with the Digging of the Suez Canal—The Advantages to be Reaped.

[Written for the Sunday Oregonian.]

The two greatest pacific conceptions man has ever attempted to execute are destined to bring out the commerce of the world from the ancient ways which nature, for thousands of years, had laid out for it. During the last twenty-five years the brains and energy of one man have commanded the most untractable elements and divided them, in order to direct and guide this commerce on newly assured roads and through channels better adapted to draw nearer the countries and peoples of the earth. These two bloodless revolutions are striking and palpable proofs of the progress made during the second half of the nineteenth century by technology, which nowadays hardly recognizes any obstacles. The persevering will and unshaken energy of a wonderful man, four score and two years old, the Count de Lesseps, have planned out these wonders, and it is the same will-power and energy that will gratify his longing for the birth of his second child, the opening of the Panama canal in 1889. Then, to use his own words, he will retire with the satisfaction of having improved our planet, benefited his fellowman and rendered comparatively simple and sure the circumnavigation of this globe. A glance at the map of the world will not fail to convince the observer of the marvelous changes which the international commerce and navigation will undergo as soon as the canal of Panama is opened.

The meridian of Panama which, practically speaking, is nearly the same as that of New York and Washington, is exactly opposite to the Malay peninsula, whose principal seaport Singapore claims to be. Consequently it is easy to estimate the important maritime movement which will take place from east to west, and vice versa, if we turn our eyes toward Suez and bring the oriental and occidental canals into commercial relationship or partnership.

If compared with the Suez canal that of Panama possesses two great advantages over its brother. The first advantage is that South America extends much farther towards the Austral pole than the African continent, the second is obvious and great as the first, inasmuch as the American isthmus can be reached on both sides almost in a direct line from the Atlantic and Pacific seaports, whilst to reach Port Said, in Egypt, many turns and byways are necessary and cannot be dispensed with.

The shortening of the distance for ships which will pass through the canal of Panama, instead of going round Cape Horn or the strait of Magellan, is about 10,000 miles. Distance, time and money combined are decided advantages which can hardly be appreciated at their just value.

The opening of the Suez canal greatly hastened the employment of steam as a moving power. The canal of Panama will give a livelier impulse to the studies of a new moving agency which, in all respects, is destined to supplant and eclipse steam. That this new force will be electricity seems to be a foregone solution of the problem. In both hemispheres electricians are hard at work and the fruits of their exertions are ripening up very fast. They have already found the means of producing, storing up and handling the electrical power with such ease and dexterity that we seem to be on the eve of a new era for the use of this powerful agency as a moving power on land and water.

PROFIT TO THE UNITED STATES.

Here a little digression will help the American readers and thinkers to understand better the profit which will accrue to the United States when they will remember that a few years ago the students of geography found on the map of America a large region, situated between the Missouri and Rio Grande rivers, designated as the "Great American desert." To-day the whole of that immense wilderness is crossed by numerous railroads bound north, south, east and west. It is, besides, not only well spotted with farms, but also with prosperous towns and villages. My intention is to show, by a more or less analogous comparison, what the immense Pacific ocean is destined to become when the ships will ply between the Atlantic and Pacific, plow through the canal and play on its waters the part which the railroads perform on the Great American desert.

But the question a thousand times asked, and oftentimes answered with either a malicious or skeptical motive "Will the American isthmus be pierced?" is still a matter of conjecture, and will likely remain so until the last six months as it happened with its prototype, the isthmus of Suez.

This great problem "Will the isthmus of Panama be pierced?" cannot be more conclusively and satisfactorily faced and solved than by establishing a progressive comparison with the difficulties which the digging of the Suez canal had to surmount, and by strengthening this parallel with the opinion of competent men, and, above all, the firm confidence—better, the certainty—which the Count de Lesseps carries everywhere and imparts into the hearts of his powerful army of financiers and shareholders.

Always at the front, lofty mountains of difficulties disappear at his command, and nature is more docile to the physical forces which the giant brings to bear upon it. Each time a new enemy threatens to hurt his enterprise, the great engineer, drawing from within himself a colossal force and courage, rushes on to the thick of the battle, crosses and recrosses the seas, faces his adversaries, scatters them right and left, and revives his disheartened friends and co-laborers. This Napoleon of the shovel is a true magnet around which the people of all nationalities are drawn, as by enchantment, and which keeps at a respectful distance all skeptics and detractors. No rally is possible when the man who knows no half measures and never had recourse to small means has repulsed and dispersed the opposing forces. At the advanced age of 82 he is as active and relentless a worker to assure the success of his plans as he was eighteen years ago, when the canal of Suez was completed. There the technical difficulties to be surmounted consisted in cutting a canal whose section required a dimension hitherto unknown, and this had to be done in the midst of a deserted region, completely barren soil and entirely deprived of potable waters. In the face of the absolute necessity of securing this indispensable commodity a special canal of fresh water had to be dug from the Nile near Cairo, crossing Ismailia, in order to reach Suez. For a long time, however, all the water was exclusively carried on camels' backs, and 1500 of these animals were employed to supply one single deck with fresh water. Later on it was the lack of workers that

THREATENED THE ENTERPRISE.

The Fellahs which, according to the convention made with the viceroy, were hired to the number of from 30,000 to 40,000, had soon to be given up as useless. A little later still, England, wrapped up in her prudery, played towards Suez precisely the part which the opponents of the Panama canal have assumed in the New World. She endeavored to dissuade the capitalists, to show the impossibility of piercing the isthmus, to deny all the advantages which the new maritime road would open to the commerce of the world, in one word, to disparage by all possible means, the great work and the energetic worker. But De Lesseps rose above all his opponents, and his marvelous achievement, at the appointed time, confused them all.

At Panama we see, as in Egypt, a deserted country, but a luxuriant vegetation and a railroad which cuts the isthmus in a direction parallel to the line of the canal. What at Suez was missing, the water, is found at Panama pure and in great abundance. Instead of sandy plains, extensive and voluminous rocks, as those of the Cordilleras, are to be dealt with and much more easily conquered and disposed of. There it was necessary to secure the most vital and important commodities, here, the tropical regions provide for the workers, and almost help the progress of the work. Towns, villages with dwellings for the employers and laborers, hospitals, workshops, etc., sprang up on the American isthmus in two-thirds less time than on the Isthmus of Suez. In one year, were scaled all along the line of the Panama canal numerous camps for the workmen, the extent and importance of which can be readily imagined when we consider that the buildings constructed by the company, if placed in a line fifteen yards wide would form a street eight miles long; and this does not include the workshops for machineries, steam saw mills, wharves, ship-constructing and refitting docks, near Colon, at Matachin, and at Panama, works at which nearly 1000 skilled workmen were employed and for the construction of which many millions were expended. If we add to this the choice of reliable contractors, skillful engineers, and the drawing to the isthmus all the necessary forces for the work, we can form an idea of this stupendous enterprise, and truly say, with M. de Lesseps, that the preliminary expenses are fully half the work to be accomplished. At this hour, there are but five great enterprises in the hands of five different contractors which correspond with the five sections of the whole. Each section has a task of 15,000,000 to 16,000,000 cubic metres, or in all, 102,000,000 cubic metres of earth works. In Egypt, 55,000,000 cubic metres were excavated during the last two years of the Suez canal construction. By all calculations, and from present appearances, there is no doubt whatever entertained that the different sections will be carried to a successful end at the appointed time, 1889. Because only 10,000,000, 20,000,000 or 28,000,000 of cubic metres were excavated at any given date out of a total required excavation of 102,000,000 cubic metres, the hostile press, howled on by the shortsighted and weak-hearted engineers, have been predicting failure, overlooking the important fact that, with existing appliances, the work is simply a question of muscle power and steam power, and cannot be, properly speaking, a question of engineering.

THE DEMAGOGIC ARGUMENT

Often presented that "for instance, it cost $50,000,000 to remove 10,000,000 cubic metres, and that therefore it will require ten times that amount to excavate ten times that quantity of material, is an imposition on ordinary intelligence. A familiar analogy will illustrate and show the fallacy of such a misleading assertion. The builders might as well say, 'my bricks, lumber, plaster, etc., sufficient to build my $10,000 house have already cost me $5,000, and the walls are only ten feet high. At this rate my house will cost me $50,000.' There is hardly any need of pointing out where the error lies. On the first of January last, the administration of the canal had at the disposal of the contractors and engineers (by means of annual ground rent of 1½ per cent. on the value), the following material 40 drags, 150 extractors, 171 engines and wagons in proportion, 20 steamers, 468 pumps, 11 excavators, 131 beaters or rammers, and about 115 miles of railroad tracks. These figures, more eloquent than words, indicate the degree to which the work has been pushed and the activity with which it is pursued at this hour. The era of the preliminary works is therefore more than past, and now the actual and earnest cutting, with appliances of the latest make and largest capacity, is being prosecuted. If competitors mean to enter the arena they have no time to lose or they will be left.

As to the financial success of the enterprise, it can easily be calculated. Let us suppose that the sum required does not exceed three hundred millions, and that the opening of the canal takes place, a traffic of four millions of tons per year would suffice to assure the interest of 5 per cent. on the capital engaged or invested; but M. de Lesseps estimates the annual tonnage at 7,500,000, and he ought to know best, for he is equally distinguished in both finance and engineering. In the case of the Suez canal his calculations were correct to a few thousand tons. Since the 10th of December of last year, the greatest activity reigns on the isthmus. The brains and the muscles pull together and work for all they are worth. Heavy boring machines, powerful drags, powder, dynamite, etc., clear away thousands of cubic meters per day. At the beginning of this year before the formation of the great [illegible] of contractors, twenty-eight millions of cubic meters, besides the immense preliminary [illegible] had been extracted. But now that the new appliances are at work, the contractors and engineers do not entertain the slightest doubt that the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans will meet and mingle freely through the American isthmus in 1889.

M. le Comte de Lesseps continues to cherish the most sanguine convictions and he never flinches in the belief that he will live to see the accomplishment of his glorious enterprise, that he will have the great, the well-deserved satisfaction of bringing to the New World his large family to witness the inauguration of the Panama canal in 1889. The whole world will then place on his venerable head a double crown with this inscription To De Lesseps, the greatest pacific conqueror.

SUY / PANAMA.

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FOR PAINS—RHEUMATIC.

After a lapse of years statements confirming the efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil and its permanent cures, are given below

From a Rheumatic Sufferer—Jan. 1879.
Bergen New Jersey
I have used St Jacobs Oil and it cured me of rheumatism after a few days' application. AUGUSTUS PRICE.

From Same 7 Years Later.
121½ 7th St, Jersey City N J Oct. 27 1886.
I cannot add more to the praise of St Jacobs Oil than my testimony seven years ago. It cured me. AUGUSTUS PRICE.

From a Rheumatic Sufferer, Sept. 1880.
Union Catholic Library Association, 204 Dearborn St, Chicago Ill
One bottle of St Jacobs Oil cured me of rheumatism, which gave me great pain.
JAMES A. CONLAN, JR., Librarian.

From Same 6 Years Later.
154 Huron St. Chicago, Ill, October 18, 1886.
I can only repeat my former testimony as to the merits of St Jacobs Oil. It cured me of a severe case of rheumatism.
JAMES A. CONLAN, JR.

From a R. R. Official—January, 1882.
Office of N Y, L. E. & W R. R. Co., 187 West, New York, N Y
Two months ago I had rheumatism in my right arm from shoulder to wrist and could not raise it without excruciating pain. Before the second bottle of St. Jacobs Oil was used my arm was well.
C. Y. WARD, Div'n. Pass. Agent.

From Same 4 Years Later.
157 West St., New York, N Y, Nov 10 1886
Referring to clipping from N Y [illegible] which gives an account of my case, if it will be of any service to you I shall be pleased. St Jacobs Oil cured me.
C. Y. WARD, Div'n Pass. Agent.

THE CHARLES A VOGELER CO., Baltimore Md.
All persons using St. Jacobs Oil or Red Star Cough Cure will by sending a two-cent stamp and a history of their case receive ADVICE FREE.

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SAFE. SURE. PROMPT. 25 CTS.
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With Through Pullman Sleeping Cars to Council Bluffs St Paul, Walla Walla and Dayton without change. Train from the East arrives at 10 A. M. every day.

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Oregon, Monday	Feb 21	Columbia, Sunday	[illegible]
Columbia, Saturday	Feb [illegible]	State, Friday	[illegible]
State, Thursday	Feb 24	Oregon, Wednesday	[illegible]
Oregon, Tuesday	Mar 1	Columbia, Monday	[illegible]
Columbia, Friday	Mar 4	State, Thursday	[illegible]

The Company reserves the right to change steamers or sailing days.

TO ASTORIA.
U. S. Mail Steamer leaves Ash st. daily, except Sunday, at 6 A. M. for Astoria.

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No Boats to the Cascades until further notice.

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Steamer leaves Portland at 7 A. M. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, for Dayton and way points. Returning, leave Dayton at 6 A. M. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Corvallis steamers leave Portland at 6 A. M. Monday and Thursday. Returning, at Portland 3 P. M. Wednesday and Saturday.

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THE EAST.

The Trade Dollar Bill Ready for the President.

GRANT'S FAMOUS EXPRESSION.

A Decision in Favor of Ben Butler—Contest Over the Stewart Estate—Another Mammoth Cave.

HOUSE.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 19.—In the house the speaker announced the appointment of Hemphill, of South Carolina, as a conferee on the trade dollar bill, in place of Scott, of Pennsylvania, who is absent from the city.

Baker, of New York, called up as privileged matter, the resolution offered by him yesterday, fixing a day for consideration of territorial admission bills, and under the operation of the rules, it was referred to the committee on rules.

Lanham, of Texas, presented a conference report on the trade dollar bill, and it was agreed to without debate or division.

The consideration of the veto message on the dependent pension bill was postponed, 131 to 81, until Thursday next.

The house then went into committee of the whole for consideration of senate amendments to the sundry civil appropriation bill. On motion of McComas, of Maryland, the senate amendment was concurred in appropriating $25,000 for the education of children in Alaska.

Butterworth, of Ohio, moved to concur in the senate amendment directing the secretary of war to make an inquiry as to the number of Union soldiers buried in some cemeteries with Confederates, and whether their resting places are unfenced and unmarked.

On motion of Randall a senate amendment was non-concurred in, for the purpose of enabling the committee of conference to frame a measure in accordance with the views of both sides of the house.

Pending further action on senate amendments the committee rose and the house adjourned.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 19.—In the senate, Jones, of Nevada, from the conference committee on the bill to retire the trade dollar, made a report and stated the points of it. After a lengthy debate the report was agreed to—yeas 41, nays 5. The nays were: Frye, George, Jones of Arkansas, Morrill and Sherman. The bill now goes to the president. Adjourned.

GRANT'S FAMOUS EXPRESSION.

"We Will Fight it Out on This Line if it Takes all Summer."

NEW YORK, Feb. 19.—The *World's* Washington special says: A noted ex-general of the Union army says: "People in Washington believe that General Rawlins worded that stirring telegraphic dispatch which Grant sent from the front in 1864, at the time when our congress was scared and the people of the north were in dismay at the terrible slaughter of the army when Grant drove Lee toward Richmond. I refer to the dispatch, 'We will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer.' Now it was written by Stanton when Lincoln was in conference with him in the war department. They were both alarmed about the political outlook in the Northern states. Discouraging accounts from the seat of war were telling against the administration, and a fear, in consequence, that Lincoln would not be re-elected prompted Stanton to do something to reassure the people and return their confidence in a successful termination of the war in favor of the Union cause, and inspire more respect for Lincoln's administration. Stanton, as a means to this end, telegraphed to Grant to send some encouraging news, and at the same time advised and wrote out a form of dispatch to be transmitted in response to his suggestion. Grant's celebrated answer had the desired effect. It gave heart and encouragement to the people of the Northern states. It gave strength to the weakened political supporters of Lincoln for re-election to the presidency, and, in fact, was very effective in silencing the opposition among republicans to Lincoln's candidacy."

WASHINGTON NEWS ITEMS.

PROVISIONS OF THE TRADE DOLLAR BILL.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 19.—Following is the text of the trade dollar bill, as it passed both houses:

Be it enacted, etc., That for a period of six months after the passage of this act United States trade dollars, if not defaced, mutilated or stamped, shall be received at the office of the treasurer, or any assistant treasurer of the United States, in exchange for a like amount, dollar for dollar, of standard silver dollars or subsidiary coins of the United States. That trade dollars received by, paid to or deposited with the treasurer, or any assistant treasurer or national depository of the United States, shall not be paid out on in any other manner issued at the expense of the United States, but shall be transmitted to coinage mints and recoined into standard silver dollars or subsidiary coin, at the discretion of the secretary of the treasury. Provided that trade dollars shall not be counted as part of the silver bullion required to be purchased and coined into standard dollars. That all laws and parts of laws authorizing the coinage and issuance of United States trade dollars are hereby repealed.

TWO NEW ORDNANCE MEASURES.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 19.—The house committee on military affairs to-day resumed consideration of the McAdoo ordnance bill. Cutcheon presented a substitute for the bill before the committee. It provides for the erection of a gun factory, and for first-class modern guns for the army, sea coast and other defenses. It appropriates $10,000,000 for the purpose. After the bill had been read, Chairman Bragg stated that he was engaged in the preparation of a substitute for the original measure, which he hoped to be able to lay before the committee Monday, and with a view to allowing comparison of the various measures, and combination of the best features of each, the committee adjourned without voting on Cutcheon's proposition.

Bragg indicated that his substitute only provides for the erection of a government factory, and for the creation of a testing board, of which Lieut.-Gen. Sheridan is to be a member.

PROTEST AGAINST THE FEE BILL.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 19.—The Attorney-general to-day transmitted to the house a communication from the United States attorney for Wyoming, calling attention to the inadequacy of fees provided by the fee bill for services of witnesses, jurors, etc., in attendance upon United States courts in that territory. The amounts allowed, for mileage and per diem, the attorney and the marshal of the territory, and witnesses and jurors, it is said, do not pay their expenses in attendance upon courts, and it is desired that these fees be so increased that the interests of the government shall not suffer.

MRS. CLEVELAND'S LAST PUBLIC RECEPTION.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 19.—Mrs. Cleveland held her last public reception this afternoon, and it was attended by more people than any similar event at the White house. The crowd was composed mainly of ladies, and its number was estimated at 10,000. Members of several excursion parties from Baltimore, Brooklyn and other places helped to swell the throng.

DINNER TO THE PRESIDENT.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 19.—Secretary of War and Mrs. Endicott gave a dinner to President and Mrs. Cleveland last night. Those invited to dine with the president were Secretary Bayard, Secretary and Mrs. Lamar, Postmaster-General and Mrs. Vilas, Chief Justice and Mrs. Waite, Senator and Mrs. McPherson, Bancroft Davis and Mr. and Mrs. Endicott.

THE DEPENDENT PENSION BILL.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 19.—The house committee on invalid pensions to-day, by unanimous vote, decided to report back the dependent pension bill with a recommendation that it be passed over the veto of the president.

WILL REPORT AGAINST BENEDICT.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 19.—The senate committee on printing has agreed, two to one, to report adversely on the nomination of Public Printer Benedict. The report will be made at the next executive session.

APPOINTED CONFEREE.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 19.—Mr. Hemphill, of South Carolina, has been appointed a conferee on the Bland dollar bill, in place of Mr. Scott, of Pennsylvania, who is absent.

INDIANA STATE PRISON.

Investigation Shows Maltreatment of Prisoners and Embezzlement of Funds.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Feb. 19.—For several days a committee from the Indiana legislature have been investigating the affairs of the Southern Indiana state prison at Jeffersonville, and the observations of the investigators as given to the press have been anything but flattering to the management. The cells were badly kept and the finances loosely managed. To-day Captain Andrew Jackson Howard tendered his resignation, which was accepted by the board of directors. It was developed later that Howard's accounts were largely in arrears. Assistant State Auditor John W. Coons, who is an expert accountant, and who has been investigating the books of the prison in connection with the legislative committee, states that Howard's deficiency will probably amount to between $50,000 and $100,000. It is said also that the committee will report that great inhumanity has been practised upon prisoners under Howard.

IMPORTANT RAILROAD CONFERENCE.

Classifications and Fares to be Revised to Conform to the New Law.

NEW YORK, Feb. 19.—The trunk line executive committee and central traffic association, at Commissioner Fink's office, adopted the following resolutions:

WHEREAS, The executive committee of the trunk line commission, and the central traffic association, and other members of the joint committee, being convened in joint meeting for consideration of the bearings of the law regulating interstate freight and passenger traffic upon classifications, tariffs and methods of the joint committee, hereby adopt the following resolutions:

Resolved, That freight classifications and passenger fares on railways comprising the joint committee be at once examined and be revised in all respects in which they are found not to conform to law.

Resolved, That the freight rate committee the freight classification committee and the passenger committee be appointed by the chairman to conduct said revisions, and that each of the committees consider, formulate and recommend such amendment to the rules and regulations as may be found required to secure a uniform application of the law to the subjects referred to them, respectively.

Resolved, That said committees report their recommendations as speedily and as fully as practicable to the joint committee, which shall then be promptly convened to consider and act upon the same.

It was stated also that the question of passes was considered, and that it was decided to recall them, and to make no discrimination except in the case of ministers and missionaries. The system of pooling was also incidentally touched upon, but nothing definite was done in the matter. The committee will meet again to-morrow.

The following roads were represented by one or more general officers each: The Pennsylvania, Richmond & Danville, Lake Shore & Michigan Southern, Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati & Indianapolis, Grand Trunk, New York & New England, Nickel Plate, Michigan Central, Northwestern, Erie, New York Central, West Shore Boston & Albany, Baltimore & Ohio, and a number of others. Commissioner Blanchard, of the Central traffic association, and Commissioner Abbott, of the Southwestern passenger association, were also present, making altogether an unusually large representation of the railroad interests of the country. Several roads had from two to four executive officers present.

THE CASE AGAINST BEN BUTLER.

The Jury Obeying Instructions, Find a Verdict in Favor of Defendant.

NEW YORK, Feb. 19.—Judge Cox, at the close of arguments in the case of Lester against Benjamin F. Butler, which has been on trial for several days, said: "Before I direct the jury to find a verdict in favor of defendant, it will be necessary to review the facts of the case, and consider the time when these acts took place. No one who has listened to the testimony can doubt for a moment but that Lester was helping the Confederates. It will be seen that plaintiff was a slave owner; that he was engaged in the manufacture of arms for the Confederacy; that when he was arrested, he had in his possession a contract to purchase a fast vessel to run the blockade; that when Mrs. Lester was searched drafts were found in her possession on people in Canada, who were connected with the Confederacy; that Lester had taken several oaths of allegiance before he crossed the line, and that he was connected with the blockade runners. All these facts were considered by the military commission, which was a legally constituted body. Defendant was major-general in command in the department of Virginia, and according to military code was bound to obey the commands of his superiors. He received orders from the secretary of war to examine and arrest plaintiff, and if he had disobeyed these orders he would have been punished. The act of May 16, 1864, exempts defendant from prosecution for damages. As the commission was a legally instituted body, its judgment is not to be questioned. I can see no defect in the organization of that court, and it is entirely clear that this defendant cannot be held responsible for these acts, and I decline to find a verdict in favor of defendant."

The jury brought in a verdict as the court directed, and Lester's counsel made a motion for a stay of proceedings for thirty days, which was granted.

ANOTHER MAMMOTH CAVE.

Two Young Men in Kentucky Accidentally Happen Upon a Robbers' Den.

LOUISVILLE, Feb. 19.—The *Courier-Journal's* special from Sharpe, Marshall county, in the southwestern part of the state, relates the discovery of a large cave by two young men while engaged in preparing a piece of new land for a crop. A partial exploration developed the fact that the cave was made up of many rooms of great extent. A complete exploration will be impossible until certain large rocks are blasted or broken away. In one of the chambers there were found two human skeletons and about $800 in gold and silver coin, and a quantity of silverware. This newly-found cave is believed to have been the hiding place during the late war of the band of guerrillas known as "Bloody Bill Grady's gang." These marauders were attacked near Benton, Marshall county, in 1864, and all but two were killed. These two escaped, and going, as it is thought, to this cave quarreled over a division of spoils of the gang, and following their murderous bent shot and killed each other. Steps will be taken for a further investigation of the cave and its former occupants. It has also been hinted that this cavern was most likely the headquarters many years ago of the notorious John A. Murrill, who robbed and murdered people of this portion of Kentucky and the neighboring state of Tennessee.

THE STEWART ESTATE.

Suit Against Judge Hilton, Executor of the Wills.

NEW YORK, Feb. 19.—The *Sun* says: Suit has been begun by Prescott Hall Butler, an heir at law of Mrs. A. T. Stewart, to take the estate out of the hands of Judge Henry Hilton, who is executor of the wills of both Mr. and Mrs. Stewart. Allegations of fraud in the management of Mrs. Stewart's will are made, and the supreme court is prayed to appoint a receiver to set aside Mr. Hilton's acts as executor and trustee, and to direct partition of the real estate disposed of by Mrs. Stewart's will. Suit is brought against Mr. Hilton individually, and as executor and trustee under the will, and against all other persons interested in the disposition of real property belonging to the estate. The complaint states that the will and codicils connected with it give Mr. Hilton a large slice of real estate, after certain bequests have been provided for, and alleges that all those portions of said alleged codicils which purport to devise to said Henry Hilton in trust an undivided half of said real estate, or invest in him any trust, were obtained from Cornelia M. Stewart by undue influence and fraud.

STILL BALLOTING.

A Long Siege Before the Members of the New Jersey Legislature.

TRENTON, N. J., Feb. 19.—A ballot for United States senator was taken yesterday, with the following result: Sewell 35, Abbett 35, Bedle 3, scattering 8. The only change from previous ballots was that Speaker Baird dropped Judge Morrow and voted for Bedle. The joint assembly then arose. The ballot showed no tendency towards a choice, and both sides are beginning to realize that they are in for a long siege. Governor Abbett has declared himself ready to withdraw whenever it appears that any other man can command 41 democratic votes, but he does not desire to sacrifice his chances to mere experiment. Senator Sewell is said to be similarly disposed on the republican side.

COTTON BURNED.

A Building Struck by Lightning with a Resulting Loss of $350,000.

NEW YORK, Feb. 19.—A severe rain storm prevailed here yesterday, increasing in severity towards night. At 6 o'clock last evening it was accompanied by heavy peals of thunder and vivid flashes of lightning. One of the bolts struck a large four-story building of the American cotton docks of Tompkinsville, Staten Island, setting fire to a number of cotton bales on the top floor. The burning buildings contained about 10,000 bales of cotton. The loss is estimated at $350,000, which is fully covered by insurance.

The Chinese Ball at Washington.

Washington Critic.

"By gravy," said a Chicago man the other night at the Chinese ball during supper, "this reminds me of my native heath."

"You don't have anything like this in your town, do you?" inquired a fellow sandwich.

"Well, not exactly; but we have some very fair-sized hog-packing establishments in our town, you know."

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons have published a little treatise by E. Porter Alexander, entitled "Railway Practice," which discusses rather intelligently the various phases of the railway problem, its principles and the reforms which have been suggested or attempted in national legislation. Discriminations, pools, the long and short haul, etc., are considered.

A new excuse: Lady at theater (who has left her hat outside)—"Where are you going, my dear?" Husband (at end of first act)—"I am going out to see if your hat is all right."—New York Sun.

BAD BLOOD.

Gray Rejects the Hand of President Carson,

AND MAKES INSULTING REMARKS.

Frazer, the Book-Keeper at the Asylum, Draws an Empty Revolver on Dr. Josephi—Origin of the Trouble.

SALEM, Feb. 19.—The town looks deserted. The whole army of lobbyists has cleared out, and less than half a dozen members remain.

About the most unpleasant incident of the session occurred this morning in the hall of the senate. President Carson, who was about to start for home, offered to shake hands with Gray, of Clatsop, when the latter repulsed him, saying:

"You are no gentleman, sir. I don't know you, and will not take your hand."

Gray's anger grows out of Carson's ruling in the matter of the speech which he did not have an opportunity to deliver and which has been referred to in this correspondence. Those who witnessed the encounter this morning declare that Gray's action was unjustifiable, even if all he claims is true.

Among the candidates for the position of railroad commissionership is Joseph Gaston, who is said to be the author of the commission bill. He is backed by a petition to the governor, and [illegible] Boise is among the signers. George A. [illegible], of Benton, and formerly member of the legislature, is also a candidate for the place. [illegible] Davenport also is understood to be a candidate, and it is believed by many that the governor has promised him the place. It is reported that the governor has decided to make [illegible] Gibbons, of The Dalles, the defeated candidate for secretary of state, the democratic member of the commission. A. H.

A ROW AT THE ASYLUM.

[illegible], the Bookkeeper, Draws an Empty Revolver on Dr. Josephi.

SALEM, Feb. 19.—Frazer, bookkeeper at the asylum, and Dr. Josephi had a quarrel this morning, which is supposed to be the outcome of the discharge of Beatty. As the story goes, Frazer had notice to attend the state grand jury, and previous to starting Josephi asked him for his keys, telling him in the next breath that he was discharged. On this representation Frazer refused to deliver over the keys, and Josephi made a move to take them from him, when Frazer knocked him down. Josephi called for assistance, and Barlow, acting supervisor since Beatty's resignation, responded. A general scuffle ensued, finishing with Josephi calling for additional assistance to hold Frazer and Frazer running up stairs to his room, followed by Barlow and Josephi. On gaining the room Frazer picked up an unloaded revolver and bluffed Josephi and Barlow off, holding them at bay for about ten minutes, or until two attaches, Cook and Ward, appeared on the scene and informed Frazer that it was time to go to court, and that they had notice to accompany him, being also subpoenaed. Josephi called on Cook and Ward to witness that Frazer had drawn a revolver, and Frazer on the same parties to witness that it was not loaded. The grand jury visited the asylum Friday and this, together with the Beatty case, is said to be another circumstance in bringing about the row. How it will end remains to be seen. Frazer, it is reported, has been suspended.

CALIFORNIA.

WAR RISKS INSURANCE.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 19.—W. T. Coleman & Co. have completed negotiations with the New Zealand Insurance company for war risks on all cargoes shipped by them to England from June 1 next to December 31 next, to the extent of $250,000; premium one-quarter of 1 per cent. It is also stated that several applications have been made for insurance on a German ship about to sail with a cargo of grain, but none have been effected, the risk being deemed too great, owing to the strained relations between France and Germany.

THE MEMNON'S OWNERS ARRESTED.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 19.—Andrew Crawford and Leon Blum, owners of the bark Memnon, on which three sailors were killed Tuesday last, by the breaking of a bitt, were arrested to-day, in accordance with the coroner's verdict charging them with manslaughter. They were released on giving bonds in the sum of $3000.

TEN DAYS ON THE ROAD.

Last night Ed. Blankman, of New York, arrived in this city, after a ten days' journey from Portland. The train of the California & Oregon railroad became blockaded at Ashland, and Blankman travelled on snow-shoes to Yreka, and thence by rail to this city.

DEATH OF A JOURNALIST.

William S. Duvey, who has been connected with the local press for a number of years, and who was until recently city editor and later an editorial writer on the *Call*, died to-day from hemorrhage of the stomach. Deceased was 35 years of age.

A TEN YEARS' SENTENCE.

Frank Gorman, convicted of manslaughter for killing Maurice Nugent, December 21 last, was sentenced by Judge Murphy to-day to ten years imprisonment in San Quentin.

SHIPPING.

Arrived, bark Gen. Butler, Port Townsend. Cleared, bark Nicholas Thayer, Astoria. Sailed, Empire, Nanaimo.

LIFE IMPRISONMENT.

William Dolan, convicted of the murder of Dr. E. H. Hergarten, was sentenced by Judge Hunt to-day to life imprisonment at San Quentin.

FIRST TRAIN SINCE THE 9TH.

YREKA, Feb. 19.—A California & Oregon train passed here at 2 this morning, the first time since the 9th.

BENEDICT ARNOLD.

After the close of the war, when Arnold with his wife made England their home, he sometimes had to encounter similar expressions of contempt. The Earl of Surrey once, seeing him in the gallery of the house of commons, asked the speaker to have him put out, that the house might not be contaminated by the presence of such a traitor; and in 1792 the Earl of Lauderdale used such language about him in the house of lords as to lead to a bloodless duel between Arnold and the noble earl. It does not appear, however, that Arnold was universally despised in England. Influenced by the political passions of the day, many persons were ready to condone his crime, and his generous and affectionate nature won him many friends. Lord Cornwallis became strongly attached to him and always treated him with respect. Mrs. Arnold, who was esteemed the most fascinating woman in England, proved herself a devoted wife and mother, and the record of her four sons during long years of service in the British army was highly honorable. The second son, Lieut.-Gen. Sir James Robertson Arnold, served with distinction in the war against Napoleon. A grandson, who was killed in the Crimean war, was especially mentioned by Lord Raglan for valor and skill. Another grandson, Rev. Edward Arnold, is now rector of a parish in Norfolk. The family has intermarried with the peerage, and has secured for itself an honorable place among the landed gentry of England. But the terrible disgrace of their ancestor is felt even to this day. All family tradition goes to show that the last days of Arnold in London were years of bitter remorse and self-reproach. His mind kept reverting to his old friendship with Washington. He had always carefully preserved the American uniform which he wore on the day when he made his escape to the Vulture, and as he felt the last minutes of life coming, he called for this uniform and put it on and decorated himself with the epaulettes and sword knot that Washington had given him after the victory of Saratoga. "Let me die," he said "in the uniform in which I won my battles. May God forgive me for ever putting on any other." And so Benedict Arnold died.—*John Fiske.*

GEORGE ELIOT'S ESTIMATE OF DICKENS.

He scarcely ever passes from the humorous and external to the emotional and tragic without becoming as transcendent in his unreality as he was a moment before in his artistic truthfulness. But for the precious salt of his humor, which compels him to reproduce external traits that serve in some degree as a corrective to his frequently false psychology, his preternaturally virtuous poor children and artisans, his melodramatic boatmen and courtesans would be as obnoxious as Eugene Sue's idealized *proletaires* in encouraging the miserable fallacy that high morality and refined sentiment can grow out of harsh social relations, ignorance and want; or that the working classes are in a condition to enter at once into a millennial state of *altruism* wherein every one is caring for every one else, and no one for himself.

COMMENDABLE EXPERIMENT.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Heating its Cars by Steam.

MILWAUKEE, Feb. 19.—The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway company has equipped two passenger trains between Chicago and Milwaukee with apparatus for heating by steam from locomotives. The experiment has so far proved successful, but it has not yet stood the test of severe weather. The company is also building an iron heating car to carry a boiler for generating steam for heating the train and to run next to the engine.

FAIRCHILD INVITES SUGGESTIONS.

WASHINGTON, Feb 19.—Acting Secretary Fairchild to-day issued a circular to constructors of passenger cars and steamboats, and other persons, inviting suggestions as to the best method of building railway cars and steam vessels, and heating the same so as to prevent loss of life and property by fire. Correspondents are requested to send sketches or drawings of their designs when practicable. This action of the department is in accord with a resolution of the house, adopted January 21, requesting the secretary of the treasury to obtain all possible information on the subject.

EASTERN NEWS ITEMS.

THE SITUATION AT LYONS ALARMING.

DETROIT, Mich., Feb. 19.—An *Evening Journal* special from Lyons says: The situation is becoming hourly more alarming. Four squads of men are working the gorge in different places, in hope of opening the channel. They are working on the overflowed lands, where the least opening can be found. Despite the most strenuous efforts to open the water course, the river has risen rapidly, until at the bridge, it is within fifteen inches of the highest mark. Persons coming in from up the river say the Lansing ice has nearly reached here, and it is pushed by a tremendous body of water. Buildings are being anchored, in expectation of the Lansing ice coming across the prairie. It is feared the water will reach five feet above the present limits. A cutting twenty-mile west wind is blowing. Citizens anticipate the worst results.

AN APPEAL FOR M'GLYNN.

NEW YORK, Feb. 19.—The committee of Catholics recently appointed at a mass meeting for the purpose has issued an address to the workingmen of the country upon the subject of the deposition of Rev. Dr. McGlynn from the Catholic priesthood for advocating Henry George's land theories. The address sets forth that these theories have been held for many centuries; that prominent clergy hold them now, and that the church has never declared on the subject, and they call on their fellow workingmen throughout the country to hold mass meetings and meetings of their unions, to rally around Dr. McGlynn, by unitedly declaring against political interference from Rome, and to support him, by contributing to the McGlynn fund.

SEVERAL FREIGHT TRAINS WRECKED.

LANCASTER, Pa., Feb. 19.—An east-bound freight train on the Pennsylvania railroad broke near Collins station early this morning and the rear portion was run into by another freight train, wrecking several cars and throwing them on the west track. The west-bound freight ran into the wreck, the result being that two engines and twenty-one cars in the three trains were badly wrecked. No one was injured. The wreck has been removed and travel in both directions resumed.

A south-bound freight train on the Reading & Columbia railroad was wrecked by a slide of rock in a deep cut near Reinhold's station early this morning. The engine and five loaded cars were thrown from the track and badly broken up. No one was injured.

THE PINKERTONS SUE FOR LIBEL.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Feb. 19.—Mayor Arestes Cleveland of this city was served this afternoon with a summons and complaint in a libel suit for $25,000 damages, brought by William A. and Robert Pinkerton, of Pinkerton's Detective agency. The libel is based upon a communication of Feb. 8, over the signature of Mayor Cleveland, in which the latter is represented as saying: "And Pinkerton's army stands ready to charge, at a moment's notice, and what an army it is. Organized by a British penal convict, it is now a power in the land." The summons is returnable on March 22 before the United States court at Trenton.

CONKLING AS AN ATHLETE.

NEW YORK, Feb. 19.—It was reported on the stock exchange yesterday that in the event of the death of Wm. R. Travers, the presidency of the New York Athletic club would be offered to Roscoe Conkling, who takes a deep interest in the club's affairs, and who is now one of its governors. Mr. Travers is in Bermuda, and when last heard from was in a critical condition. There is no telegraph communication, and Mr. Travers might have died a week ago without his friends in New York knowing it.

WORK OF THE SUB-COMMITTEE.

NEW YORK, Feb. 19.—The sub-committee appointed at the convention of railway men on Friday met to-day in Commissioner Fink's office. The work of this committee is to formulate and recommend such amended rules and regulations as may be found requisite to secure uniform application of the law to the subjects referred to them respectively. The report of the committee will be submitted to the joint committee as soon as possible.

SEVEREST STORM IN YEARS.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., Feb. 19.—The storm of last night was the heaviest one that has visited this section of the New Jersey coast in many years. The wind tore down a large number of telegraph poles and wire, and damaged the college in course of construction. The high sea made inroads in the Ocean avenue bluff.

REAL ESTATE.

The following special report of the real estate market is furnished THE OREGONIAN by J. Fred Clark & Co. real estate agents:

The business of the week, as shown by the county records, exhibits 53 deeds, amounting to $34,288 10. Following is a list of deeds of sale:

MONDAY.	
S. H. Scribner & wf to [illegible]. M. Tracy, lots 3, 4, blk 25, Sellwood	300 00
A. G. Klosterman & wf to A. P. Nelson lots 5, 6, 7, 8, blk 135, E. P.	$1,075 00
G. Korthauer & wf to E. E. Keissling, lot 17, block 16, Albina	100 00
Heirs of Henrietta Gray to E. E. Keissling, lots 5, 6, blk 200, Aiken's, E. P.	1 00
Frederick Gray to same, same	1 00
E. E. Keissling to J. H. Everest et al. same	1,100 00
Thomas Kenworthy & wf to M. A. Healy, lots 7, 8, blk 203, Aiken's, E. P.	1,450 00
Travis Kenworthy & wf to same, same	1,450 00
Ellen A. and heirs of James Kenworthy to same, same	1,400 00
Heirs of Mary and James Brown to same, same	1,400 00
Wm. Kenworthy & wf to same, same	1,400 00
TUESDAY.	
[illegible] Shaver & wf to Wm. Dent, part sec. 11, 1 S, 1 E	450 00
[illegible] Gilson & wf to Roman Catholic Archbishop, lots 1, 2, 6, 7, blk 262, Couch	4,000 00
[illegible] Strede to J. D. Thompkins, lots 15, 16, blk 6, Proebstel, Albina	800 00
WEDNESDAY.	
[illegible] E. Cross & wf to Durand Organ Co., lot 6, blk 75, Sellwood	150 00
[illegible] E. & W. D. Prettyman to Catharine Moran, lot 4, blk 101, E. P.	1,200 00
[illegible] E. Driskell & wf to E. St. John, west ½ lots 5, 6, blk 234, city	2,000 00
Marshal of E. P. to James Frainey, lot 5, blk 9, Wheeler, E. P.	101 05
Same to same, lot 5, blk 9, Wheeler	101 65
Same to same, lot 4, blk 9, Wheeler	96 33
Same to same, lot 5, blk 3, Wheeler	111 10
D. W. Williams & wf to James Kelly, 80x166 feet north of blk A, Carter	—
Van B. DeLashmutt & wf to F. W. Stout, lot 8, blk 12, Riverview, Albina	300 00
Peter Knox to A. Stoldt, lots 3, 4, blk 12, Albina	5,000 00
THURSDAY.	
Van B. DeLashmutt & wf to Harry DeLancy, lots 13, 14, blk 25, Albina Homestead	250 00
John L. Nickum & wf to Geo. Cooke, 40 acres, Horatio Cook D. L. C.	[illegible]
R. Livingstone & wf to Victoria Bacon, lots 5, 18, blk 78, Sellwood	700 00
E. St. John to Sarah Driskell, west ½ lots 5, 6, blk 251, city	2,700 00
H. Hansen & wf to Carrie Jones, blk 10, Hanson, E. P.	800 00
FRIDAY.	
R. Gilson & wf to John Welsh & wf, lot 7, blk 266, Couch	250 00
Geo. C. Sears to Jennie Estes, lot 1, blk 165, city	1 00
J. F. Buchanan & wf to H. E. Nicholas, lot 3, sec. 22, 1 N, 5 E	40 00
Nellie M. Mitchell to John M. Gress, lot 3, blk 8, Coles, E. P.; lots 7, 8, blk 16, P. J. Martin tract	150 00
M. S. Crook & wf to Bethel Church of Evan. ass'n, lot 5, 4, blk 10, St. John	250 00
SATURDAY.	
Sheriff to Wm. Doran, E ½ blk 293, Couch, city	250 00
Wm. Doran to T. A. Wood, same	1 00
Wesley Penny, Sr., to same, lot 14, blk 93, Sellwood	130 00
Sellwood Real Estate Co. to Wesley Penny, Sr., same	130 00
Van B. DeLashmutt & wf to G. W. Runyon, lots 8, 9, blk 11, Riverview Add., Albina	550 00
S. Simon & wf to L. M. Haines & wf, lot 1, blk 18, King	2,500 00
S. Stein & wf to C. M. Hoeber, E ½ lot 5, blk E, Caruthers to Caruthers	300 00
Geo. G. Smith & wf to Jos. Paquet, lot 7, 8, blk 102, Stephens, E. P.	1,800 00

DISTRIBUTION OF DEEDS.

	Deeds.	Amount.
Country	9	$2,408 10
City	6	7,252 00
Couch	3	4,240 10
Caruthers	1	300 00
East Portland	13	13,083 10
Albina	6	7,960 00
Total deeds of transfer	38	$34,288 10
Mortgages	15	315,299 38
Releases	8	5,250 00

EUROPEAN POLITICS.

Bismarck Confronted by a Probability of Defeat.

RUSSIAN WAR PREPARATIONS.

Germany Taking Steps Toward Mobilization—French Troops in Madagascar Called Home—Cable Notes.

NEW YORK, Feb. 19.—*Star's* London special: The tone of the German ministerial press on the electoral prospects is hopeful, but not enthusiastic. It is admitted that the contest will be close, as previous calculations of ministerial gains must be modified. The opposition claim a possible majority of thirty-nine, without counting further possible combinations among independent outside parties. Alsace-Lorraine protesting (anti-German) delegates declare that they will carry every seat against the ministerial candidates. In many districts of the principal cities the issue is solidly between the socialists and the progressists. The efforts of the government in these places to raise a war scare to drown local issues have completely failed, and the ministerial candidates are considered certain of defeat.

Later dispatches relating to the alleged understanding between Austria and Russia, at the instigation of Germany, as to Bulgaria, state that Austria's consent to Russia's programme is conditional on the assent of the other powers being obtained. England and Italy have got to be heard from. The danger of war in the East has not been averted by the diplomatic ruse referred to and the only result of the renewed negotiations is to postpone the day of settlement and enable the powers to proceed with their war plans.

Vienna telegrams again refer to Russia's war preparations. A statement quoted is that Russia, in anticipation, is arranging for the concentration of two armies on the German and Austrian frontier. The former is intended to prevent German help from reaching Austria, should Germany be strong enough to detach troops for such purpose while engaged in a struggle with France, and the latter to engage Austria, while a third Russian army in the southeast will make short work of Bulgaria, and march on Constantinople.

MORE WAR PREPARATIONS.

BERLIN, Feb. 19.—A conference of the railway military commission on mobilization has been held at Weisbaden, which was attended by delegates from all the German railways, and numerous army officers. Exhaustive arrangements for the transit of troops were completed. Absolute secrecy is maintained regarding the plans formed.

BISMARCK WILL DEMAND NEUTRALITY.

PARIS, Feb. 19.—The *Gaulois* prints an interview with a diplomat, who confirms the statement that Prince Bismarck will demand neutrality of France in the East.

TO EQUIP THE LANDWEHR.

PARIS, Feb. 19.—The lower house of the Hungarian diet, by a unanimous vote, to-day passed the extra credit of $2,110,000 for equipment of the Hungarian landwehr.

FRENCH TROOPS CALLED HOME.

PARIS, Feb. 19.—All the French troops have been recalled from Madagascar, except four companies, which are to remain at Diego, Suarez.

THE GERMAN ELECTIONS.

Strenuous Efforts being Made by all Parties for Victory.

BERLIN, Feb. 19.—Prussian provincial governors have issued circulars advising the officials of the unusual importance of the coming election for the reichstag, and urging them to refrain from doing anything to assist the opponents of the government. The ministries of other German states have adopted a similar course. The national liberal committee of Lubeck sent to Bismarck a copy of a placard posted on the walls of that city by the progressists, quoting from a pretended manifesto of the emperor the statement that there was no war impending. Bismarck immediately telegraphed a reply which was placarded throughout Lubeck, stating that the declaration of the emperor was an absolute invention.

The *Post* denounces the lying methods resorted to by the progressists and center members. The latter, it says, adhering to the triennate are especially assiduous in their efforts to reduce the importance of the pope's declarations to the Catholics. The Conservative Catholic movement is certain of triumph.

A COLLIERY DISASTER.

Fifty-two Men Entombed, Most of whom are Rescued.

LONDON, Feb. 19.—An explosion has occurred in the Cutch colliery in the Rhonda valley. There are fifty-two men entombed in the colliery. Calls can be heard at the mouth of the shaft, and it is hoped that the men will be saved. The mouth of the pit is surrounded by relatives of the miners and the scene is heartrending.

LATER.—Twenty-nine persons have been rescued unhurt. Sixteen remain in the pit, and it is reported that six are dead.

AUSTRIA.

NOTES FROM VIENNA.

VIENNA, Feb. 19.—Herr Hausner, banker, of Brody, committed suicide while insane.

The emperor presided to-day at a council of war. Archdukes Albrecht and Wilhelm, Count Bylandt, Gen. Breck, Prince of Croy and Barons Salis and Popp were present.

A VERY OLD SYSTEM.

Washington (D. C.) Post.

In all ages the savage teaches that land-ownership is wrong.

The Choctaw and the Piute on our Western plains are practicing to-day the great "philosophy" which Henry George and the Rev. Dr. McGlynn feebly teach—that the state ought to own the land.

The Bedouin in Arabia and the Calmuck Tartar among the Himalayas both live up to this great and good doctrine—that all ought to own the land in common and each use what he pleases of it.

The Patagonian Indian and the negro tribes of Abyssinia live in the light of this "great truth," as McGlynn calls it; the Esquimaux enforce it; the Bushman obeys it.

And this is just what ails the savage.

This is what makes him a savage.

The minute he ceases to be a savage in his instincts he takes a clutch on mother earth; he settles down and acquires land of his own.

No man is civilized in any true sense unless he possesses property of his own or desires and resolves to possess it. The wish to own something that nobody shares is essential to thrifty civilization.

For brief observation of the Choctaws and the Piegans, the Esquimaux and the Kaffirs, the Kalmucks and the Bedouins, shows that where everybody owns everything nobody owns anything; that where land is free to all nobody tills it; that where nobody has an excess of anything nobody has enough of anything, and starvation is the normal condition of all.

No; neither Dr. McGlynn nor Henry George originated the theory that human happiness will result from confiscating all the land and owning it in common; the fascinating doctrine has been practiced in every quarter of the globe by every savage tribe, ever since the first hairy man emerged wild-eyed from his cave and sharpened a stone with which to kill some other brute for breakfast.

Gettysburg and the Franco-Prussian War.

Gen. Longstreet in the February Century.

During the Franco-Prussian war I kept a map of the field of operations with colored pegs, that were moved from day to day to indicate the movements of the two armies. Bazaine had been driven to shelter at Metz. McMahon had been driven back to the route leading from Paris to Metz, and seemed in doubt whether he would go to Paris or to Bazaine's relief. He suffered himself to be forced north of the route between these points. On the morning that the wires brought us that information, two or three of the French creoles of New Orleans visited my office to inquire my views of the movements then proceeding. I replied, "McMahon's army will be prisoners of war in ten days." They were very indignant and stated that I was a republican and in sympathy with the Prussians. My reply was that I had only given them my solution of a military problem. The Prussians were on the shorter route to Paris or to Metz, so that if McMahon should attempt to move in either direction the Prussians, availing themselves of the shorter lines, would interpose and force McMahon to attack, but he had already been so beaten and demoralized that he could not be expected to make a successful attack, and would therefore be obliged to surrender. If he had gone directly to Paris before giving up his shorter route it is possible that he could have organized a succoring army for the relief of Metz.

Had we interposed between Meade and Washington our army in almost as successful prestige as was that of the Prussians, Meade would have been obliged to attack us wherever we might be pleased to have him. He would have been badly beaten like the French, and the result would have been similar.

I do not mean to say that two governments would have been permanently established; for I thought before the war and during its continuance that the peoples would eventually get together again in stronger bonds of friendship than those of their first love.

DR. M'GLYNN'S IDEAS.

Advancement of Thought not only in America, but Throughout the Roman Catholic World.

[Written for the Sunday Oregonian.]

If the New York press were the oracles of truth and the principal depositions of information, it would appear that the protest of Father McGlynn against the political usurpation of the higher powers in his church is the direct outcome of distinctly American ideas; while, according to the *Sun*, he must surrender or cease to be a Roman Catholic.

There is good reason to take a much pleasanter view than his allows, of the condition of freedom all over the Christian world.

Indeed, the truth is that in no part of his dominions does the Roman pontiff receive a more servile obedience than from the faithful in the United States. The freedom given to all sects in this country has been a protection against restiveness, and so the Holy father's heart has turned in this direction for rest when it has been sadly tried by the conduct of his children in Italy, France, Spain and the Spanish-American countries to the south of us. He is everywhere stripped of temporal power, and if, by reason of some political intriguing, his church holds political connection with a few states, the intelligent of those peoples only despise the influence and are biding their time to throw off the ecclesiastical authority when they can do so without rebellion among the lowest classes *and the antagonism of the women.*

Gen. Diaz is no less a Catholic because he dethroned the ecclesiastical authority in Mexico, and this point ought in all fairness to be understood.

I take it no just man cares what his neighbor's creed is; it is only the exercise of improper ecclesiastical authority that any man cares to protest against. It is the tyranny of Romanism and not the faith of Catholics that excites antagonism.

This tyranny is being taken care of by the spirit of the age, a much broader influence than what are called "American ideas."

There seems to be a sort of holy scare among certain classes of Protestant Christians whenever the Catholic church is mentioned—a scare that has no foundation, if not in the tyranny of the hierarchy, and if we could be rid of this who would object to the old church with its poetic tenets?

Eight millions of Catholics in the United States, we are told. If this be true there are then more than 50,000,000 Protestants. But the truth is, the statistics are of little value. The church counts everybody baptized in its fold a Catholic; but if one will read the figures of wailing, when the honest statistician of the church is giving his brethren a warning, we shall have good reason to doubt if there be 5,000,000 faithful ones to-day in the whole land.

I had occasion, some years ago, to note the progress of ideas among the very superstitious people of Central America. The first time I visited Costa Rica I witnessed the ceremonies of Corpus Christi day, when the troops kneeled for blessing, the national standard was lain upon the sidewalk, and the bishop walked over it as he sprinkled the soldiers and their ensign with holy water.

Not so to-day. A table is brought and reverently supports the flag, while the bishop walks around it to dispense his blessing. The state is no longer under control of the church.

An attempt was made in Peru in 1869 to separate the state and church. Exciting debates were held in the senate. The women, always devotees, of whatever church, gathered in force. When Don Manuel Pardo and his friends spoke for liberty and rebuked the usurpations of the clergy, the *religiosas* of the galleries threw turnip tops and cabbage leaves at the orators; and when the conservatives advocated the continued union of church and state, they were rewarded with choice bouquets showered on them from the gallery. Of course, under such an influence, the cause was lost on the vote; but in the same year Don Pardo was elected president by an enormous majority; and protestants, in face not only of the laws, but of the constitution, have built churches in Callao and Lima, sustained therein by the intelligence of the nation, which has persistently refused to hear the complaints of the bigots against these intrusions. Rev. Dr. Vigil, a priest of profound learning and piety in the city of Lima, had previous to this advocated the emancipation of the state from the ecclesiastical authority and when the dogma of infallibility was promulgated pronounced against it in pulpit and pamphlet. He was suspended from his office by order of the pope, but remained contumacious and was excommunicated. The Peruvian government at once made him librarian of the national library, a position that gave him the best opportunity for the pursuit of his philosophical and political studies and made him at once the most prominent light of the nation as an educator. The young men of the country, students and scholars, crowded about him for the fruit of his wisdom. He never reviled the church, and continued to wear upon the streets the distinguishing garments of the priest. He was regular at mass, and died as he had lived, a celibate. As formerly, his face was clean shaven and the tonsure carefully guarded. He held most affectionate relations with several priests; and one of these received his dying confession, in which he still maintained his contumacy, declaring, among his last words: "I die a Catholic; but I protest against the assumption by the pope of a power never claimed by the original head of the church."

He had lived a life of great purity, observing as sacred all the vows he had made as priest, and was refused absolution at the last moment. He smiled contemptuously, saying, "It is, after all only a ceremony," and seeming to realize its effect on his burial in consecrated ground, he added, "I commend my spirit to my Lord Christ, and commit the care of my body to my friends."

The funeral of this man was one of the extraordinary events in the history of political progress. It will never be forgotten by the church in South America or Rome, nor by any man who witnessed the spectacle. The archbishop refused his body Christian burial. It was not permitted his corpse to enter a church or to lie in consecrated ground. The indignation of the best classes was stirred to its depth.

It so happens that the great cemetery of Lima and its chapel are the property of the *beneficencia*, the municipal board of charities. The clergy had always, however, given the first certificate upon which a ceremony could be held in the chapel and the burial take place in consecrated grounds.

On this occasion the municipal authorities directed the trustees of the *beneficencia* to admit the body of Father Vigil to the sacred enclosures. Lima has never witnessed a funeral of such an extraordinary character. The wealthy and educated classes and the progressionists of every class turned out to honor the man, who had dared rebel at ecclesiastical tyranny—all good Catholics. No man thought "the church" involved.

When the coffin was brought from the house the students refused to let it be placed in the hearse. No loud word was spoken; every movement was of tender and reverent dignity. The hearse was driven forward and citizens begged the honor of bearing the body of Father Vigil to the chapel. Hundreds of carriages of the wealthy appeared in the procession and every civil organization in Lima was represented. Even the Italian company of *Salvadores*, firemen, whose duty it is to rescue life and property from the flames. But most wonderful and most unexpected of all in emphasizing the public defiance of the clergy, there were three thousand Free Masons in line in full regalia. Such an exhibition had never been seen in South America nor could it have been dreamed that so large an organization existed there for there was no recognized temple of the order nor even a hall, known by the world to be a lodge-room. It was not that Father Vigil was a Mason, but that his funeral was the birth of a new era; an era of emancipation.

Arrived at the temple orations were delivered by several learned and eloquent men occupying the highest positions in the state and in society, and the ceremonies concluded with the solemn burial service of Masonry.

Within the year after this funeral a handsome Masonic temple was erected in Callao, the port of Lima, and no Mason thereafter hid his light under a bushel. But the Catholic church has not been overturned by this revolution, nor has such a result been attempted. The Peruvian is as good a Catholic as ever, but he is a free Catholic. He uses the ceremonies of the church for baptism, marriage and burial and all the occasions of custom, because it is the decent thing to do—the church is to him a conservative influence for the dignity and good order of society.

If Father McGlynn will maintain a faithful life as did Father Vigil he will do more than any other one man can do to emancipate the ignorantly superstitious Romanist and at the same time elevate the Catholic church to the position among the intelligent and educated to which its magnificent ceremonial, the devotion of its ministers and the antiquity of its teachings entitle it.

ALFRED F. SEARS.

THE GOODYEAR WORKS CLOSE DOWN.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Feb. 19.—The works of the Goodyear Metallic Rubber Shoe company at Saugatuck will close down to-day for an indefinite period. They are reported to have $1,500,000 worth of finished stock on hand.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

The coal report of the minister the total output as 326,000 tons in 1885, and 110,000 in 1886. couver Coal Co.'s and R. Dunsmuir mines, R. D. Chandler has at striking a fair quality of coal and year exported over 25,000 tons. twenty-seven accidents during the year them fatal. Of these seriously jured sixteen were whites and eight Of the three killed one was white and two Chinese. In no instance could blame tached to anyone.

RAILROAD NOTES.

A CUNARDER TO BE SENT TO THE PACIFIC.

NEW YORK, Feb. 19.—The *Tribune's* special says it is learned that passenger and freight manager of the Pacific railroad, is in New York rangements for the purchase of steamship of the Cunard line. be dispatched to Vancouver, B. C., Horn, and will run between Australia.

CRIMINAL CALENDAR.

UNGER ESCAPES WITH A VERDICT OF MANSLAUGHTER.

NEW YORK, Feb. 19.—The jury in the Unger, who killed August Bohle, brought verdict of "guilty of manslaughter in the degree."

EAST PORTLAND LETTER LIST.

Letters remaining in the postoffice, East Portland, February 19, 1887:

WOMEN'S LIST.

Alexander, Isabelle
Anderson, Mrs S J
Chambers, Mrs Julia
Dean, Miss Lottie
Engle, Miss Lottie
Eniff, Miss Lou
Fitch, Mrs J B
Gibbs, Miss Lizzie M
Hellman, Miss Anna
Harris, Mrs M
Hall, Miss E
Hanshaw, Mrs May
Henny, Miss Annie
Kelly, Mrs S M
Long, Mrs Loretta A
Lane, Mrs I
Nichols, Mrs A
Otto, Mrs S
Owen, Miss
Pederson, Mrs
Phillips, Mrs M
Roberts, Miss
Sutton, Mrs
Smith, Miss
Sheppard, Jennie
Shannon, Mrs
Smith, Mrs C
Spencer, Mrs
Smith, Mrs
Sumner, Mrs
Thompson,
Thayer, Mrs E
Warner, Mrs
Wells, Mrs

MEN'S LIST.

Allen, Geo W
Burns, Thos
Bennett, Ed
Bohnlt, J A
Cox, Chas
Earl, T C
France, M B
Green, Walt
Gisselburg, John
Gentry, Thos
Hughes, Charley
Hubbard, Jas M
Hamilton, G M
Koehler, Mr
Kline, W C
Kuster, Wm
Larson, H
Mitchell, Jas A
McIntosh, Geo
Otter, F

M. COUG

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